



JANUARY

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

**CLIENT:** AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

**BROADCAST:** PROGRAM #15

**DATE:** JAN. 6, 1946

**PROGRAM:** THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

**NETWORK:** NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Of course!  
(Ex. D)

RUYSDAEL: You said it!

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Year after year, at market after market, independent tobacco experts, present at the auctions, can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco - ripe, rich tobacco - fine Lucky Strike tobacco that means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you!

DELMAR: Profit by the experience of tobacco experts. Remember - in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!  
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTON, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SINCE THIS IS OUR FIRST  
PROGRAM OF THE NEW YEAR, I'D LIKE TO BRING YOU A MAN  
WHO HAS MADE TWO IMPORTANT RESOLUTIONS..THE FIRST  
RESOLUTION WAS TO GIVE EVERY MEMBER OF HIS CAST A RAISE.  
THE SECOND RESOLUTION WAS TO FORGET THE FIRST ONE...AND  
HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Jack Benny  
talking...And Don, I thought that was a very unfunny  
introduction.

DON: Oh yeah?

JACK: Yeah.

DON: Well I happen to think it was very funny.

JACK: Well I don't care what you think...You may not know this,  
Don, but you can get new, shiney 1946 announcers without  
waiting for Detroit to make up its mind...You know I  
wouldn't mind having a thin announcer for a change...I'm  
getting pretty sick of looking at a pot that big without  
flowers in it...so just...Oh hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello Jack, Happy New Year, Don.

DON: Same to you, Mary.

JACK: What about me? Aren't you going to thank me for the  
swell time I showed you New Year's Eve at the night club?

MARY: Yeah, but next time let's not go home at eleven-thirty.

JACK: Now Mary, you know very well that we didn't get home till daybreak...boy, was I rarin'!

MARY: (GIGGLES) You should have seen him, Don...Jack drank one bottle of coco cola, jumped up on the chandelier, beat his chest and yelled "LOOK AT ME, I'M TARZAN."

JACK: Yes sir.

MARY: And he'da fooled everybody if he hadn't opened his shirt.

JACK: Oh yeah? Well how about that Tarzan yell I gave?

MARY: That wasn't a Tarzan yell, you sat on a hot light bulb

JACK: Now Mary --

MARY: And then he drank another bottle of coco cola...without a chaser yet.

JACK: Well a guy can have a little fun, can't he?..Anyway, I was the life of the party.

MARY: You were nothing but a big show-off.

JACK: I was not a show-off.

MARY: Then why did you ask the waiter to throw you out?

JACK: I just did that for a gag..Now Mary, you know very well we had a marvelous time, we danced all evening.

MARY: Okay, I had a marvelous time.

JACK: You're darn tootin'.

DON: Say Mary, is Jack a good dancer?

MARY: I don't know, it's the first time I ever did the minuet.

JACK: Oh stop, will ya?..You've done the minuet before.

MARY: Not while the band was playing Cow Cow Boogie.

JACK: Mary...on New Years Eve you've gotta let yourself go.

DON: Say Jack..what did you do at the stroke of twelve?

MARY: What did he do..he said Happy New Year, took an aspirin and passed out.

JACK: Well I wasn't out long, sister...and Don, when I came to I went around and kissed every woman in the place.

DON: You did?

JACK: Yeah..and Mary was so jealous she tried to stop me.

MARY: I wasn't jealous...I was only trying to tell you the place was closed and those women were mopping up.

JACK: Hmm..I was wondering why they all wore up-sweep hairdo's ...Anyway, let's forget about me..How about you, Don... did you have a good time New Years Eve?

DON: I sure did, Jack..At the stroke of twelve I crawled out of the fireplace and filled all the stockings with toys.

JACK: Filled the stockings with toys..On New Years Eve?...Don, you were seven days late.

DON: I know, I got stuck in the chimney.

JACK: Oh I see...Well that's terrible, you could have fallen down and hurt yourself.

DON: Yes, but I was lucky enough to catch the flu..(GIGGLES)

JACK: Well I'm glad you...you...you what?

DON: I was in the chimney but I was lucky enough to catch the flu...(GIGGLES)

JACK: Don...Don, I have an arrangement with Abbott and Costello...We leave them alone and they leave us alone.. So let's try and...Well...hello Larry, Happy New Year.

LARRY: Same to you, Jack.

JACK: Did you -- Jack?...Why Larry, what's come over you..you've always called me Mr. Benny.

LARRY: Well don't you remember?...On New Years Eve you said I could stop calling you Mr. Benny and call you Jack.

JACK: When did I tell you that?

LARRY: Right after your second coke.

JACK: You mean before the aspirin tablet?...Well Larry, I still like the idea of you calling me Mr. Benny...it adds a little dignity to the program and shows you have respect for me.

MARY: Do you want me to call you Mr. Benny too?

JACK: No, that won't be necessary, Mary.

MARY: (EMOTIONALLY) Gee, I can call him Jack...

JACK: And now, folks --

MARY: Wait till the girls at the May Company hear about this.

JACK: Now wait a minute...don't get smart, Miss Livingston.

MARY: Oh do call me Mary.

JACK: Now cut that out...Come on, Larry, let's have your song..  
(Now Mary, behave yourself, will ya?)  
(APPLAUSE)  
(LARRY'S SONG)  
(APPLAUSE)



JACK: That was "It's a Grand Night for Singing", sung by Larry Stevens, and very good, Larry...By the way, kid, you made a record of that song, didn't you?

LARRY: Yes I did.

JACK: Well it's a great number..I'd like to have one of those records, Larry.

LARRY: Well why don't you buy one, Mr. Benny..it only cost seventy-five cents.

JACK: Well, I thought about buying one, kid, but you see I just wanted your song, and the record has something else on the other side...so I didn't feel like paying for both sides.

MARY: Maybe they'll slice it for you.

JACK: No, no, I asked 'im...and you should have heard--

PHIL: HELLO DORZY, HI YA LIVY, AND A GOOD GOOD EVENING TO YOU MR. BENNY.

JACK: What?...Mr. Benny?...Phil, that?

PHIL: One of my New Year's resolutions...respect for the boss.. I made it on New Years Eve.

JACK: Well...that's a nice resolution.

PHIL: They told me I made it and I'm gonna keep it!

JACK: I thought so...Phil, I never saw a guy like you...you keep going to parties but you never know what happens... You can't even remember if you've had a good time.

PHIL: Jackson, when I get up the next morning, brush my teeth, and the bristles fall out of the toothbrush, I know I had a good time!

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: Hey look. How about you, Jackson, did you have fun New Years Eve?

JACK: Yes, Phil, I went over to the--

PHIL: THAT'S ALL JACKSON, IF YOU CAN REMEMBER YOU DIDN'T HAVE FUN!

JACK: Well I don't remember all of it..And Phil, as long as you're making resolutions, you could have made another one..During this new year why don't you learn something about music?

PHIL: You mean I shouldbe like Stokowski?

JACK: No, Phil, no...All I ask is when you look at your music stand and see a piece of paper that has lines across it and little black dots all over it..Don't turn to your boys and say, "THERE'S A SPY AROUND HERE, THIS STUFF IS IN CODE"...Little as they know, it embarrasses 'em.

PHIL: Alright, Jackson, alright...that'll be another one of my resolutions.

DON: Speaking of resolutions, Jack...I made a resolution that during 1946 I'm going to find new ways to tell people about Lucky Strike cigarettes.

JACK: You are, kiddo?

DON: Yes...Instead of saying LSM'T stands for Lucke Strike means fine tobacco...I'm going to say it backwards.

JACK: What?

DON: I'M GOING TO SAY T.F.M.S.L. STANDS FOR TOBACCO FINE MEANS STRIKE LUCKY...

JACK: But Don, isn't that a bit ridic?

DON: Well Jack, at least it's different...REMEMBER HOW I ALWAYS USED TO SAY LUCKY STRIKES ARE SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED, SO FIRM AND EASY ON THE DRAW?

JACK: Uh huh.

DON: Well listen to it this way..DRAW THE ON EASY AND FREE SC,  
PACKED FULLY SC, FIRM SC, ROUND SC.

JACK: Well, mouth my shut...packed so, firm so, round so.

MARY: Rinso.

JACK: (SINGS) HAPPY LITTLE WASH DAY...Mary!...Don, if I were  
you, I'd forget about doing the commercial backwards..  
Just do it the regular way.

DON: Well, okay.

JACK: And now, ladies and gentlemen, we will have a number by  
Phil Harris and his orchestra, who will play it not  
backwards, not forwards, but in their usual manner...  
They'll start in the middle and blast both ways...All  
right, Phil, lets-----

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack.

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: I meant to tell you that on the way over here I stopped  
off at your house, and while I was there Fred Allen  
called.

JACK: Fred Allen, huh? Well what did the Dead End of Allen's  
Alley have to say?...Ho ho ho ho...What did he say, Mary?

MARY: I haven't heard such language since Mama stepped on  
Papa's bare foot with her track shoes on.

JACK: Well Mary, Allen didn't have to use that kind of language  
even if he was talking about me.

MARY: It wasn't his fault, Jack, he was reading one of the  
contest letters.

JACK: Oh. He's just jealous because more people hate me than  
him...that's all.

DON: Say Jack, what about the contest..have the winners been picked yet?

JACK: Not yet, Don..the judges are reading the letters as fast as they can, and on Sunday, January 27th, three weeks from tonight, we'll announce the winners...It won't be very long until I'll be paying off the prizes.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, as long as you're payin' off...how about that little bet I won from you on the Rose Bowl game?

JACK: Phil, I didn't see the game, so the bets off...how do I know that U.S.C. lost?...Huh?

PHIL: Are you kiddin'?...The score was printed in every newspaper in the country.

JACK: So what...Last Wednesday I picked up the newspaper on my front lawn and it said "no rain today"...The paper was so wet I could hardly read it...So don't be too sure about U.S.C. losing.

PHIL: Jackson, are you crazy?..NINETY THOUSAND PEOPLE WERE AT THE GAME AND SAW ALABAMA WIN.

JACK: I DON'T CARE IF A HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE SAW IT, I'M NOT TAKING THE WORD OF A LOT OF STRANGERS...THAT'S THE WAY RUMORS GET STARTED...I'm not taking anybody's word.

MARY: That's why Jack went to Europe last summer..he wanted to make sure the war was over.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: He hasn't been to Japan yet, so he's still got his house blacked out.

JACK: Mary, let's drop the..  
(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.  
(SOUND: CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

ROCHESTER: Hello Mr. Penny, this is Rochester.

JACK: Rochester, you know I'm on the air...what did you call for?

ROCHESTER: It's about Nottingham, your new English butler..He must be crazy.

JACK: What's the matter now?

ROCHESTER: When you left the house this morning, did you tell him to take the Christmas tree off the grand piano, cut it up in little pieces and burn it?

JACK: Yes...did it fit in the fireplace?

ROCHESTER: ALL BUT THE KEYBOARD!

JACK: What?...Rochester, do you mean to say that Nottingham damaged my grand piano?

ROCHESTER: DAMAGED IT! BOSS, YOU KNOW IN THE ADVERT WHERE IT SAYS STEINWAY AND SONS?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: WELL THE FATHER'S IN BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF NOW.

JACK: Oh my goodness..Rochester, why didn't you stop him?

ROCHESTER: STOP HIM, SCHMOP HIM, HE WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME.

JACK: But my grand piano..it's ruined.

ROCHESTER: I TOLD YOU I SAVED THE KEYBOARD.

JACK: The keyboard! Why would you save that?

ROCHESTER: BOSS, YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT IVORY.

JACK: I should have known...Well Rochester, did anything else happen?

ROCHESTER: NO..IT WAS KIND OF DULL UNTIL THE FIREFMEN GOT HERE.

JACK: The firemen!

ROCHESTER: YEAH..WHEN NOTTINGHAM THREW THE PIANO IN THE FIREPLACE,  
THE FLAMES SHOT UP ALL OVER THE ROOF.

JACK: Well did the firemen put the fire out?

ROCHESTER: THEY SURE DID, I WENT OUT IN THE STREET TO WATCH 'EM.  
THEY CLIMBED UP A LADDER, STUCK A HOSE DOWN THE  
CHIMNEY, AND TURNED IT ON FULL FORCE.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCHESTER: AND BOSS, I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW A CHIMNEY COULD  
HOLD SO MUCH WATER UNTIL I OPENED THE FRONT DOOR.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: THAT TIDE HIT ME SO HARD I THOUGHT FRANK THOMAS WAS  
COACHIN' IT!

JACK: Rochester, don't tell me the house was flooded?

ROCHESTER: Flooded! You know that picture of Whistler's Mother you  
got in the library?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: WELL THE FRAME'S STILL THERE BUT SHE'S IN THE LIVING  
ROOM DIVING FOR PENNIES!

JACK: Rochester, stop with the jokes..Did you save my parrot?

ROCHESTER: BOSS, THE LAST TIME I SAW YOUR PARROT IT WAS SAILIN'  
DOWN THE HALL IN YOUR DERBY HAT SPOUTIN', "MR.  
CHRISTIAN, COME HEAR".

JACK: Oh don't be so silly...Now let the water out the back  
door..we might as well water the garden while we've  
got it..

ROCHESTER: Okay, goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.  
(SOUND: CLICK OF RECEIVER)

MARY: What happened, Jack?

JACK: What happened...what always happens when I leave the house...Come on, Phil, let's have a band number.

(APPLAUSE)

(BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Let It Snow" played by Phil Harris and his orchestra. And now, ladies and gentlemen --

PHIL: Hey Jackson, come on...how about payin' me that dough you owe me on the Rose Bowl game?

JACK: Phil, I told you I didn't see the game.

DON: But Jack, you said you went to the Rose Bowl...How come you didn't see the game?

JACK: Well --

MARY: I'll tell you, Don.

JACK: He wouldn't be interested.

DON: Yes I would, what happened, Mary?

JACK: Ohh --

MARY: Well...Jack had tickets for the game, and he told Phil and me to meet him in front of tunnel sixteen at one-thirty.

JACK: One-thirty, one-thirty.

MARY: Well, when Phil and I got to the Bowl Jack wasn't there yet...so we waited and waited (STARTS TO FADE) You should have seen the crowd, Don...there were thousands of poeple pushing and shoving...(FADES)

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES FADE IN, UP AND DOWN)

MARY: Come on, Phil, let's go in.

PHIL: We can't, Livy, we gotta wait for Jackson, he's got the tickets. Why didn't he come with us?

MARY: Well you know how romantic Jack is...he's bringing his girl friend, Gladys Zybisco, to the game.

PHIL: Say, she's a pretty cute kid when she's all dressed up... I think Jackson is kinda stuck on that little waitress.



MARY: Yeah..but he's getting indifferent now that meat rationing is over...you know him.

PHIL: Hey Mary, here come Jackson and Gladys now.  
(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Gee, Gladys, I never saw you look so nice..You 're sure pretty when you get all dolled up.

SARA: Thanks, Speedy.

JACK: I mean it. Boy, am I lucky I met you.

SARA: Ain't it the truth.

JACK: That's fate for you..I'd never have met you if I hadn't been hungry that night..I'll never forget..I was driving along looking for a place to eat, and I drove right past Ciro's, and the Trocadero, and the Macambo...And it was just fate that made me turn in to Simon's Drive-In... And there..like a vision of loveliness..you came toward me..Gee, you smelled so good.

SARA: Yeah, it was chicken gumbo night.

JACK: Un huh..twenty-five cents a bowl..a meal in itself..Oh look, Gladys..there's Mary and Phil.  
(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Well, here we are, kids..Gladys, you know Mary, don't you?

SARA: Sure..hello Mary.

MARY: Hello Gladys..Gee,that's a pretty fur..did you trap it yourself?

SARA: I should say not, Speedy ran over it on the way out here.

JACK: Gladys...

PHIL: Hit it again, Jackson, it's still wiggling.

JACK: Don't be funny..Gladys meant that it slipped off her shoulder and I ran over it accidentally..didn't you, Gladys?

SARA: You tell 'em, big boy, you got the lips for it.

JACK: Yeah..come on, kids, here's our gate, let's go in.

MARR: TICKETS, TICKETS..HOLD YOUR OWN STUBS, PLEASE.

JACK: Here you are.

SARA: HELLO EDDIE.

MARR: HELLO, GLADYS...WHAT'S THE SPECIAL FOR TONIGHT?

SARA: BEET SOUP AND BOILED POTATOES.

JACK: Oh come on, Gladys, forget business for a while.

SARA: Okay, Speedy.

PHIL: Here's tunnel sixteen over this way.  
(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Now let's stick together.

PHIL: Say Gladys, are you still workin' at the Shamrock Cafe?

SARA: No, I'm back at the Drive-In..Speedy thought I oughta be outside where it's healthier.

JACK: You're darn right.. what's the use of being in California if you can't enjoy the sun?

SARA: Yeah..but I sure wish I could get off the night shift.

JACK: You will, honey..just save your tips...that's all.

SARA: I do, but everytime I get a little ahead you wanna go to a movie or something.

JACK: Well, it won't always be that way.

GEORGE: HEY, LOOK WHO'S HERE..HI YA GLADYS, HAPPY NEW YEAR.

SARA: SAME TO YOU, LEFTY.

JACK: Lefty?..Hmm..you know everybody, don't you?

SARA: That's Lefty Flanagan..What a sport, he always orders  
a la carte.

JACK: Well, don't talk to him.

SARA: But Lefty's a big tipper.

JACK: Oh...HI YA LEFTY...Now let's see, where do we...

PHIL: Hey look, there's a hot dog stand..let's make with the  
mustard.

JACK: Yeah..Want a hot dog, Gladys?

SARA: I'm not hungry right now..You can get me one when we're  
inside.

MARY: Better get one now, Gladys...you know Seedy.

JACK: That's SPEEDY...All right, I'll go over and buy the hot  
dogs..You kids wait here so you won't get lost.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: HEY MISTER, FOUR HOT DOGS PLEASE.

ARTIE: YES SIR..(SINGS)

PICKLE IN THE MIDDLE  
AND THE MUSTARD ON TOP  
JUST THE WAY YOU LIKE 'EM  
AND THEY'RE ALL RED HOT.....(THEN SPEAKS)...  
FOUR PUPPIES COMIN' UP.

JACK: How much are they?

ARTIE: Three cents apiece.

JACK: Three cents?...Why do you sell 'em so cheap?

ARTIE: Taste 'em.

JACK: Oh...Say, they do look like pretty tough weenies.

ARTIE: Tough...What suitcase handles they would make.

JACK: Well they still look good to me. Give me four.

ARTIE: What kind of mustard do you want on 'em?

JACK: What kind of mustard?

ARTIE: Sure...I got strong, mild, and Christmas night.

JACK: Oh. Mild I guess.

ARTIE: Okay, here you are. Four hot dogs covered with mild mustard.

JACK: Thanks...Gee, they're kind of messy...Haven't you got some rolls to put 'em in?

ARTIE: With rolls it's five cents....with pickles it's ten cents...with relish it's fifteen cents...and with bicarbonate of soda you couldn't afford it.

JACK: Well, just give me the rolls.

ARTIE: Here you are.

JACK: Thank you.

ARTIE: (SINGS) PICKLE IN THE MIDDLE  
AND THE MUSTARD ON TOP,  
JUST THE WAY YOU LIKE 'EM  
AND THEY'RE ALL RED HOT.  
(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Here you are, kids, take your hot dogs.

MARY: Thanks.

SARA: Gee, I'm thirsty...What are we gonna drink with our hot dogs?

PHIL: Here you are, Gladys.

JACK: PUT THAT BACK IN YOUR POCKET...Let's go in...

HERB: STUBS PLEASE...LET'S SEE THE NUMBERS ON YOUR STUBS.

JACK: Here you are.

HERB: Right this way..Just follow me and...OH HELLO, GLADYS.

SARA: WHY HELLO, NICK, HOW ARE THINGS?

HERB: FINE, I'M ON PAROLE NOW.

JACK: (MAD) COME ON, COME ON, SHOW US OUR SEATS..Gladys, do you have to talk to every fellow you meet?

SARA: Oh Speedy, show some sociability.

JACK: Well...

HERB: HERE ARE YOUR SEATS, MISTER.

JACK: Thanks, thanks.

(SOUND: RECORD OF CHECKS UP AND DOWN)

JACK: HEY, THERE'S THE CHEERING SECTION.

CHEERING SECTION: (LOCOMOTIVE CHEER) PUFF...PUFF...PUFF...PUFF PUFF PUFF PUFF PUFF...L S M F T L S M F T L-U-C-K-I-E-S PUFF PUFF LUCKIES!....(BIG CHEER)

JACK: Say, these seats are okay, aren't they, kids?

MARY: Yeah, right on the forty-yard line.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, care to make a little bet on the game?

JACK: Okay, Phil...you take Alabama and I'll take U.S.C.

MEL: HI YA PAL..IS THIS SEAT TAKEN OLD PAL, OLD PAL?

JACK: Oh great...Look, Mister, how about sitting someplace else

MEL: NO THANKS, I NEVER TOUCH IT.

JACK: Wait a minute, Mister, you'll have to get up..this seat belongs to a friend of mine.

MEL: WELL ANY FRIEND OF YOURS IS A FRIEND OF MINE.

JACK: What?

MEL: NO THANKS, I NEVER TOUCH IT.

JACK: Hmm, this would happen to me.

PHIL: How much dough do you want to bet, Jackson?

JACK: Any amount you say, brother..just name it.

PHIL: Okay, fifty bucks.

JACK: Hmm, fifty dollars...okay, it's a bet.

MARY: We must be sitting higher than I thought.

JACK: Don't worry, I know what I'm doing.

MARY: (IN INKJAM) PEANUTS, POP CORN, CHEWING GUM, PEANUTS,  
POPCORN, HELLO GLADYS, CHEWING GUM...

SARA: OH HELLO, SNOOZY.

JACK: For goodness sake, Gladys, must you say...

MEL: QUIET, QUIET....I WANNA HEAR THE GAME.

JACK: THE GAME HASN'T STARTED YET.

MEL: NO THANKS, I NEVER TOUCH IT.

MARY: LOOK, HERE COMES THE U.S.C. TEAM.  
(SOUND: CROWD CHIRS UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Gee, they're a husky bunch of fellows.

PHIL: Yeah..listen to that crowd.

MARY: Here they come running right past us.

ORCHESTRA YELLS: HELLO GLADYS.

JACK: Gladys, that settles it..Now I --

SARA: But Speedy, dear...the boys on the U.S.C. team always  
eat at the Drive-In. They voted me Miss Pigskin of  
1945.

JACK: I don't care what they voted you.

MARY: Gosh, what a crowd.

PHIL: Yeah, I'll bet there are ninety thousand people there.

MEL: (CRYING) THAT'S TERRIBLE..NINETY THOUSAND PEOPLE  
WITHOUT A HOME.

JACK: What are you talking about?

MEL: (CRYING) THIS HOUSING SHORTAGE IS TERRIBLE.

JACK: Look..they've got homes...they're here for the game.

MEL: YOU'RE JUST SAYIN' THAT 'CAUSE I'M YOUR PAL. \*"

JACK: YOU'RE NOT MY PAL, I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE IN MY LIFE.

MEL: NO THANKS, I NEVER TOUCH IT.

JACK: I don't know why I always have to run into..

PHIL: HEY JACKSON, LOOK...HERE COMES THE ALABAMA TEAM.

(SOUND: CHEERS UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Say, those Alabama fellows look pretty good, don't  
they, Gladys?

SARA: They sure do.

ORCHESTRA YELLS: HELLO GLADYS, YOU ALL.

JACK: GLADYS YOU ALL...WELL THAT'S THE LAST STRAW, I'M  
LEAVING. I'M NOT EVEN GONNA STAY AND SEE THE GAME...  
AND LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING ELSE, GLADYS...YOU AND  
I ARE THROUGH...OUR ENGAGEMENT IS BROKEN..GOODBYE.

SARA: BUT SPEEDY, IF YOU'RE BREAKING THE ENGAGEMENT, WHAT  
ABOUT THE RING?

JACK: I'M NOT GIVING IT BACK TO YOU..GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECORD OF CHEERS UP AND DOWN)

MARY: So there you are, Don...that's exactly what happened  
at the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF MUSIC)

DON: REMEMBER, LADIES...AND GENTLEMEN...THREE WEEKS FROM  
TONIGHT, ON JANUARY 27th, WE WILL ANNOUNCE THE WINNERS  
OF THE "I CAN'T STAND JACK BENNY" CONTEST...Jack will  
be back in a minute, folks, but first here is my good  
friend, L.A. Speedy Riggs.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SIMS: What do auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, men who know tobacco best, say about Lucky Strike? Well, just listen to the words of Mr. Thomas Jefferson Green, independent tobacco auctioneer of Walnut Cove, South Carolina. He said:

GREEN: For many years, I've noticed that at the different markets where I've been auctioneering, Lucky Strike has bought tobacco that was ripe and mild. So, for my own cigarette, naturally I pick Lucky Strike. Been smokin' 'em for twenty-one years.

DELMAR: Independent tobacco experts like Mr. Green surely know that it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SIMS: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) and Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - AMERICAN) And this is Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)



RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR:  
(Imp. Tag  
#6)

A fact known the world over! - Lucky Strike means fine  
tobacco - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free  
and easy on the draw!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

JACK: Mary, I wish you'd stop telling Don everything that happens to me.

MARY: I'm sorry, Jack, I won't do it again.

JACK: Okay...Say, Mary, how would you like to go out to dinner now, and later we'll go dancing?

MARY: No, not while you're wearing Gladys' ring.

JACK: Well I can't get it off....Goodnight, folks.

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

**CLIENT:** AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

**BROADCAST:** PROGRAM #16

**DATE:** JAN. 13, 1946

**PROGRAM:** THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

**NETWORK:** NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

**AS BROADCAST**

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SIMS: LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO - so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SIMS: Yes, sir!  
(Ex. F)

DELMAR: Sure thing!

RUYSDAEL: That's right!

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

RIGGS: (CHANT - BOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. So take a tip from a real tobacco expert - Mr. Charles L. Belvin, independent tobacco buyer of Durham, North Carolina, who said:

BELVIN: I've spent thirteen years buying tobacco. The advantage I have over most smokers when it comes to selecting a cigarette is that I know tobacco so well. And at auction after auction I have seen Lucky Strike buy quality tobacco. That's why I've smoked Luckies myself for twelve years.

SIMS: Yes Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM...STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTON, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WINSON.

(APPLAUSE - MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..JACK BENNY REHEARSES HIS RADIO  
PROGRAM ON SATURDAY AFTERNOONS..SO LET'S GO BACK TO  
YESTERDAY AND PICK UP JACK AND MARY ON THEIR WAY TO THE  
STUDIO...ROCHESTER IS DRIVING THEM.

SOUND: (AUTO MOTOR AND HORN)

JACK: Gee Mary, it's a lovely day, isn't it?

MARY: It sure is.

JACK: Yes sir...give me California any time. It's so nice and  
balmy.

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: The air smells so good...it's wonderful driving in  
weather like this.

MARY: Uh huh...Jack, let's put the top down.

JACK: I wouldn't dare!...I tried that once...Rochester --

ROCHESTER: Yes, boss.

JACK: Why are you driving so slowly?

ROCHESTER: I'm behind a big beer truck.

JACK: Beer truck! Well why don't you pass him?

ROCHESTER: Yeah...BUT THERE'S A LOOSE CASE ON THE BACK, AND THE  
DRIVER LOOKS LIKE THE CARELESS TYPE!

JACK: Oh...Well go on and pass him...there aren't very many big  
bumps on this street anyway. And by the way, Rochester,  
did you take my dirty clothes to the laundry this  
morning?

ROCHESTER: I sure did.

JACK: And did you tell them about the lipstick on the collars of my white shirts?

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

MARY: Lipstick! On your shirts?

ROCHESTER: MR. BENNY PUTS IT THERE HIMSELF TO IMPRESS THE GIRLS AT THE LAUNDRY!

JACK: I do not, I got that at the Palladium...And while I'm thinking about it, I hope you told the laundry about my two pair of shorts they lost.

ROCHESTER: Uh huh...they're going to get those back for you, they put 'em in Barbara Stanwyck's bundle.

JACK: They sent my shorts to Barbara Stanwyck? How could they make a silly mistake like that?

ROCHESTER: I GUESS THE RUFFLES FOOLED 'EM!

JACK: Those aren't ruffles, they're pleats.

ROCHESTER: Pleats?

JACK: Yes, pleats.

ROCHESTER: Okay...HORIZONTAL PLEATS!

JACK: Stop being silly...And another thing, I hope you didn't forget to tell the laundry about my weak ankles.

ROCHESTER: I told 'em, I told 'em.

MARY: Weak ankles? What's that got to do with the laundry?

JACK: They put more starch in my socks...A little faster, Rochester...we'll be late for rehearsal.

SOUND: (MOTOR UP AND DOWN...AUTO HORN)

JACK: Say Mary, when we rehearse our program today, I want you to --

MARY: Oh look Jack, look...The Bells of St. Mary's is playing at that theatre there...I sure want to see it.

JACK: Me too, I hear it's wonderful.

MARY: That's what everybody says..Jack, what picture do you think will win the Academy Award?

JACK: It's hard to say...there were several outstanding pictures...Lost Weekend..The Bells of St. Mary's... Spellbound..The Horn Blows at Midnight...then there's --

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack..you don't think you've got a chance to win the Academy Award for that picture do you?

JACK: I don't see why not...You know I should have won it for my sensational acting in.."TO BE OR NOT TO BE".

MARY: Well why didn't you win?

ROCHESTER: (DRAMATIC) THAT IS THE QUESTION!

JACK: Rochester...No kidding, Mary, I'll never forget that scene when I threw the cloak over my left shoulder and said.."TO BE OR NOT TO BE..THAT IS THE QUESTION..

MARY: Jack --

JACK: "WHETHER IT IS NOBLER IN THE MIND TO SUFFER THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE...OR TO TAKE ARMS.

MARY: JACK, WE'RE DRIVING, SIT DOWN!

JACK: Oh.

SOUND: (SCATTERED APPLAUSE..TWO SOUND MEN..ALSO MEL AND EDDIE MARR APPLAUD)

MARY: (WHISPERS) Jack, the people on the sidewalk are applauding.

JACK: Oh yes....TO BE OR NOT TO BE...

MARY: JACK!

JACK: Jealous.

MARY: I'm not jealous, I'm embarrassed.

ROCHESTER: I'M MORTIFIED.

JACK: Well you don't have to be..anyway, that picture was one time I should have won the Academy Award.

MARY: Well, this year I think Ray Milland has a good chance to win it for his performance in Lost Weekend.

JACK: Well...Ray was good in that picture, but I thought the plot was awfully flimsy.

MARY: What are you talking about...it was a terrific plot.. a fellow starts drinking and loses a whole weekend.

JACK: So what..Phil Harris has been doing that for fifteen years. He thinks Monday comes right after Friday... Anyway, I'll bet I'll win the award when I make my next picture.

MARY: What's it going to be?

JACK: A biography...the story of my life...right from the time I was a baby.

MARY: Did they have babies in those days?

JACK: No no, Mary, they picked me off a mulberry bush. And don't be so smart. You know they dramatized my life last Sunday on that program called "Freedom of Oportunity".

MARY: I know, I heard it..Jack, is it true that when you were fifteen years old, your father wanted you to be a concert violinist?



JACK: Yes that's true, Mary..but inwardly I was fighting against it..in fact I didn't realize it until my first performance..There I was out on that concert stage playing the Mendelssohn Concerto in E Minor..and right in the middle of the number something came over me.

MARY: Tomato juice.

JACK: No, something besides that....but..who knows..If I'd stuck to the violin I might have been another Heifetz... or an Isaac Stern..or a Joseph Szigeti..By the way, Mary ...Szigeti is giving a concert tonight in my home town... Waukegan..I wish I could be there.

MARY: If this wind keeps up, you've got a good chance.

JACK: Oh it isn't so windy today.

ROCHESTER: I DON'T KNOW, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER COASTED UP HILL.

JACK: Well reef in the sail, we're at NBC.

SOUND: (CAR STOPS)

JACK: Come on, Mary.

SOUND: (CAR DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Rochester,.while we're rehearsing, take the car down to the corner filling station and have the oil changed.

ROCHESTER: Okay, boss, but I don't think they'll do it the way you want it.

MARY: What does he want, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: HE WANTS TO TRADE THE OLD OIL IN!

JACK: All right, have it changed anyway...but take the old oil home.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

JACK: Come on, Mary.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK)

MARY: Jack, you must be kidding..you don't really take your old motor oil home.

JACK: Certainly, I can use it around the house.

MARY: Ohhh....I thought that salad dressing had a lot of carbon in it.

JACK: That was pepper...Here we are, Mary.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I wonder what studio we're supposed to,.well...here comes Charlie McCarthy.

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Hello, Charlie.

O'TOOLE: (AS CHARLIE) Hello, Mr. Benny. Too too too.

MARY: (GIGGLES) Hello, Charlie.

O'TOOLE: Why Mary Livingston....You great big beautiful doll you..

JACK: Now Charlie, you behave yourself.

O'TOOLE: I'm so sorry, Mr. Benny, but when you're as short as I am, you get nylon happy.

JACK: Well, we'll see you later, Charlie...Come on, Mary. Goodbye.

O'TOOLE: Goodbye, Mr. Benny....Goodbye.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: You know, Mary, it's amazing how he gets around without Bergen...Gee, I wish I'd asked my producer what studio we're rehearsing in.

O'TOOLE: (AS BERGEN) JACK, JACK...

JACK: What? Oh, it's Edgar Bergen..

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

O'TOOLE: Hello Mary...Jack, have you seen Charlie?

JACK: Yes, he just went down the hall.

O'TOOLE: Thanks..You know every time I turn my back he runs away..

(FADES)

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS RESUME)

MARY: ....Say, Jack --

JACK: What?

MARY: It's amazing how he gets around without McCarthy.

JACK: Yeah...now let's see, maybe we're rehearsing here in  
Studio G...this might be it.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: (OFF MIKE) NO NO NO, NO, NO GENTLEMEN..NOW LET'S TRY  
IT ONCE MORE.

JACK: This is it, Mary..Phil's rehearsing his gentlemen.

PHIL: NOW COME ON, FELLAHS, NICE AND SMOOTH THIS TIME..WITH A  
LITTLE CLASS TO IT...YOU KNOW, LOTS OF DIGNITY...OKAY,  
ARE YOU READY? A-ONE, A-TWO...A ROOT TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT.  
TOOT...HIT IT.

JACK: Hmm, dignity.

(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

PHIL: OKAY, BOYS, YOU CAN RELAX NOW...Hi ya, Jackson..Hello, Livy.

MARY: Hello, Phil.

JACK: Hi, Phil.

PHIL: How'd you like that number we just played Jackson?

JACK: Pretty good, Phil..What's the name of it?

PHIL: I don't know...HEY FRANKIE, WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT TUNE WE JUST PLAYED?

MEL: (OFF) I DON'T KNOW..HEY EDDIE, WHAT WAS THAT TUNE WE JUST PLAYED?

MARR: (OFF) THAT WAS STARDUST.

PHIL: It was Stardust, Jackson.

JACK: No, no it wasn't, Phil...I know how Stardust goes.

PHIL: HEY FELLAHS, JACKSON SAYS IT WASN'T STARDUST.

MEL: (OFF) MAYBE IT WAS CHICKERY CHICK CHALAH CHALAH.

MARR: (OFF) NO, THAT'S A NEW ONE, WE AIN'T LEARNED IT YET.

JACK: All right, fellows, it really doesn't matter.

PHIL: IT DOES TO US, JACKSON, WE'RE MUSICIANS.

JACK: Okay, okay, I'll take your word for it..Now Phil, we've gotta start rehearsing the script..so tell your boys to take a rest for a while.

PHIL: Okay...ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN, YOU CAN GO.

SOUND: (TERRIFIC HUBBUB OF SCUFFLING FEET, CHAIRS BEING KNOCKED OVER, INSTRUMENTS FALLING, ETC.)

JACK: Some musicians.

MARR: (OFF) AW LOOK, SOMEBODY BENT MY SAXOPHONE.

JACK: THAT'S THE WAY IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE... Hmm, it's amazing how much noise they make in their bare feet...Now, is everybody here?...Where's Don Wilson?

DON: Here I am, Jack.

JACK: And where's Larry?

LARRY: Here I am, right behind Mr. Wilson.

JACK: Well come around where I can see you. Now kids, I've got a great thing to do on the program tomorrow.

MARY: What is it, Jack?

JACK: Well...I went to the movies last night and saw Twentieth Century Fox's Picture, "State Fair"...and I enjoyed it so much that I've written a radio version of it..And believe me, it took some tricky writing...Now Mary, in this play you're going to be my wife...and guess what I'm going to be.

MARY: What?

JACK: Your husband.

MARY: Some tricky writing.

JACK: Well Mary, nowadays it's nice to know who your husband's going to be...look what happened with Pappy Boyington... Now Phil, you're going to be my neighbor, Zeke Martin.

PHIL: Zeke?

JACK: Yes.

PHIL: I hope I've got a brother named Hyde.

JACK: Why?

PHIL: THEN WE CAN PLAY HYDE AND ZEKE...HA HA HA,..OH HARRIS... YOU'RE SIX FOOT ONE AND YOU'RE ALL MINE!

JACK: I know, that's what gives me the courage to go on...  
Now Larry...you're going to be my son..Cy.

LARRY: Gee, Mr. Benny - I'm much too old to be your son.

JACK: Thanks kid - Now, Now, Don, you're going to play the  
part of Blue Boy, my prize winning hog.

DON: Now wait a minute, Jack, I don't want to play the part  
of a hog...I won't have any lines.

JACK: Believe me, Don, you've got just the right lines for it..  
Now remember, your name is Blue Boy, and you're going to  
win the blue ribbon at the --

DON: JACK, I'M SORRY, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO PLAY THE PART OF  
A HOG.

JACK: DON, YOU MADE YOUR STOMACH, NOW LIE ON IT...Now remember,  
kids, in this play we go to the Pomona Fair...Phil, have  
your musicians come in and tell 'em to be quiet.

PHIL: Okay..ALL RIGHT, PELLAHS, COME ON IN AND BE QUIET!

JACK: ...(LONG PAUSE)...that's better...Now as the scene opens..

MEL: (DOES LOUD SNEEZE) (ORCH:)

JACK: Hmm...Now as our scene opens, we find Lem Peabody and his  
wife at home preparing for the fair..All right, let's  
rehearse it...CURTAIN..MUSIC!  
(TRANSITION MUSIC - "REUBEN REUBEN")

MARY: (RUBE) (SINGS) REUBEN, REUBEN, I'VE BEEN THINKIN',  
WHAT A STRANGE WORLD THIS WOULD BE,  
IF ALL THE MENFOLKS WERE TRANSPORTED  
FAR BEYOND THE --

JACK: (RUBE) Hey, Maw...Maw, what are ya' doin'?

MARY:        Fixin' the mince meat...You know I'm aimin' to win  
              first prize at the Fair this year...I'm the best cook  
              in the county.

JACK:        You sure are, Maw.

MARY:        Look what happened last year...When the judge tasted  
              my cookin', I knew I was gonna be the winner.

JACK:        Yup...Too bad he dropped dead before he could announce  
              it.

MARY:        I'll never forgit his last words...as he lay there  
              lookin' up at me.

JACK:        What did he say, Maw?

MARY:        He said..."I BEEN JUDGIN' PIES FOR NIGH ONTO FIFTY  
              YEARS, BUT THIS ONE'S OUT OF THIS WORLD AND I'M A-GOIN'  
              WITH IT".

JACK:        No other judge could make that statement...You know,  
              Maw, I been worried all week...I can't make up my  
              mind which hog to take to the Fair.

MARY:        Why Paw, I thought you decided to take Blue Boy.

JACK:        I did, but you know my other hog Esmereldy is a  
              lot smarter. Well I guess I'll go down to the  
              pen and look 'em over.....See You later, Maw.

SOUND:        (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES  
              (FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL, WHICH CONTINUE THROUGH SONG)

(ORCHESTRA VAMP)

JACK: (SINGS) REUBEN, REUBEN, I'VE BEEN THINKING,  
WHAT A STRANGE WORLD THIS WOULD BE  
IF WE HAD NO BETTY GRABLE  
OR NO L.S./M.F.T.

(ORCHESTRA VAMP)

LUCKIES, LUCKIES, I'VE BEEN SMOKING,  
THEY'RE THE BESTEST SMOKE I KNOW,  
SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED,  
SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRO.

JACK: Hmm..on the dro...that don't sound right...I better  
try that again.

(SINGS) LUCKIES, LUCKIES, I'VE BEEN SMOKING  
THE BESTEST SMOKE I EVER SAW,

Hey, that's it...I got it now -- saw...saw.

(SINGS) THE BESTEST SMOKE I EVER SAW,  
SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED,  
SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRO.

(ORCHESTRA STOPS)

JACK: No...Saw don't seem to rhyme either...Oh well...

PHIL: (RUBE) HEY, LEM...LEM -- Hello Lemmie

JACK: Sounds like Lem of Lem and Abner. OH HELLO, ZEKE...I'm  
just goin' down to the pen to look over Esmerelda and  
Blue Boy...I don't know which one of my pigs to take to  
the fair.

PHIL: Wouldn't you have more fun with your wife?

JACK: Hee hee hee...Why Zeke, you been readin' Dr. Pierce's  
Almanac again....Hee hee.

PHIL: Well Lem, I don't care which pig you take, I'll bet  
you five dollars you don't win no prize.



JACK: Okay, it's a bet..it's a bet...Just a second, I'll get at my money.

PHIL: .....(PAUSE.....THEN WHISTLES)

JACK: What's the matter, Zeke, ain't you never seen a man's leg before?....Now come on down to the pen with me, Zeke, while I look 'em over.

PHIL: Okay.

SOUND: (FEW FOOTSTEPS)

LARRY: (OFF MIKE) (STARTS HUMMING "IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING")

PHIL: Hey Lem, here comes your son up the road with some of them there farm-hands.

JACK: Yup, and they're always a-singin', always a-singin'..You oughta hear 'em around harvest time...they sit around the campfire and sing till it's time for bed. Never saw anything like 'em.

(SEGUE INTO NUMBER "IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING" WITH LARRY AND QUARTET)

(AFTER FIRST CHORUS..WITH ORCHESTRA IN B.G.)

JACK: You know, Zeke, that son of mine's got a good voice.

PHIL: He shore has, Lem. Shore has!

JACK: If he keeps it up, I'm gonna take him to the big city.. Azusa.

PHIL: And don't forget Anaheim and Cucamonga.

JACK: When he's ready for it. When he's ready. They'll make him the son of the Mayor of all three cities down there.

(LARRY AND QUARTET FINISH SECOND CHORUS)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

JACK: Well Zeke, we're gettin' near the pig pens now.

PHIL: Yup and that reminds me...Have you been listenin' to that fellah, Jack Benny, on the radio?

JACK: Nope, I'm always busy at that time.

PHIL: Well he's got a contest where he's givin' away about ten thousand dollars, and he's announcin' the winners two weeks from tonight.

JACK: Durn fool, if you ask me..Hee hee hee...Well, here we are.

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Look at those pigs, Zeke, aren't they humdingers? Look at Esmereldy.

PHIL: Yeah..and look at that belly on Blue Boy.

JACK: Yup..Come here, Esmereldy.....Esmereldy, come here.

MEL: (FIVE GRUNTS)

JACK: Doggone, she's a fine lookin' sow.

PHIL: I dunno, Blue Boy looks pretty good to me.

JACK: Yeah....Come here, Blue Boy.

DON: (OINK OINK OINK OINK)

JACK: Look at him, Zeke...he weighs twenty eight hundred pounds....feel his ribs...go ahead, feel his ribs.

PHIL: Okay.

DON: (OINK OINK, THEN GIGGLES..OINK OINK, THEN GIGGLES)

JACK: He's so durn ticklish...Say Zeke, Zeke how do you like this set-up I got here in the barnyard?

PHIL: Why you're way behind the times, Lem..Old boy,..Now take my cow barn for instance...I got it all modernized ...I got telephones.

JACK: Telephones?

PHIL: Yup...Now when a cow feels like she oughta be milked,  
she just takes the receiver off the hook and calls us  
at the house.

JACK: Calls you at the house?....Well, how can a cow dial the  
...Oh, oh I see....Well come on, Zeke...let's go back  
to the house and see how Maw's gettin' along.

PHIL: All right.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

QUARTET: (OFF MIKE) IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING,  
THE MOON IS FLYING HIGH,  
AND SOMEWHERE A BIRD IS BOUND HE'LL BE HEARD,  
IS THROWING HIS HEART AT THE SKY.

IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING  
THE STARS ARE BRIGHT ABOVE...

QUARTET VERY SOFT  
WITH MARY HUMMING: THE EARTH IS AGLOW AND TO ADD TO THE SHOW,  
I THINK I AM FALLING IN LOVE..  
FALLING...FALLING IN LOVE.

JACK: Hey Maw, Maw, here's Zeke.

MARY: Hello, Zeke.

PHIL: Hello, Mrs. Peabody...what ya makin'?

MARY: Mince meat, I'm takin it to the Fair.

PHIL: Mince meat, huh?

MARY: Yup, and to give it just the right flavor I put in some  
brandy.

PHIL: (SHOCKED) Brandy!

MARY: Yup...two tablespoons full.

PHIL: (SHOCKED) No no no, Mrs. Peabody, you'll spoil the  
mince meat.

MARY: Hey Paw --

JACK: What?

MARY: Some tricky writing.

JACK: You said it, Maw.

MARY: Well, excuse me, boys, I'm goin' upstairs and put on my new gingham dress.

JACK: Okay...Hurry up.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

PHIL: Quick, Lem, hand me that bottle of brandy.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Zeke...The way I wrote this play you hate the taste of brandy.

PHIL: Well hand me that bottle, I'm gonna ad lib.

JACK: Okay, Zeke, but lookit you, go ahead and pour it into the mince meat.

PHIL: I'll pour this bottle in and then you pour the other one in.

JACK: All right, but let's hurry before Maw gets back.

SOUND: (GLUG GLUG GLUG OF LONG POURING)

JACK: There we are...Now hide those empty bottles, I think I hear Maw coming.

PHIL: Okay.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Well Paw, I'm all ready to go to the Fair, let's get started.

JACK: I'm ready too.

MARY: Before we go, maybe I better taste this mince meat.

JACK: Now wait a minute, wait a minute Maw, let me taste it... You know how crazy I am about your mince meat.

MARY: All right, go ahead.

SOUND: (SPOON IN DISH)

JACK: (MAKING TASTING SOUND)...Hm...I better taste it again.  
 SOUND: (SPOON IN DISH)  
 JACK: (MAKES TASTING SOUND)...Hm...better taste it once more.  
 SOUND: (SPOON IN DISH)  
 JACK: (TASTING SOUNDS)....Hm...  
 MARY: Well Paw, how is it?  
 JACK: Too muss minch meat.  
 MARY: What? What did you say?  
 JACK: I said too minch munch meat...I mean --  
 PHIL: He means...too...much...mince...meat.  
 JACK: That's what I said...too...much...mince...munch----  
 PHIL: You better quit while you're ahead, Lem. Better quit.  
 JACK: Yeah...Well come on, we're all ready let's go.  
 SOUND: (DOOR OPENS...PIGS)  
 JACK: EVERYTHING READY, CY?  
 LARRY: YES, PAW, I PUT ESMERELDY ON THE WAGON AND BLUE BOY TOO.  
 JACK: THAT'S GOOD...ONE OF 'EM IS BOUND TO WIN THE PRIZE...  
 WELL COME ON, ME ...COME ON, CY...COME ON, LEM...LET'S  
 GO.  
 PHIL, MARY & LARRY: OKAY!  
 JACK: GIDDYUP, DOBBIN, GIDDYUP.  
 SOUND: (HORSES HOOF AND WAGON WHEELS)  
 JACK: I'LL BET THIS YEAR'S FAIR IS GONNA BE THE BEST ONE YET...  
 POMONA, HERE WE COME.  
 (ORCHESTRA INTRODUCTION TO "IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING")

(QUARTET AND WHOLE GANG SING...DON AND MEL SQUEAL AND GRUNT DURING BREAKS)

ORCH: IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING,  
THE STARS ARE BRIGHT ABOVE,  
THE EARTH IS AGLOW AND TO ADD TO THE SHOW,  
I THINK I AM FALLING IN LOVE...  
FALLING...FALLING IN LOVE.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen..Radio has been asked to inform the general public, and employers, about the assets of our veterans..not only as citizens but as employees. There are many misconceptions about what the years of removal from civilian life did to our service men...The truth is that they've come home far better equipped for a good peacetime job than they were before...Their service training has given them many new skills..and every service job is related to a civilian occupation in some way....So here's a suggestion to employers for a New Year's Resolution...Resolve to employ ex-servicemen in 1946. Thank you.  
(APPLAUSE)

DON: REMEMBER, FOLKS..THE WINNERS OF THE "I CAN'T STAND JACK BENNY" CONTEST WILL BE ANNOUNCED TWO WEEKS FROM TONIGHT, JANUARY 27TH...ON TONIGHT'S PROGRAM EDGAR BERGEN AND CHARLIE MCCARTHY WERE IMPERSONATED BY OLLIE O'TOOLE. That durn fool Jack Benny will be back in a minute, but first here is my good friend, P. E. Boone.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts.

SIMS: That's right!

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT!

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco!

SIMS: And this fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you!

RUYSDAEL: Why sure - IS - MFT!

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - AMERICAN) and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). And this is Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT

IS - MFT

IS - MFT

SIMS: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

SIMS:  
(Imp. Tag  
#7)

JACK: Okay, Okay Phil, rehearsal is over, the band can go home.

PHIL: ALL RIGHT, FELLAHS, YOU CAN GO HOME NOW.

SOUND: (REPEAT TERRIFIC NOISE OF SCUFFLING FEET, CHAIRS  
FALLING, INSTRUMENTS FALLING ETC.)

JACK: Hm...Mary, pick me up, will you?...Goodnight, folks.

NBC ANN: THIS IS N.B.C. -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.



# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN *Inc.* ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

**CLIENT:** AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

**BROADCAST:** REV. PROGRAM #17

**DATE:** JAN. 20, 1946

**PROGRAM:** THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

**NETWORK:** NBC

---

I OPENING NEW YORK

**AS BROADCAST**

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success!

DELMAR: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

SIMS: You said it!  
(Ex. A)

RUYSDAEL: Why, sure!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm, so  
fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

SIMS: In a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts!

RUYSDAEL: You bet - LS - MFT!

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

RUYSDAEL: That's right. LS - MFT.

SIMS: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer,  
the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike  
tobacco.

DELMAR: This fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down  
smoking enjoyment for you.

RUYSDAEL: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike -  
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and  
easy on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM...STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTON, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...JUST ABOUT ONE YEAR AGO, JACK  
BENNY STARTED ON A TRIP TO NEW YORK...HE RUSHED DOWN  
TO THE UNION STATION TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE CHIEF OR  
THE SUPER CHIEF....BUT THE ONLY INFORMATION HE COULD  
GET WAS.

MEL: (P.A. SYSTEM) TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE FOR ANAHEIM,  
AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA.

DON: LAST SUMMER JACK WENT TO GERMANY TO ENTERTAIN OUR BOYS  
IN THE ARMED FORCES...AS HE WAITED FOR CONNECTIONS  
BETWEEN BERLIN AND NUREMBERG, HE HEARD A VOICE SAY....

MEL: DAS SIESEL LOIFT UFF TRACK FUMP A ROOTIN TOOTIN STOOTIN  
VERBOOTEN FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA.

DON: TWO YEARS AGO WHEN JACK WAS ON A LONELY ISLAND IN THE  
SOUTH PACIFIC, HE WAS HIDING BEHIND A PALM TREE WATCHING  
THE NATIVES DO THEIR TRIBAL DANCE.

(DRUM - TRIBAL DRUM BEATS)

QUARTET: (IN RHYTHM) ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA  
ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA  
ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA

DON: (MYSTERIOUS) SUDDENLY ONE OF THE NATIVES SPIED JACK  
BEHIND THE PALM TREE..HE ADVANCED TOWARD HIM WITH A  
SHARP BOLO KNIFE...IT WAS A TENSE MOMENT AS THE NATIVES  
SAID..

MEL: Got any gum chum?

JACK: No.

QUARTET: (DRUMS IN B.G.) ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA  
ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA  
ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA

DON: SO NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE BRING YOU A MAN WHO  
JUST LAST WEEK WAS APPOINTED HONORARY MAYOR OF THESE  
THREE CALIFORNIA CITIES....JACK BENNY!  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, Don, and thank you, my loyal subjects..You  
may sit down now....Thank you.

DON: AW Jack, that was certainly a great honor bestowed on  
you...how does it feel to be Mayor of three cities?

JACK: Oh it hasn't changed me a bit...I'm still the same  
lovable Jack Benny that nobody can stand...You know,  
Don, this is the first time in history that one man was  
ever Mayor of three cities at the same time..it's quite  
an honor.

MARY: I agree with you, Your Majesty.

JACK: Mary, don't overdo it.

MARY: Don't overdo it!..What about you AND those new cards  
you had printed....FIORELLO H. LA BENNY.

JACK: Well---

MARY: And walking around on your knees to make yourself look  
shorter.

JACK: Mary, I wasn't trying to imitate LaGuardia.

MARY: You were too, you even tried to set fire to Betty  
Grable's house so you could be the first one there.

JACK: First one there, first one there....You're just jealous  
because I have influence now.

MARY: Some influence...Tell Don what happened this morning  
when a cop stopped us for speeding.

DON: What was it, Mary?

MARY: Jack stuck his head out of the car and said..."Listen, buddy, you may not know this but I happen to be the Mayor of Anaheim, Azusa and Cucamonga".

DON: AND WHAT HAPPENED?

MARY: THE COP GAVE ME THREE TICKETS.

JACK: Now wait a minute...Apparently, you kids have no respect for the importance of my new office.

DON: Now Jack, you know that isn't true..When I heard you were Mayor of these three towns I even approached you with a business proposition.

JACK: Yes, Don, I know, and I've been thinking it over, but ...Well I'm afraid I can't do it.

DON: But Jack, you have the authority.

JACK: I know, Don, but it's impossible...NOW there's no use talking about it.

MARY: What does he want you to do, Jack?

JACK: Don wants me to change the name of the main street in Anaheim to LSMFT Boulevard...Now it it just can't be done.

DON: Well I don't see why not.

JACK: Look, Don..would the American Tobacco Company change their slogan to "LUCKY STRIKES ARE SO ANAHEIM, SO AZUSA, SO FULLY CUCAMONGAED"?...NOW...would they?

DON: Well I know how they could use the name Azusa.

JACK: How?

DON: WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST IT'S LUCKIES ZUZA ONE.

JACK: Hey, <sup>they</sup> that's pretty good, Don, but you could have made it even better.

DON: How?

JACK: CUCA-MONGA MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST IT'S LUCKIES  
ZUSA ONE....See?

MARY: Say Jack, I've got one.

JACK: What is it?

MARY: I'LL TAKE A LUCKY TODAY, TOMORROW, OR ANAHEIM.

JACK: Hey, hey, that's pretty good too.

DON: AW, that's nothing, Jack, listen to this one..LUCKY  
STRIKES ARE MADE OF THE FINER, THE LIGHTER, THE  
NATURALLY Milder TOBACCO.

JACK: ...Well...where's the joke?

DON: Joke? THAT'S A COMMERCIAL SON.

JACK: THANKS, THANKS FOR CALLING ME SON.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Collect telegram for Jack Benny....a dollar nineteen.

JACK: OH here you are, son..a dollar nineteen for the  
telegram, and here's a dollar for you.

MEL: GEE thanks very much.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: ....I wonder who this telegram is from...

SOUND: (RATTLE OF PAPER)

JACK: It must be important if they sent it here to the...

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Pardon me, Mr. Benny, I forgot my bicycle.

JACK: YOU DIDN'T FORGET IT, I BOUGHT IT....Now go.

MEL: Okay, but you're gonna look silly on those three wheels.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hmm, this telegram's..This, this telegram..from Fred Allen..He says.."DEAR JACK..HAVE ALMOST FINISHED JUDGING THE "I CAN'T STAND JACK BENNY" CONTEST LETTERS. WILL HAVE THE WINNERS IN TIME FOR YOUR NEXT SUNDAY'S BROADCAST..STOP..I KNOW I'VE SAID A LOT OF NASTY THINGS ABOUT YOU..BUT AFTER READING ALL THOSE LETTERS I REALIZE THAT I'M THE ONLY FRIEND YOU'VE GOT....STOP... IT'S AMAZING HOW SO MANY PEOPLE CAN CALL YOU SUCH BIG THINGS WITH SUCH SMALL WORDS....SOME OF 'EM HYPHENATED YET"....Hmm..

MARY: SAY Jack, do you think Fred Allen will pick out one of his relatives as the winner of the contest?

JACK: Gee, I hope not.. although Allen's relatives sent in twice as many letters as anybody else.

MARY: TWICE AS MANY..how could they do that?

JACK: Mary, when you're swinging by your tail from a tree, you can write with both hands...And thanks for asking..Now come on, Phil, Phil let's have a band number....Phil.. Phil --

DON: Phil isn't here yet.

JACK: Good, let's sneak the band number in before he gets here.. ..HEY YOU..YOU OVER THERE --

KEARNS: (OFF) ME?

JACK: Yes, YOU..YOU LEAD THE ORCHESTRA.

KEARNS: (OFF) BUT, I'M THE JANITOR.

JACK: JUST WAVE YOUR BROOM, THOSE GUYS WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE, BELIEVE ME....Now go ahead.

(APPLAUSE)

(BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: That was "A Little Fond Affection", played by Phil Harris's orchestra, and conducted by the janitor waving a broom...proving that Mr. Harris belongs to the wrong union...Say Janitor, how did you ever learn how to lead a band?

KEARNS: I used to play with Phil Harris's orchestra.

JACK: You did!..Well what made you become a janitor?

KEARNS: I'VE GOT AMBITION!

JACK: Oh...I should have known you were a musician..it's the first time I ever saw a broom with a mouthpiece...AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION --

PHIL: HI YA FOLKS, YOUR FUTURE LOOKS BRIGHT..CAUSE HARRIS IS HERE AND (A LA HEATER) THERE'S GOOD NEWS TONIGHT....

PHIL: AH YES! THERE'S GOOD NEWS TONIGHT.

JACK: WELL, well..the Prima Donna finally arrived..Good afternoon, Maestro.

PHIL: Hi ya, Jackson, sorry I'm late.

JACK: Sorry,...Look, Phil, if you knew you were going to be late, why didn't you phone me?

PHIL: Phone you! Are them things workin'?

JACK: Certainly, the government intervened..Now when you dial "0" you get President Truman...And Phil, from now on, get here on time and cut out those loud entrances..I want a little respect around here.

PHIL: Respect..What's eatin' him, Livy?

MARY: Him has just been made honorary Mayor of Anaheim, Azusa, and Cucamonga.

PHIL: (OVERLY POLITE) WELL! I BEG YOU TO ACCEPT MY HUMBLEST APOLOGIES, COUPLED WITH MY HEARTIEST FELICITATIONS..YOUR WORSHIP.



JACK: Thank you, Phil, but you don't have to curtsy.

PHIL: You know, Jackson, this is quite an occasion..this calls for a drink!

JACK: Never mind.

MARY: But Jack, Phil's going out of his way to be nice.

JACK: Out of his way..Mary, all you have to do is say, "Today is Tuesday" and Phil says.."Oh boy, what an occasion, this calls for a drink!".....Believe me, if I were the Mayor of this town, I'd fix guys like Phil by putting on a curfew.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, say that word again.

JACK: Curfew.

PHIL: GESUNDHEIT!...HA HA HA..OH HARRIS, YOU'VE GOT YOUR OWN TEETH BUT YOU'RE CLICKIN' ALL THE TIME.

JACK: PHIL, WHO WRITES YOUR MATERIAL?

PHIL: MAD MAN MUNTZ!

JACK: OH I KNEW IT COULDN'T BE THE SMILING IRISHMAN. NOW LET'S GET ON WITH THE...

PHIL: HEY Jackson, how do the people of Anaheim, Azusa and Cucamonga feel about you being appointed their Honorary Mayor?

JACK: Well, I don't know, Phil but Rochester is down there right now sort of feeling out the pulse of the citizens.. In fact, he's conducting a poll...Now let's forget about me and get on with the program..because tonight, in answer to many requests, we're going to continue with our radio version of 20th Century-Fox's picture, "State Fair".

MARY: Requests?

JACK: Yes...Our listeners want to know if my prize hog Blue Boy will win the blue ribbon at the Fair..Now Mary, you'll be Maw Peabody, my wife..Phil, you'll be Zeke, my neighbor..Larry will be my son. And Don, once again you'll be my --

DON: Now wait a minute, Jack, I don't want to play the part of a pig.

JACK: Well why not?

DON: It's not believable..I don't look anything like a pig.

JACK: Well..maybe....Don, take off your glasses a minute..... . There, that's better.....And now we'll continue our play where we --

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

ROCHESTER: HELLO MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

JACK: Rochester, I'm glad you called..Did you talk to the people in Anaheim, Azusa and Cucamonga?

ROCHESTER: Uh huh.

JACK: Well what do they say about me being appointed Honorary Mayor?

ROCHESTER: ARE YOU SITTING DOWN?

JACK: Yes..Now tell me, what do they say about me being Mayor?

ROCHESTER: BOSS, YOU KNOW THOSE CONTEST LETTERS YOU'VE BEEN GETTING THAT UPSET YOU SO MUCH?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: WELL THEY'RE MADE OF THE FINER, THE LIGHTER, THE NATURALLY Milder Language.

JACK: Rochester, I can't believe it..What was the over-all opinion in the three towns?

ROCHESTER: WELL..ANAHEIM IS BLAMIN' AZUSA, AZUSA IS BLAMIN' ANAHEIM, AND CUCA IS BLAMIN' MONGA.

JACK: Cuca is blaming Monga!..But that's all one town.

ROCHESTER: ALL I KNOW IS, HALF THE PEOPLE ARE DRESSED IN BLUE, THE OTHER HALF IN GRAY, AND THEIR BATTLE SONG IS LOVE IN BLOOM.

JACK: Oh my goodness..Are they shooting?

ROCHESTER: NO, THEY'RE JUST BEATIN' EACH OTHER OVER THE HEAD WITH VIOLINS.

JACK: Beating each other with violins?

ROCHESTER: ANYBODY AROUND HERE WITH A BASE FIDDLE IS A GENERAL.

JACK: Rochester, where are you phoning from?

ROCHESTER: I AIN'T PHONIN', I'M USING MY WALKIE TALKIE.

JACK: Walkie talkie!

ROCHESTER: I'M IN MOTION, BOSS, IN MOTION!

JACK: Rochester, if things are that bad in Cucamonga, what happened in Azusa?

ROCHESTER: I DON'T KNOW, BUT I MENTIONED YOUR NAME IN ANAHEIM AND TWO TREES THREW THEIR ORANGES AT ME.

JACK: Oranges!

ROCHESTER: THAT WAS THE NAVEL ARTILLERY!

JACK: Now cut that out...Rochester, you're making this whole thing up..You can tell me about it when you get home.. Goodbye.

ROCHESTER: Goodbye.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I hope Rochester gets here on time to go on request performance. I wouldn't want to lose the commission. Now Larry, before we start our play, "State Fair," put us in the mood by singing something from the picture.

LARRY: Okay.  
(QUARTET AND LARRY SING "THAT'S FOR ME")  
(APPLAUSE)

## (THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "That's for Me", sung by Larry Stevens and the farmhands..Now we pick up where we left off last week.. on our way to the State Fair..Maw, Paw, Zeke, Cy, the pigs and the mince meat are all on the wagon...LET'S GO!

(ORCHESTRA TRANSITION "REUBEN REUBEN" ... FADES)

SOUND: (HORSES' HOOPS, WAGON WHEELS..FADE DOWN)

JACK: (RUBE) Giddyup, Dobbin..Come on, Nellie, Giddyup!

MARY: (RUBE) Take it easy on them horses, Paw.  
(MEL AND DON WHINNY)

MARY: They're pluggin' as hard as they can.

PHIL: (RUBE) Say LEMMIE, LEMMIE, no wonder your horses are havin' such a hard time pullin' this wagon...Looky what your son's doin' back there.

JACK: Where?...SON, STOP DRAGGIN' YOUR HEAD...Stop it.

LARRY: WELL GEE, PAW, MAW TOLD ME TO DO IT.

JACK: Well that's ricky-diculous...dreggin' his head.

MARY: No it ain't, Paw...When he drags his feet, he wears his shoes out.

JACK: Oh...Go right ahead, son...you need a hair cut anyway... Say Zeke, how do my pigs look back there?

PHIL: Oh they're all right, but I still I still say they ain't gonna win no prizes.

JACK: Oh they ain't huh?...Just look at them beautiful pigs.. Hello, Esmereldy.

MEL: (FIVE GRUNTS)

JACK: And how do you feel, Blue Boy?

DON: Oink Oink Oink Oink.

MARY: He ain't even lookin' at you, Pa.

JACK: Blue Boy, I'm over here...Put your glasses on, you silly pig...Yes sir...those are two of the finest pigs in Kumquat County.

PHIL: Maybe so. MAYBE SO - MAYBE BUT I STILL SAY, LEMMIE, they ain't gonna win no prizes.

JACK: Well, we've got a five dollar bet on that, ain't we?

PHIL: Yeah, WE GOT IT BET but you haven't put up your five dollars yet.

JACK: Oh...Well, here's my money.

PHIL: Hey Lem, you must've had this five dollar bill a long time.

JACK: What do you mean?

PHIL: It's got a picture of Lincoln lyin' on a bearskin rug.

JACK: I got that when they first came out...They knew he'd grow up to be president.

MARY: HEY PA, LOOK UP AHEAD...ALL THOSE TENT'S AND BANNERS.

JACK: YUP, WE'RE ALMOST THERE..GIDDYUP, DOBBIN, GIDDYUP.  
(QUARTET AND GANG SING LAST HALF OF CHORUS "GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING")  
(MEL AND DON GRUNT)  
IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING,  
THE STARS ARE BRIGHT ABOVE,  
THE EARTH IS AGLOW AND TO ADD TO THE SHOW,  
I THINK I AM FALLING IN LOVE..  
FALLING...FALLING IN LOVE.

SOUND: (CARNIVAL NOISES...MERRY GO ROUND MUSIC...SHOOTING GALLERY..HAMMER HITS BELL...ETC.)

JACK: GOSH, MA, AIN'T IT EXCITIN' HERE?

MARY: IT SURE IS, PAW.

KEARNS: (OFF) ALL RIGHT, FOLKS, STEP RIGHT UP AND I'LL GUESS YOUR WEIGHT FOR A DIME..ONE DIME, WIN A KEWPIE DOLL!

MEL: (OFF) LOOKY, LOOKY, LOOKY, RIGHT THIS WAY FOR THE GIRLIE SHOW.

MARR: ALL RIGHT FOLKS, NOW GATHER ROUND, FOLKS..HERE YOU ARE, GET YOUR GEN-U-INE SOLID GOLD SEVENTEEN-JEWEL SWISS MOVEMENT WRIST WATCHES FOR ONLY THIRTY NINE CENTS!

JACK: Hey, I'll buy one of them watches, Mister.

MARR: NOW THERE'S AN INTELLIGENT MAN..HERE'S YOUR WATCH MISTER.

JACK: Okay, here's your money.

MARR: GATHER ROUND, FOLKS..GET YOUR GEN-U-INE SOLID GOLD --

JACK: Hey, hey..this watch don't look very shiny...and it don't look like gold.

MARR: YOU SAY THE WATCH AIN'T SHINY? YOU SAY IT AIN'T GOLD? TELL YA WHAT I'M GONNA DO..FOR ONLY ONE THIN DIME, THE TENTH PART OF A DOLLAR, I'M GONNA SELL YOU A BOTTLE OF MARVO...MARVO, THE ONLY JEWELRY POLISH ON THE MARKET THAT CONTAINS IRIUM.

JACK: Well..okay..if it's only a dime, gimme a bottle..Here's a quarter.

MARR: And here's your bottle...STEP RIGHT UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND GET YOUR SOLID GOLD SEVENTEEN --

JACK: HEY, WHAT ABOUT MY CHANGE?

MARR: JEWEL SWISS MOVEMENT WRIST WATCHES FOR ONLY -

JACK: HEY, WHAT ABOUT MY CHANGE?

MARR: Get away from me, Bub, ya bother me...YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THESE WATCHES ARE GEN-U-INE SOLID GOLD--

JACK: I AIN'T GOIN' AWAY 'TIL I GET MY CHANGE..YOU'RE JUST A BIG CROOK.

MARR: YOU SAY YOU DIDN'T GET YOUR CHANGE? YOU SAY I'M A CROOK? TELL YA WHAT I'M GONNA DO...I'LL MAKE YOU A SPORTING PROPOSITION....FOR ANOTHER FIFTEEN CENTS, I'LL --

JACK: YOU AIN'T GONNA DO NOTHING

PHIL: AW COME ON, LEM, STOP MAKIN' SUCH A GOL DURNED SCHLEMMELIE OF YOURSELF.

JACK: Okay, okay...Let's go over and --

LARRY: Say, Pa --

JACK: Huh?...Son, we're off the wagon, stop draggin' you head.

MARY: WELL, it ain't his fault, Pa, he's got the wrong tongue laced in his shoe.

JACK: So he has...Doggone it, that happens that happens every time he dresses himself. Now what did you want, son?

LARRY: I'm a-gittin' hungry.

JACK: Okay, you wait here with your Ma and Zeke..I'll be back in a minute.

SOUND: (CARNIVAL NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Now let's see...where can I get somethin' to eat..Ah, there's a hot dog stand.

ARTIE: (SINGS) Pickle in the middle,  
And the mustard on top.  
Just the way you like 'em  
And they're all red hot.

JACK: AH GIMME four frankfurters, please.

ARTIE: Four puppies coming up.

JACK: Not so fast, mister..Is the meat fresh?

ARTIE: Hoo hoo..is the meat fresh! When it arrives, we don't even cook it..we just take off the jockey and lead it into a bun.

JACK: Take off the...Wait a minute..you mean..you mean these frankies are made outa horse meat?

ARTIE: Come here a second..Confidential..and don't breathe this on anybody.

JACK: Uh huh.

ARTIE: Ah, when you're going to the races and see a horse running with blinders on his eyes, he don't know where he's going but we do!

JACK: What?

ARTIE: Yes, yes you know...In one race at Santa Anita yesterday the bugle gave a bugle, the bell gave a ring, eight horses started and only three came back.

JACK: Well that's funny..What happened to the other five?

ARTIE: (SINGS) Pickle in the middle  
And the mustard on top,  
Just the way you like 'em  
And they're all--

JACK: Now, wait a minute, wait a minute, I recognize you... Didn't I see you selling hot frankies at the Rose Bowl game?

ARTIE: It's quite possible..You know...Every New Year's I'm spending at Pasadinka.

JACK: I thought so..How did you get way out here?

ARTIE: Well, I was rooting for U.S.C. and the Alabama team chased me.

JACK: Well, it's a good thing...it's a good thing...those Alabama boys didn't catch you.

ARTIE: Didn't catch me! Ho ho ho...you think I always had this Southern accent?

JACK: Well, you better gimme my hot frankies, my folks are waitin' for me.



ARTIE: Good...good...here you are.

JACK: Let me taste one...hm...these don't taste good...they're too tough.

ARTIE: YOU SAY THEY DON'T TASTE GOOD? YOU SAY THEY'RE TOO TOUGH? TELL YA WHAT I'M GONNA DO.

JACK: NEVER MIND...I'll take 'em anyway...Here's your money.

ARTIE: Thank you...(SINGS) Pickle in the middle  
And the mustard on top,  
Just the way you like 'em,  
And they're all red hot.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, here's your hot dogs.

MARY: Say Paw, I'm gonna take my mince meat over to the judge's stand..See you later..Come on, son.

JACK: Hey Zeke, Zeke..now that Maw's gone, let's you and me go over to the girlie show.

PHIL: Well, now you're talkin', LEMME..come on, let's go.  
(SOUND: ALL THE TENT SHOW MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

MEL: LOOKY, LOOKY, LOOKY..RIGHT THIS WAY, BOYS, AND SEE FIFI LATOUR THE DANCING GIRL..SHE SHAKES IN EVERY MUSCLE, SHE SHAKES IN EVERY JOINT..IF YOU THINK MILDRED PIERCE DID SOMETHING, STEP ON THE INSIDE AND SEE WHAT FIFI DOES.

JACK: Come on...come on, Zeke, let's go in.

PHIL: Okay, Lem.

JACK: Hey, I wonder if the dancing girl this year is gonna have a balloon or seven veils.

PHIL: I'm prepared for either one..I got a pin and seven matches.

JACK: Well let's go in...TWO TICKETS, PLEASE.

MEL: HERE YOU ARE..AND REMEMBER, NO CLIMBING ON THE RUNWAY.

JACK: Come on, Zeke.  
(ORCHESTRA PLAYS HOOTCHY KOOTCHY MUSIC..FADES OUT)

JACK: Here's a couple of good seats right here, Zeke.

PHIL: Can't we get any closer?

JACK: We're on the stage now. Hey Zeke, here comes Fifi  
going into her dance.  
(BAND PLAYS "PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY")

JACK: Look, Zeke, she's only walkin' up and down the stage.

PHIL: Yeah but that kind of walkin' accentuates the positive.

JACK: You said it. LOOK OUT SHE'S WINDING UP.  
(DRUM BUMP)

JACK: Whoops!  
(MUSIC CONTINUES)

JACK: Look, lookit her -- he he he - she sure can do it...  
she's dancin' over this way, again.  
(SECOND DRUM BUMP)

JACK: Hmm.

PHIL: Hey Lem, pick up your hat.

JACK: She sure is a high kicker...Here she comes again.  
Look out.  
(THIRD DRUM BUMP)

JACK: Hmm...Hey, Zeke --

PHIL: What?

JACK: I'll bet Maw's a better cook than she is anyway...Yes  
siree.  
(MUSIC STOPS...SCATTERED APPLAUSE FROM CAST MEMBERS)

JACK: Hey shall we wait for the next show, Zeke?

PHIL: LOVE IT. LOVE IT.

MARY: WHY, LEM PEABODY, YOU OUGHTA BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF...  
NOW YOU COME OUTA HERE RIGHT AWAY.

JACK: Okay, Maw, okay...LET GO OF MY EAR, I'M A-COMIN'.

MARY: While you boys were wastin' your time in here, my mince  
meat won first prize, and so did Blue Boy.

JACK: YIPPEE! YOU SEE, ZEKE, I TOLD YOU WE'D WIN.

MARY: AND PAW, DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE FIRST PRIZE IS?

JACK: WHAT?

MARY: A ROUND TRIP TICKET TO ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA!

JACK: WELL I'LL BE DOGGONED...

(ORCHESTRA INTRODUCTION TO "GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING")

(QUARTET AND GANG START TO SING...AND APPLAUSE COMES UP)

IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING

THE STARS ARE BRIGHT ABOVE

THE EARTH IS AGLOW AND TO ADD TO THE SHOW

I THINK I AM FALLING IN LOVE..

FALLING...FALLING IN LOVE.

(APPLAUSE)

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, present at the tobacco auctions, can see with their own eyes who buys what tobacco. They can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

SIMS: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And this fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) and Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - AMERICAN). Basil Ruysdael speaking for the makers of Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SIMS: Many things may change with the years but here's one thing you can depend on always -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, yes, first, last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN *Inc.* ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

**CLIENT:** AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

**BROADCAST:** REV. #18

**DATE:** JAN. 27, 1946

**PROGRAM:** THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

**NETWORK:** NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK *AS BROADCAST*

**DELMAR:** THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM! - presented by Lucky Strike.

**TICKLER:** (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

**RUYSDALE:** IS - MFT

IS - MFT

IS - MFT

**SIMS:** Yes, sir!  
(Ex. 1)

**RUYSDALE:** That's it!

**DELMAR:** Right you are!

**SIMS:** Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

**BOONE:** (CHANT - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

SIMS: Remember - in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts.  
And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

DELMAR: Yes, year after year, at market after market,  
independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and  
warehousemen, can see Lucky Strike consistently select  
and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder  
Lucky Strike tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: Yes sir! LS - MFT.

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And this fine  
Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking  
enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine  
tobacco - Lucky Strike!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)  
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTON, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE - MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TODAY IS JANUARY 27TH..  
THE DAY THAT THE WINNERS OF THE "I CAN'T STAND JACK  
BENNY" CONTEST WILL BE ANNOUNCED. LAST NIGHT PEOPLE  
ALL OVER THE COUNTRY WENT TO BED WONDERING IF THEY  
WOULD WIN PART OF THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS..SO LET'S GO  
BACK TO LAST NIGHT..TO THE HOME OF THE MAN WHO'S GOING  
TO GIVE AWAY ALL THAT MONLY.

("HEARTS AND FLOWERS" - SAD AND QUIVERY)

JACK: Hmm..I don't know why I let myself get into this..that's  
a lot of dough...there ought to be some way to get out  
of it..Hmm..I wonder if I could.--

ROCHESTER: Oh, boss --

JACK: I could go to Mexico...No, that's too close...Say...I've  
got it.

ROCHESTER: BOSS, IF YOU'RE THINKIN' WHAT I THINK YOU ARE, IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!

JACK: Impossible, what do you mean?

ROCHESTER: THEY CAN ONLY SEND MESSAGES, TO THE MOON, PEOPLE CAN'T  
GO TO THERE YET.

JACK: Rochester, I'm not running away..I'm just thinking  
about..uh..uh..my next summer's vacation.

ROCHESTER: THEN WHY DID YOU PACK YOUR BAGS THIS AFTERNOON?

JACK: If you must know, I just threw some old clothes in those  
suitcases to send to the people in Europe.

ROCHESTER: I KNOW, BUT THE ONE YOU'RE SENDING TO FRANCE IS  
ADDRESSED TO PIERRE BENNY!

JACK: That goes to an uncle of mine in Paris...Now forget it.

ROCHESTER: Okay, okay...but look, it's only ten thousand dollars..  
Why do you want to run away to Paris?

JACK: Look, Rochester --

ROCHESTER: NO USE HIDIN' IN THOSE SEWERS, BOSS, THEY'LL FIND YOU,  
THEY'LL FIND YOU!

JACK: Rochester, cut that out..I told you I'm not going  
anywhere.

ROCHESTER: ALL I KNOW IS, WHEN I ANSWERED THE PHONE THIS MORNING, A  
MAN SAID, "THIS IS THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA AND THE SANTA  
FE"...AND HE WASN'T SINGIN'.

JACK: Look Mr. Jones if you're Mr. Van Jones. Rather if  
you're insinuating that I'm worried about giving away  
the ten thousand dollars, you're sadly mistaken..The  
letters to the contest have all been read, the winners  
will be announced, and as far as I'm concerned I'm not  
even thinking about the money...Now it's getting late,  
so I'm going to bed.

SOUND: (CLOCK STRIKES TEN TIMES)

ROCHESTER: Hmm, my watch is slow..What time have you got, boss?

JACK: Ten thousand dollars....I mean ten thousand o'clock...  
Now stop confusing me..I'm going up to bed.

ROCHESTER: So am I, Goodnight.

JACK: Goodnight..And Rochester, don't put the cat out tonight.  
With this meat shortage you can't tell what'll happen...  
Well, Goodnight, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Goodnight.  
(TRANSITION MUSIC "GO AWAY AND LET ME SLEEP")



JACK: (SNORES THREE TIMES)  
(DREAM CRESCENDO INTO VIBRAPHONE)

ARTIE: (FILTER) (LOW AND MONOTONOUS)  
Tomorrow you're gonna give away ten thousand dollars  
Tomorrow you're gonna give away ten thousand dollars  
Tomorrow you're gonna give away ten thousand dollars  
Tomorrow you're gonna give away ten thousand dollars  
(CONTINUES STEADILY IN BACKGROUND)

MEL: (ECHO CHAMBER) ROCKET NOW LEAVING ON TRACK TWO FOR THE  
MOON....(PAUSE, 8 SECONDS) .....ROCKET NOW LEAVING  
ON TRACK FIVE FOR MARS, VENUS AND CUCAMONGA.....  
(PAUSE, 8 SECONDS).....BON SOIR, MONSIEUR, COMMENT  
ALLEZ VOUS...OUI OUI, PIERRE BENNY, WE HAVE BEEN  
EXPECTING YOU..WE HAVE A ROOM FOR YOU IN THE SEWER.

ARTIE: Ten thousand dollars, ten thousand dollars, ten thousand  
dollars.

MEL & ARTIE: Ten thousand dollars, ten thousand dollars, ten thousand  
dollars..TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, TEN  
THOUSAND DOLLARS, TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

JACK: (BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM)  
(WEIRD CHORD)

JACK: (SNORES ONCE)

MEL: Did that scream frighten you, Brutus?

ARTIE: No, Caesar let's get at him again.

MEL: All right, but let's not frighten him to death..because  
then he'll be one of us and I can't stand him.

JACK: (SNORES TWICE)

MEL: HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH..SO YOU'RE JACK BENNY..THE MAN THAT  
NOBODY CAN STAND..HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH.

JACK: Stop laughing at me!

MEL: NOBODY LIKES YOU AND YOU KNOW IT..HA HA HA HA (INTO LOUD  
HYSTERICAL LAUGH)

ARTIE: (JOINS MEL IN HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER)

JACK: Hmm..why can't I get laughs like that on my program?....  
Why?

ARTIE: DON'T BE IMPATIENT, YOU'VE ONLY BEEN ON FOURTEEN YEARS.

JACK: Stop tormenting me, do you hear..Stop it!

MEL: WE DON'T HAVE TO TORMENT YOU, YOU'RE GONNA DO IT  
YOURSELF..TOMORROW YOU HAVE TO GIVE AWAY ALL THAT  
MONEY..AND IF YOU DON'T, DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE GONNA  
DO TO YOU?..THEY'RE GONNA TIE YOU TO A POST, THROW  
BRANCHES AROUND IT, COVER YOU WITH GASOLINE, AND THEN  
TAKE YOUR TWO OLD DRIED-UP LEGS AND RUB 'EM TOGETHER..  
(HYSTERICAL LAUGH)

JACK: WHAT?

MEL: AND THEN THEY'RE GONNA TIE YOU TO A HORSE AND DRAG YOU  
ALL OVER THE ---

JACK: Stop it..STOP IT...STOOOOPPPP!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS FAST)

ROCHESTER: BOSS..BOSS..

JACK: Huh?.....Oh....Oh, I'm glad you came, Rochester....I  
just had an awful dream....I dreamt....Rochester, what  
are you doing with your suitcase?

ROCHESTER: I HAD THE SAME DREAM AND I'M GOIN' WITH YOU!

JACK: ...Thanks for your loyalty.....And take off that beret,  
we're not going to Paris.  
(BAND NUMBER HITS AND FADES RIGHT OUT)  
(APPLAUSE)

DON: YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED LAST  
NIGHT...AND NOW, TO GET ON WITH THE SHOW, HERE'S LARRY  
STEVENS TO SING "SYMPHONY."  
(LARRY'S NUMBER)  
(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

DON: VERY GOOD, LARRY, VERY GOOD...THAT WAS LARRY STEVENS  
SINGING --

JACK: Okay Don, OKAY I'm here, I'll take over now...THAT WAS  
LARRY STEVENS SINGING "SYMPHONY." AND NOW, LADIES AND  
GENTLEMEN --

DON: (TO HIMSELF) The big ham.

JACK: What...what did you say, Don?

DON: I said I love Spam.

JACK: Oh...AND NOW...Get a load of Diet Smith Wilson...AND  
NOW, AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT --

MARY: No you don't, Jack...When anybody else is late around  
here, they have to have a good excuse.

PHIL: Mary's right, Jackson, you're late.

JACK: Well, I couldn't help it, I was so tired...I didn't get  
much sleep...I tossed and turned all night.

MARY: Oh that happens every time Margaret O'Brien beats you  
at hopscotch.

JACK: What are you talking about, I beat her three out of five.  
It was something else that upset me...

PHIL: Say Jackson, it couldn't be by a slight coincidence that  
you didn't sleep last night because today you have to  
give away ten thousand dollars?...Could it, little man?

JACK: What ten thousand dollars?

PHIL: The contest money...You know!

JACK: Oh that...I forgot about it.

MARY: FORGOT ABOUT IT...WHEN FELL --

JACK: FELL?

MARY: I'VE GOT TO DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN --

JACK: I'LL TAKE THE FIRST LINE AGAIN ... I FORGOT ABOUT IT.

MARY: FORGOT ABOUT IT ... WHEN PHIL MENTIONED IT, YOUR FACE TURNED WHITE, YOUR LIPS TURNED BLUE, AND YOUR STOMACH TURNED OVER.

JACK: THAT WASN'T WORTH GOING OVER AGAIN. Mary!

MARY: And the way your Adams apple popped out, I thought it was going to announce the time.

JACK: Announce the time, announce the time...All right...why shouldn't I be upset...It's bad enough giving away all that dough without having a guy like Fred Allen tell me what to, who to give it to...What a judge.

DON: Well Jack, I think Fred Allen is a great judge of humor.

JACK: You do, eh?...Well, I will say one thing...his program has helped the Good Neighbor policy.

MARY: Helped the Good Neighbor policy...How?

JACK: When Allen's program comes on the air so many radios start clicking off that South America thinks we've taken up the castanets...

MARY: ALL RIGHT, but now that you're here, let's cut out this silly stuff and announce the winners of the contest.

JACK: Mary, I don't know who the winners are, and I won't know until Steve Bradley, my press agent, gets here...I think I'll call his house and see what's keeping him.

SOUND: (RECEIVER OFF HOOK...JIGGLED SEVERAL TIMES...THEN FADE INTO SOUND OF PHONE BUZZER)

BEA: Say, Mabel --

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SARA: Yeah...I wonder what Dorian Gray wants now.

BEA: I'll take it.

SOUND: (PLUG IN SWITCHBOARD)

BEA: Yes, Mr. Benny?...Steve Bradley?....At Crestview  
6-7071?....Huh?....I'm sorry Mr. Benny, but on local  
calls we can't reverse the charges...I'll call you  
back when I get the number.

SOUND: (PLUG OUT)

SARA: What did he want, Gertrude?

BEA: He wanted I should get him a number.

SARA: Say Gertrude, did you enter Mr. Benny's contest?

BEA: Well, I almost did...You see, I started to write in  
fifty words why I can't stand Jack Benny...

SARA: Uh huh.

BEA: And by the time I finished writing, I sold it to  
Universal and they're making a picture out of it starring  
Boris Karloff!..What a character that Benny is.

SARA: Ain't it the truth..I'll never forget the first time I  
went out with him..We were sitting in the park in the  
moonlight..holding hands..and suddenly he whispered in  
my ear and asked me for a lock of my hair.

BEA: Gosh, how romantic.

SARA: Romantic nothing..he made a toupay out of it!

BEA: Why Mabel Flapsaddle...you're just making that up.

SARA: No, it's the truth..Say Gertrude, did you ever go out  
with Mr. Benny?

BEA: Sure I did, and gee, I'll never forget our first date..  
he showed up wearing a pair of wooden shoes.

SARA: Wooden shoes?

BEA: Yeah, when he says "Dutch Treat" he ain't kiddin'.

SARA: You said it...You know, Gertrude, one day Mr. Benny asked me if I'd like to be on his radio program.

BEA: He did?

SARA: Yeah...He wanted to put me in pictures too, but that's an old gag.

BEA: No it ain't, Mr. Benny has a lot of influence...he got me a part in that picture "Lost Weekend?".

SARA: Lost Weekend! What did you do in it?

BEA: I stuck the labels on the bottles.

SARA: Gee, Gertrude, I saw the picture but I didn't see you.

BEA: I know...after the first day they fired me and hired a wet sponge...What a career.

SOUND: (THREE BUZZES ON SWITCHBOARD..THEN JIGGLING PHONE HOOK THREE TIMES)

JACK: .....Operator.....Operator...Oh Gertrude, did you get Mr. Bradley for me? Oh, he doesn't answer...All right, well keep trying.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

DON: What happened, Jack?

JACK: I don't know, Bradley isn't home...I wonder if he could be at --

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh, there's the telephone.

MARY: CORRECT..NOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY FOR EIGHT DOLLARS?

JACK: What?

PHIL: I HAVE A LADY IN THE BALCONY, DOCTOR.

JACK: Ask her if she's got a friend for..Now cut that out... Everybody wants to be a comedian...I don't know why it is, but every time you say something -- OR OTHER.

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: That must be Steve Bradley.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Hello.

JEANNIE: Hello, is my daddy there?

JACK: Your daddy? Oh, this is Phil Harris's little girl..how are you honey, this is Mr. Benny.

JEANNIE: Hello Mr. Benny...are you really going to announce the winners of your contest tonight?

JACK: That's right.

JEANNIE: Oh goodie, I can sure use the money.

JACK: The mon...(LAUGHS) Ohhhh...did you send in a letter?

JEANNIE: I sent in twenty-five letters.

JACK: Twenty-five. My goodness, how did you think up so many things?

JEANNIE: Well...one night mommie and daddy had some people over to dinner...

JACK: Uh-huh.

JEANNIE: Your name was mentioned and I wrote down everything they said.

JACK: Oh.

JEANNIE: Mr. Benny, how did you ever learn to skin a flint?

JACK: Well, you take a...Never mind, honey, I'll let you talk to your daddy now...Phil, your little girl's on the phone.

PHIL: Okay.

JACK: And she told me that you and your friends have been talking about me.

PHIL: Oh oh...hello baby...

JEANNIE: Hello daddy. I called to tell you that --

PHIL: Just a minute sweetheart...I want to tell you something.

JEANNIE: What?

PHIL: Don't ever tell people things that happen at home... especially Mr. Benny...I might get fired.

JEANNIE: But daddy...you said that after mommie made two more pictures you were going to quit anyway.

PHIL: She hasn't made 'em yet, she hasn't made 'em yet.

JEANNIE: Gee. (GIGGLES)

PHIL: Now what are you laughing about, honey?



JEANNIE: I'll bet Mr. Benny would sure be mad if I told him what you did last Tuesday night.

PHIL: Tuesday night..what did I do?

JEANNIE: You listened to B-O-B....H-O-P-E.

PHIL: Look, baby....

JEANNIE: And you laughed too..

PHIL: Baby, not so loud. OH HONEY, YOU'RE GETTING ME IN TROUBLE. You're taking the bread and butter right out of your own little mouth...Now what did you call me for?

JEANNIE: Well, daddy...you left home today without giving me my arithmetic lesson.

PHIL: Your arithmetic lesson? OH YEAH, OH THAT'S RIGHT, WELL LOOK BABY I'm sorry, I'll give it to you right now over the phone...Have you got a paper and pencil?

JEANNIE: Uh-huh.

PHIL: All right...now listen and we'll do it together.

(PHIL AND JEANNIE SING ONE-ZY, TWO-ZY)

PHIL: ONE-ZY, TWO-ZY, I'LL KISS YOU-ZY

JEANNIE: TWO-ZY, THREE-ZY, YOU KISS ME-ZY

PHIL: THREE-ZY, FOUR-ZY, KISS SOME MORE-ZY.

JEANNIE: LET'S START COUNTING HIGHER.

PHIL: FOUR-ZY, FIVE-ZY, LET'S GET LIVE-ZY

JEANNIE: FIVE-ZY, SIX-ZY, HUG ME QUICK-ZY

PHIL: SIX-ZY, SEVEN-ZY, THIS IS HEAVEN-ZY  
MY HEART'S ON A FLYER.

JEANNIE: KEEP THE NUMBER GOING,

TILL THE SONG IS DONE,

PHIL: LOVE WILL KEEP ON GROWING,  
AND WE'LL HAVE LOTS OF FUN.

JEANNIE: SEVEN-ZY, EIGHT-ZY, YOU'RE MY DATE-ZY,

PHIL: EIGHT-ZY, NINE-ZY, AIN'T THIS FINE-ZY,

JEANNIE: NINE-ZY, TEN-ZY, START AGAIN-ZY

BOTH: ONE-ZY, TWO-ZY, I LOVE YOU-ZY.

PHIL: YOU'RE MY WHAT-NOT

JEANNIE: YOU'RE MY HOT-SHOT

BOTH: ONE-ZY, TWO-ZY, I LOVE YOU-ZY.

(APPLAUSE)

PHIL: Well that's all I got time for now baby...Goodbye.

JEANNIE: Goodbye, daddy.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Say Phil, that's a catchy little song...What is it?

PHIL: Well, it's brand new, Jackson...written by Dave Franklin  
and Irving Taylor...it's never been heard on the air  
before.

JACK: Well, it's pretty cute...Hey Don, come here...let's you  
and I try it.

DON: Okay.

JACK: Go ahead, Phil, Phil play it.  
(ORCHESTRA INTRODUCTION TO ONE-ZY, TWO-ZY)

JACK: You start it, Don.

DON: (SINGS) ONE-ZY, TWO-ZY, I'M SO CHOOSE-ZY

JACK: TWO-ZY, THREE-ZY FREE AND EASY,

DON: THREE-ZY, FOUR-ZY, ON THE DRAW-ZY

JACK & DON: LET'S KEEP SMOKING LUCKIES

DON: FOUR-ZY, FIVE-ZY, FOR MAN AND WIFE-ZY

JACK: FIVE-ZY, SIX-ZY, A BLEND THAT CLICKS-ZY

DON: SIX-ZY, SEVEN-ZY, TASTES LIKE HEAVEN-ZY

JACK & DON: LET'S KEEP SMOKING LUCKIES.

DON: EVERY LUCKY USER  
SINGS THEIR PRAISES TRUE

JACK: IN ANAHEIMA AND AZUSA  
AND CUCAMONGA TOO!

DON: SEVEN-ZY, EIGHT-ZY, THEY'RE JUST GREAT-ZY

JACK: EIGHT-ZY, NINE-ZY, THEY'RE SO FINE-ZY

DON: NINE-ZY, TEN-ZY, TAKE IT AGAIN-ZY

JACK & DON: L S M F T ZEE  
(ORCHESTRA FINISH AND APPLAUSE)

JACK: Say, that's good...that's good...Anybody can make up words to that song...You know I'll bet a number like this is liable to...

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Hello.

ROCHESTER: HELLO BOSS..HAVE YOU GIVEN AWAY THE PRIZE MONEY YET?

JACK: No, why?

(ORCHESTRA INTRODUCTION)

ROCHESTER: (SINGS) ONE-ZY, TWO-ZY, NO TIME TO LOSE-ZY  
TWO-ZY, THREE-ZY, LISTEN TO ME-ZY  
SEVEN-ZY, EIGHT-ZY, BETTER NOT WAIT-ZY  
LET'S GET GOIN' FOR PARIS!

JACK: Rochester!

ROCHESTER: IT'S JUST A LITTLE THOUGHT, BOSS, SO LONG.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Well, it's the first time...it's the first time, I ever knew Rochester listened to my program.

MARY: Maybe he read that fine print in his contract.

JACK: Yeah...Anyway, that's a cute song and I'll bet it'll be a hit...I can't wait till I get home tonight to learn it on my violin.

PHIL: (CRYING) No no no, Jackson, let it live, it's so young!

JACK: Phil, when I learn a number on my violin, it always...

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

LANE: Hello hello hello, hello everybody, hello...Long time no see. HUH?

JACK: Well it's about time you got here, Steve, I've been trying to get you on the phone..What took you so long?

LANE: Now don't get excited, Benny, it was my new publicity stunt for you..I just hired an airplane and a pilot to write your name all over the sky...but I ran into a little trouble with him.

JACK: Trouble..what was wrong?

LANE: That pilot couldn't forget his last job..from force of habit he kept writing Jacksie-Cola!

JACK: Oh,

MARY: Say Steve, we're all sitting on pins and needles waiting to hear the names of the contest winner.

LANE: Well I called up Fred Allen, the chief judge, and had a long talk with him.

JACK: Did he mention any names?

LANE: Plenty...He called you a dirty, no good...

JACK: I MEAN THE NAMES OF THE WINNERS...Hmm.

MARY: Come on, Steve, we're all anxious...Tell us...tell us who Jack has to pay the money to.

JACK: Mary, if I can wait, you can too...We won't announce the winners until the end of the program.

PHIL: Oh for cryin' out loud, Jackson...you're only giving away dough..it ain't as though you were gonna commit suicide.

MARY: Phil, stop giving him ideas.

JACK: He didn't give me the idea, I've been thinking of it for weeks...Anyway, this contest is the silliest thing I ever heard of in all my fif..thirty-seven years...

PHIL, SHUT UP!

PHIL: I DIDN'T SAY NOthin'.

JACK: BUT YOU HAD A GLEAM IN YOUR EYE THOUGH.

MARY: Oh for goodness sake, Jack, stop being so nervous...Now come on, Steve, tell us the names of the winners.

LANE: All right..I guess you're all pretty anxious..so I won't keep you waiting any...

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Hello?...What?...**(VERY MAD)** GERTRUDE, I KNOW MR. BRADLEY DOESN'T ANSWER, HE'S STANDING NEXT TO ME...  
...Now Gertrude, you talk a little more civil or there'll be trouble.....What?.....I WILL NOT.....GOODBYE.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Hmm...that Gertrude's cute when she gets mad.

MARY: Jack, there isn't much time left..Now let Steve announce the winners.

JACK: All right, all right..go ahead, Steve.

LANE: Thanks Benny..So you're all waiting to hear the winners  
...Well, here's the way it...

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh my goodness.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Hello?....Oh hello, Mabel.....But Mabel, I'm not a beast..I didn't mean to make Gertrude cry....Put her on the phone, let me talk to her....Oh...Well when she comes back tell her to call me....GOODBYE.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: (I never saw anyone as sensitive as Gertrude...Just say boo and she starts crying..Her mother was the same way)  
...Well, go ahead Steve, let's hear the winners.

LANE: Okay...AND YOU'RE NOT ONLY GOING TO HEAR THE NAMES OF THE WINNERS AS PICKED BY THE JUDGES, PETER LORRE AND GOOLMAN ACE, BUT YOU ARE GOING TO HEAR THEM ANNOUNCED BY THE FINAL JUDGE HIMSELF...THE HONORABLE FRED ALLEN.

JACK: WHAT?

LANE: TAKE IT AWAY, NEW YORK.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK)

ALLEN: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen...This is Fred Allen in New York, I could tell a joke but I wouldn't want to get a laugh on Mr. Benny's program and establish a precedent, but I know you've all been waiting for the winners of the "I can't stand Jack Benny" contest, so here they are...

The first prize...Wake up Mr. Benny, this isn't a dream now...The first prize ...twenty-five hundred dollars in Victory bonds, goes to

Mr. Carroll P. Craig, Sr.  
735 Radcliffe Avenue  
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

The second prize, fifteen hundred dollars in Victory bonds, goes to

Mr. Charles S. Doherty  
Hotel Bolton Square  
Cleveland 6, Ohio.

The third prize, a one thousand dollar Victory bond goes to

Miss Joyce O'Hara  
1014 Dragoon Avenue  
Detroit 9, Michigan.

The additional fifty winners of the one hundred dollar bonds will be notified by telegram, and the bonds sent registered mail. P.S. If Mr. Benny should deliver any of these telegrams personally please tip him generously... ladies and gentlemen he has been through a terrible ordeal. I am happy to say...Goodnight, folks.

(SWITCH BACK TO HOLLYWOOD)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: YOUR FATHER'S MOUSTACHE.

Well, the contest is over...And you want to know something, Mary? I don't feel bad at all...I feel like I've got something off my chest.

MARY: Maybe it's your money belt.

JACK: Maybe...Play, Phil.

(PLAYOFF MUSIC)

MARY: Ladies and gentlemen...If you haven't already done so, check over your wardrobes and get together all the clothing you can spare for the Victory Clothing Collection. Both summer and winter clothing is needed - also shoes and bedding - for the millions of families who lost their homes and their belongings, everything they owned, in war-torn countries around the globe. These people are in great need, and every one of us can find useful articles that we can contribute. The drive ends Thursday, so pack up your bundle right away and take it to your post office, fire station or police station...Thank you.

DON: Jack will be back in a minute, but first here is my good friend, F. E. Boone.



THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
REV. CLOSING #18

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

DELMAR: Here's what Mr. C. W. Jenkins, independent tobacco  
warehouseman of Bowling Green, Kentucky, said:

JENKINS: Anyone who knows tobacco will tell you that you can't  
have a good cigarette unless good tobacco goes into it.  
Season after season at the auctions, I've seen Lucky  
Strike buy quality leaf -- tobacco that means a mild and  
better tasting smoke. I've smoked Luckies for  
twenty-four years.

SIMS: Quote! "Season after season I've seen Lucky Strike buy  
quality leaf." Unquote. Yes, in a cigarette it's the  
tobacco that counts and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -  
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on  
the draw.

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's  
program were Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky  
(CHANT - AMERICAN) and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of  
Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN).  
And this is Basil Ruysdael for Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

DELMAR: There's real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you in  
(Imp. Tag  
#5) Lucky Strike -- for Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, next Sunday we are going to have as our guests, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman, and one of the world's greatest violinists...Isaac Stern....NOW THAT THE FIRST THREE WINNERS OF THE CONTEST HAVE BEEN ANNOUNCED I WOULD LIKE TO ANNOUNCE AS MANY OF THE NAMES OF THE ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BOND WINNERS AS TIME WILL ALLOW:

Helene Williams 100 West Sherman Flagstaff, Arizona	Ruth Payne 909 Chester Avenue Topeka, Kansas	Mrs. Dorothy Pickering 28 Sound View Drive Greenwich, Connecticut
Capt. Alfred J. Helphand 3311 N.E. 19th Avenue Portland, Oregon	Mary E. Flett 208 N. Princeton Ave. Fullerton, California.	E. Amolly 401 N. Piedmont Arlington, Va.
Harris V. Petell 27 S. First St. Burgenville, N. J.	Phillip H. Clark 1524 Osage Bartlesville, Okla.	Mrs. Florence Livingston Jamestown, Texas

JACK: M. G. WELL, THAT'S ALL WE HAVE TIME FOR BUT YOU'LL ALL GET YOUR TELEGRAMS AND YOUR BONDS. THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

FEBRUARY

CLIENT: AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

BROADCAST: PROGRAM #19

DATE: FEB. 3, 1946

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK: NBC

## AS BROADCAST

### I OPENING NEW YORK

BELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN)

SIMS: Let that famous chant remind you that Lucky Strike  
means fine tobacco - so round, so firm, so fully  
packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

SIMS: Right you are!  
(Ex. E)

RUYSDAEL: Yes, sir!

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Here's what Mr. Elvin Bradley Hicks, independent tobacco auctioneer of Wilson, North Carolina, said:

HICKS: Season after season at the auctions I've seen Lucky Strike buy fine, light tobacco -- tobacco that gives a better tasting smoke. I've smoked Luckies for seventeen years.

DELMAR: Yes sir! In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTON, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE - MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...TONIGHT JACK BENNY IS TAKING MARY  
TO A CONCERT AT THE PHILHARMONIC AUDITORIUM, GIVEN BY  
ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST VIOLINISTS, ISAAC STERN...  
AS WE LOOK IN ON JACK, HE'S AT HOME DRESSING FOR THE  
OCCASION.

JACK: Rochester, I still think they're a little too short..  
they barely reach my ankles.

ROCHESTER: Maybe I can let the cuffs out.

JACK: No, if you let the cuffs out, they'll be too long...  
liable to drag..gosh, I wish they fit better.

ROCHESTER: What's the difference, boss. AFTER YOU PUT YOUR PANTS  
ON, WHO SEES YOUR UNDERWEAR.

JACK: Yeah, I guess so.

ROCHESTER: You're certainly goin' to a lot of trouble gettin'  
dressed tonight.

JACK: Well, Rochester, all the important people in town will  
be at the concert...after all, IsaacStern is one of the  
world's greatest violinists.

ROCHESTER: Oh come now, boss, you play the violin as good as he  
does.

JACK: No I don't, Rochester...no.

ROCHESTER: Oh yes you do.

JACK: I do not.

ROCHESTER: Well I think so..

JACK: Rochester, you've never even heard Isaac Stern.

ROCHESTER: WELL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT, BOSS, TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT.

JACK: Oh, I see...well you know, Rochester...maybe if I had followed my musical career, it might be me giving that violin concert tonight...me...Yasha Benny....I can just picture the scene...As I walk out on the stage, the spotlight falls on me...me...Yasha Benny...confidently I lift my violin and tuck it under my chin...I raise my bow...five thousand pairs of eyes are staring at me..

ROCHESTER: SAY YASHA, YOU BETTER PUT YOUR PANTS ON.

JACK: Oh yes, yes, help me...(SIGHS) You know, Rochester, it's a little unfair..I have to go through life being a clown, a buffoon, while inside, deep down inside, I have a yearning for the finer things.

ROCHESTER: YOU COULD HAVE SOME OF THOSE THINGS, BOSS, IF YOU'D JUST LOOSEN UP A LITTLE.

JACK: I suppose so..but then again, you do have to think of the future..after all, Rochester, I haven't got much money.

ROCHESTER: I DON'T KNOW...EVERYTIME I TURN YOUR MATTRESS OVER, WALL STREET DROPS THREE POINTS.

JACK: Rochester, let's drop the subject and just help me get ready for the concert...Hand me my dress shirt.

ROCHESTER: Here you are, boss....White tie or black?

JACK: White tie, and my tails too...I haven't worn this suit in a long time...How do my tails look?

ROCHESTER: Pretty good, boss, you shouldn't have had the tails starched.

JACK: STARCHED, well, I figured it would hold them in place.

ROCHESTER: I KNOW, BUT WHEN YOU BEND OVER YOU LOOK LIKE A SPARROW.

JACK: Oh, I never thought about that...

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh hello, Phil.

PHIL: Hi ya, Jackson...Well, well...look at our little boss all dressed up...My, my, my...what new drive-in is opening tonight?

JACK: Phil, I'm not going to a drive-in..I'm going to the Philharmonic..Isaac Stern is playing.

PHIL: Yeah? Against who?

JACK: Against nobody...he's a soloist..he plays the violin.. You know, it wouldn't hurt you to go to a concert once in a while...I never saw a guy take less of an interest in his profession.

PHIL: What do you mean, no interest..You know darn well that I'm a musician.

JACK: Phil...just because you have a picture of Petrillo tattooed on your chest doesn't mean you're a musician.. You and that band of yours.

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Jackson...you've been ridin' my boys long enough...My orchestra is not as bad as you so unprovocatively infer.

JACK: Unpro what?

PHIL: No you don't, I ain't gonna try that one again.



JACK: No no, Phil, go ahead, I'll like to see how it comes out the second time...go ahead.

PHIL: Okay. My orchestra is not as bad as you so unprovocatively infer.

JACK: Say, that's pretty good...Phil, where did you pick up that word? Phil...Phil -- ANSWER ME.

PHIL: Wait'll I get this knot out of my tongue.

JACK: Oh...I thought it would throw you..well, it's getting late, I've gotta leave now and meet Mary in front of the auditorium.

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

SOUND: (TWO FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Hello.

DON: Hello Jack, this is Don Wilson.

JACK: Oh hello, Don..what do you want?

DON: I heard you were going to Isaac Stern's concert tonight, and I was just wondering if you could get a couple of tickets for me.

JACK: WELL, I don't think so, Don, it's been sold out for weeks.

DON: Aw, gee, that's a shame, I'd love to go...I'd even pay double the price.

JACK: Well, I'm afraid it's....You would?...Well....No, Mary's probably dressed already...I'm, I'm sorry, Don, there's nothing I can do for you.

DON: Well thanks, just the same, Jack..Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye..Oh say, Don..I want to congratulate you for being chosen by the editors as radio's best announcer.

DON: Well thanks, Jack, but I really can't take credit for that.

JACK: What do you mean?

DON: Well look at the wonderful material I have to work with ...How can I miss with LSMST...LSMFT?

JACK: But Don, your diction has --

DON: LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO..SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED..

JACK: Look -- Don --- the diction --

DON: So free and easy on the draw.

JACK: The diction --

DON: WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST, IT'S LUCKIES TWO TO ONE!

JACK: Diction.

DON: (SOUTHERN) AH'VE BEEN SMOKIN' LUCKIES FOR NIGH ON TO TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, BECAUSE THEY'RE MADE OF THE FINER --

JACK: Don, goodbye!

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hmm.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, what did you hang up on him for. You probably hurt Don's feelings.

JACK: I guess you're right, Phil..I'll call him back and apologize.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK...DIAL SIX TIMES...BUZZ....CLICK)

DON: (SOUTHERN) THE LIGHTER, THE NATURALLY Milder TOBACCO, AND THANK YOU -- ALL FOR CALLING ME BACK, SIR, GOODBYE.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK AT OTHER END)

JACK: Hmm..hurt his feelings.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: In the first place how are you going to get through all that fat?...Well I've gotta run along now..Goodbye, Phil.

PHIL: So long, Jackson.

JACK: And Rochester, you can have the rest of the night off.

ROCHESTER: Thanks, boss.

JACK: When will you be back?

ROCHESTER: TONIGHT..I ONLY GOT THIRTY-FIVE CENTS, AND YOU CAN'T LOSE A WEEKEND ON THAT!

JACK: I guess not..Goodbye.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

SOUND: (LIGHT CROWD NOISES, FADE OUT)

JACK: HERE I AM, MARY...HERE I AM, RIGHT OVER HERE.

MARY: OKAY, JACK, JUST A MINUTE....I'm sorry, sailor, but he showed up.

JACK: MARY, COME HERE.....Who were you talking to?

MARY: Oh some sailor...his boat just anchored at Hollywood and Vine.

JACK: Oh...Well..here we are, Mary, at the Philharmonic...How do I look?

MARY: You're certainly dressed swanky for the concert..White tie, top hat, and a bag of peanuts.

JACK: Well, I thought you might enjoy something after the show ...Let's go in.

MARY: But Jack, the main entrance is around the corner.

JACK: I know, but I've got to go back stage and see Isaac Stern first...Come on.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS..FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I wonder where his dressing room is..Maybe it's -- around here some place.

(LAWRENCE TUNES VIOLIN AND PLAYS A STRAIN OR TWO)

JACK: This must be it, right here.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

STERN: COME IN.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Mr. Stern?

STERN: Yes, I'm Isaac Stern.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Stern this is Miss Livingston.

STERN: How do you do.

MARY: How do you do.

JACK: And I'm Jack Benny.

STERN: Jack Benny?

JACK: Yes..you see when I heard you were giving a concert in Los Angeles I sent you money for two tickets, knowing that you'd get me the best seats available.

STERN: Oh yes, yes, Mr. Benny, I have the tickets right here... Here you are.

JACK: Thanks...Wait a minute, these tickets are a dollar ten.. I distinctly remember sending you --

STERN: I did my best, Mr. Benny, but the house was sold out and they didn't have any more seats available at the price you requested.

JACK: Oh.

STERN: So I added thirty cents of my own money and bought these.

JACK: Well thank you very much, Mr. Stern, and I hope I didn't impose on you too much..You see, you being a concert violinist, naturally I felt that we have something in common..(SILLY LAUGH)..Yes sir!

STERN: We have something in common?

MARY: Yes, Jack's violin has four strings too.

JACK: Mary!

MARY: (MIMICS JACK'S SILLY LAUGH)

JACK: Mary, please..

MARY: Jack, give Mr. Stern the thirty cents you own him and let's go.

JACK: Oh yes yes, just a minute.

SOUND: (JINGLE OF COINS)

JACK: Here you are..ten..twenty..twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty. There you are, Mr. Stern.

STERN: Thank you.

MARY: Okay, Jack, put on your..your shoe and let's go.

JACK: Yes yes..Goodbye, Mr. Stern, and thanks for getting my tickets.

STERN: You're welcome..Goodbye.

JACK: Come on, Mary.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

SOUND: (CROWD NOISES, UP AND FADE OUT)

GEORGE: TICKETS, TICKETS PLEASE..HOLD YOUR OWN TICKETS.

JACK: Here you are.

GEORGE: Thank you..Stairway to your left, please.

JACK: Come on, Mary.

SOUND: (FOUR STEPS UP..SEGUE INTO CLIMBING MUSIC)

SOUND: (FOUR STEPS UP AT END OF MUSIC)

JACK: Oh usher, where are these seats?

TACK: UH, STAIRWAY TO YOUR LEFT, PLEASE.

JACK: Come on, Mary.

SOUND: (FOUR STEPS UP...INTO CLIMBING MUSIC)

SOUND: (FOUR STEPS UP AT END OF MUSIC)

JACK: (OUT OF BREATH) Oh usher, usher..where are these seats?

ARTIE: Let me see...Row A, Seats three and five...YOU SEE THAT  
LAST AISLE OVER THERE?

JACK: Oh yes, yes good.

ARTIE: WELL TAKE THE STAIRWAY RIGHT NEXT TO IT.

JACK: Oh my goodness.

SOUND: (CLIMBING MUSIC...FOUR STEPS UP COMING OUT OF MUSIC)

JACK: Gosh, what a climb.

MARY: (OUT OF BREATH) Oh Jack, I can't go on, give me another  
peanut.

JACK: Here you are...Oh, usher --

NELSON: Yessss?

JACK: Are these are these seats in this balcony?

NELSON: Yes, right over here.

MARY: Gee, this is awfully high, isn't it?

NELSON: We used to think so, but now they can reach us by radar.

JACK: Don't be funny...just show us to our seats.

NELSON: Follow me.

SOUND: (FEW FOOTSTEPS ON LEVEL)

NELSON: Here you are...Your seats are right here.

JACK: Thank you.

SOUND: (TWO SEATS BEING LOWERED)

JACK: Say, these seats are all right, Mary...I can relax and  
put my feet up on the railing.

NELSON: And you better take your hat off, the spotlight'll burn a hold through it.

JACK: I'll watch it, I'll watch it...Say Mary, we may be in the top balcony, but at least we're in the front row.. Can you see the stage all right?

MARY: No, but I've got a wonderful view of Catalina.

JACK: That's a painting on the wall..Here, have a peanut.

SOUND: (CRACKING OF PEANUT SHELL)

MARY: Gee, there sure are a lot of people here tonight.

JACK: Yeah...this place is certainly...Hey Mary, look way down there...Isn't that Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman?

MARY: Where!

JACK: Way down there below us! To the left of that cloud.

SOUND: (TRANSITION...DOWN MUSIC)

BENITA: Ronnie, weren't we lucky to get such good seats.

COLMAN: We certainly were, Benita.  
(APPLAUSE)

BENITA: Well I do hope Mr. Stern plays the Mendelssohn "Concerto"

COLMAN: Well, now let's see...he's going to play a sonata by Cesar Franck...then oh yes here it is...the Mendelssohn Concerto...And he follows that with "La Campanella" by Paganini.

BENITA: Which one of those numbers do you like the best.

COLMAN: Oh it doesn't make any difference to me, I just came here to get away from Chickery Chick Chala Chala...That I know he won't play.

SOUND: (TRANSITION - UP MUSIC)

MARY: No, Jack, that isn't Mr. and Mrs. Colman.

JACK: I'm sure it is...(LOUD WHISPER) OH RONNIE...RONNIE...  
BENITA...YOO HOO...



MARY: (LOUD WHISPER) Jack, Jack everybody's looking up at us with their binoculars.

JACK: Well let them look, they're just jealous because we know the Colmans...(LOUD WHISPER)...OH RONNIE...RONNIE...YOO HOO...

BENITA: Ronnie, isn't that Jack Benny up there trying to get our attention?

COLMAN: Yes, it's so embarrassing. But don't look up.

BENITA: Maybe we should at least wave to him...After all he is our next door neighbor.

COLMAN: Benita...that is a situation which the housing shortage prevents me from doing anything about...

BENITA: Yes, but he's going to so much trouble to attract your attention...he's dropping little pieces of paper...Look.. he's dropping peanut shells.

COLMAN: If he spits, there's going to be trouble...Well, what's he doing way up there anyway?

BENITA: Perhaps his doctor recommended a higher altitude.

COLMAN: Where he's sitting is cheaper than the Alps.

BENITA: It's higher too.

COLMAN: So it is.

BENITA: Well anyway, dear, he won't be dropping any more peanuts.

COLMAN: Oh, how do you know?

BENITA: I just got hit on the head with the bag.

COLMAN: Remarkable, he must be using a Norden bombsight.

JACK: Isn't that awful, Mary, I just can't seem to attract their attention...(LOUD WHISPER)..OH RONNIE..RONNIE... BENITA...YOO HOO...

MARY: Jack, don't lean so far over the rail.

JACK: OH RONNIE...YOO HOO...(WHISTLE)

COLMAN: Isn't that awful, he just won't give it up.

NELSON: I beg your pardon, sir, but I think there's somebody trying to get your attention.

COLMAN: Nooo!..My attention?

NELSON: Yes, that man up there, hanging from the rail by his heels.

COLMAN: Oh yes, yes...You know, Benita, I thought that "The Horn Blows at Midnight" would keep him home for a couple of years...But then I guess some people don't know when --

SOUND: (LIGHT PLOP)

BENITA: Ronnie, what was that thing that just fell in your lap?

COLMAN: Oh for heaven's sake.

BENITA: What is it?

COLMAN: A toupay.

BENITA: A toupay!..Do you think it belongs to --

COLMAN: I'm afraid so, look at the laundry mark...LSMFT...And, look what it says right below it..."If lost, will finder please read the lost and found columns in the Beverly Hills newspapers. The article in question will be referred to as 'A cocker spaniel with a cold nose and a part on the side'"

BENITA: Oh look, Ronnie, they're starting to dim the lights.

JACK: (Oh darn it, I almost had their attention)...Oh look, honey, they're starting to dim the lights.

MARY: Don't get fresh, Mister, I happen to be here with an escort.

JACK: Mary, it's me...It slipped off.

MARY: Oh. Well put your hat on, you look awful...And be quiet, the concert's about to begin.

JACK: Yeah, here comes Isaac Stern now.

(APPLAUSE)

(STERN'S SOLO)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(AFTER APPLAUSE FOR STERN'S NUMBER DIES DOWN, JACK KEEPS  
APPLAUDING AND SHOUTING)

JACK: BRAVO....BRAVO! ENCORE...ENCORE...BRAVO!

MARY: (VERY LOUD WHISPER) JACK!

JACK: LOVE IN BLOOM!....LOVE IN BLOOM!

MARY: (LOUD WHISPER) JACK, JACK FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!

JACK: CHICKORY CHICK CHALA CHALA.....CHICKORY CHICK!

COLMAN: (YELLS, OFF MIKE) QUIET UP THERE....QUIET!

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

SOUND: (CROWD NOISES, FADE OUT)

NELSON: HAVE YOUR CHECKS READY FOR YOUR COATS, PLEASE...HAVE  
YOUR CHECKS READY FOR YOUR COATS.

COLMAN: Oh boy, here's my check.

JACK: Oh no you don't, Bub. I was here be...(SWEET)..Ronnie!

COLMAN: Jack..Jack, old boy...What a surprise seeing you here!

JACK: Yes, yes...Wasn't the concert wonderful?

COLMAN: It certainly was...And I loved the Mendelssohn  
"Concerto".

JACK: Well, I did too...However, I felt that he had just a  
little too much pizzicato in the andante...Didn't you?

COLMAN: No.

JACK: Oh. Well it sounded that way by the time it got up to  
me.

NELSON: Here are your coats, gentlemen.

JACK &  
COLMAN: Thank you.

COLMAN: Well goodnight, Jack...My best to Mary.

JACK: Goodnight, Ronnie...Give my love to Benita.

COLMAN: I will....Oh by the way, by the way Jack, did you lose a cocker spaniel?

JACK: Why...yes, yes.

COLMAN: Well don't worry...Here...Lassie has come home.

JACK: Thank you...Goodbye, Ronnie.  
(TRANSITION MUSIC)

SOUND: (AUTO MOTOR AND HORN..FADES DOWN AND OUT)

COLMAN: You know, Benita, I think that's one of the finest concerts I've ever heard.

BENITA: It was absolutely wonderful...give me a cigarette, will you?

COLMAN: Of course, I have some right here in my overcoat...  
Hmm, I had some when I...I say, this isn't my coat...  
there must have been a mixup at the cloakroom.

BENITA: Are you sure?

COLMAN: Yes, I'm positive I had -- Certainly, look at the label...  
...Why this is Jack Benny's coat!

BENITA: Jack Benny's!

COLMAN: Yes.

BENITA: Oh well tomorrow, then, we'll have to -- Ronnie! What are you looking at?

COLMAN: Huh? ..Oh, oh, it's this address book I found in Benny's coat pocket.

BENITA: Address book?

COLMAN: Yes...You know he's always boasting about his influential friends...Well listen to this first name...  
Gladys Zybisco....Gladstone 0338.

BENITA: Gladys Zybisco?

COLMAN: Here's a note he has written alongside her name..It says.. "Do not kiss too hard, has pivot tooth."

BENITA: Oh, Oh really now.

COLMAN: And listen to this next name...."Marcella Fink"..and then he has in parenthesis..."Approach from the right, she's left handed."

BENITA: Oh he has such interesting friends...what's that folded sheet of paper that just fell on the floor?

COLMAN: Where?

SOUND: (RUSTLE OF PAPER)

COLMAN: Oh Benita, look...it's one of his contest letters.

BENITA: You mean the "I can't stand Jack Benny" contest?

COLMAN: Yes, and there's a little notation on it that says... "This letter was written by Carroll P. Craig Sr. and won first prize.

BENITA: First prize? ..Oh Ronnie, I wondered what the winning letter was like....Read it, please.

COLMAN: All right...it says,"I can't stand Jack Benny because --

He fills the air  
With boasts and brags  
And obsolete  
Obnoxious gags.

The way he plays  
His violin  
Is music's most  
Obnoxious sin.

His cowardice  
alone, indeed,  
Is matched by his  
Obnoxious greed.

And all the things  
That he portrays,  
Show up my own  
Obnoxious ways.

COLMAN: Now, you know Benita, that's very clever?

BENITA: Yes, it has such a good thought behind it.

COLMAN: Yes...(READS SLOWLY)

And all the things  
That he portrays  
Show up my own  
Obnoxious ways.

COLMAN: You know, Benita, maybe the fellow that wrote this letter is right...The things that we find fault with in others...are the same things that we tolerate in ourselves.

BENITA: That's so true, Ronnie.

COLMAN: It certainly is.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF MUSIC)

WILSON: Isaac Stern was accompanied by Alexander Zakin. Jack will be back in just a moment, but first here's my good friend, L. A. "Speed" Riggs --

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
CLOSING #19

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: That says it - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

SIMS: Of course!

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

DELMAR: Many things may change with the years - but here's one thing you can depend on always - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SIMS: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

DELMAR: This fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN) and Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - AMERICAN) And this is Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike - the cigarette of fine tobacco.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

SIMS: Certain facts are plain - it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette. And, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - yes, first, last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!  
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

(Imp. Tag  
#16)



MARY: Say Jack, wasn't Isaac Stern wonderful?

JACK: Absolutely terrific.

MARY: Jack...I'll make you a sporting proposition.

JACK: What is it?

MARY: I'll break my leg if you'll break your violin.

JACK: I will not....After all, Mary, I....Say, wait a minute..  
this isn't my coat...I've got on somebody else's coat.

MARY: What?

JACK: Look, Look at the label...it's Ronald Colman's...funny,  
I must have made a mistake at the cloak room. I wonder  
what he's got in his pockets....Oh for heaven's sake..  
Look Mary, isn't this cute?

MARY: What is it?

JACK: A YoYo...Well, that's sweet....Goodnight, folks.

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN *Inc.* ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

**CLIENT:** AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

**BROADCAST:** PROGRAM #20

**DATE:** FEB. 10. 1946

**PROGRAM:** THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

**NETWORK:** NBC

## AS BROADCAST

### I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Remember!  
(Ex. L)

RUYSDAEL: Year in!

SIMS: Year out!

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

RUYSDAEL: You said it - LS - MFT!

DELMAR: And the quality of your cigarette depends on the quality of tobacco that goes into it. Yes, in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. So remember -

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT!

SIMS: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And this fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

DELMAR: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN)  
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTON, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..TODAY WE ARE BROADCASTING FROM  
PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA..PALM SPRINGS, THE GARDEN SPOT  
OF THE DESERT...WHERE THE STAR OF OUR SHOW WENT FOR A  
COLD, AND CAUGHT ONE..AND HERE HE IS....JACK..(JACK  
SNEEZES) GESUNDHEIT BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Jack Benny  
talking...And Don, I wish you wouldn't give a false  
impression about the climate in Palm Springs...It just  
so happens that I was sitting in the sun and it was so  
hot I caught this cold fanning myself with a Florida  
newspaper...The..The weather is beautiful here.

DON: I know, Jack, but why does the sun go down so early?

JACK: Don, it comes up in the morning, takes a look at the  
prices, and ducks behind the mountains fast....  
BUT IT'S REALLY WONDERFUL HERE, DON, AND THERE'S SO  
MUCH TO DO.

DON: There certainly is, and I've been taking advantage of  
it..sun-bathing, swimming, horseback riding....

JACK: Wait a minute...Wait a minute...Don..you mean you found  
a horse that could hold you up?

DON: You saw me, Jack...Well yes, Jack..I was riding a big  
brown horse..You passed me on the trail bridle path.

JACK: WHAT ARE YOU SHOUTIN' FOR? SAW ME ON THE TRAIL...was that you? I should have known..it's the first time I ever saw a horse with arch supports...and a cane..That horse was so swayback you looked like you were riding a slice of cantaloupe...IF I'VE TOLD MY WRITERS ONCE I'VE TOLD THEM A MILLION TIMES THAT JOKE IS NO GOOD! Say, I'm pretty clever..And just think...a few weeks ago there were some people who couldn't stand me...Oh hello, Mary.

MARY: HELLO JACK, HI YA EVERYBODY.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Say Mary, I've never seen you look so good...You've only been here a week and you've got such a beautiful tan... You must have been out in the sun a lot.

MARY: Yeah, I wish I could find a room.

JACK: Oh...Well it is awfully crowded down here.

MARY: You're not kidding..Yesterday I put a penny in a gum machine, pulled the lever, and a woman stuck her head out and said, "Sorry, no vacancies."

JACK: Mary, if we weren't in Palm Springs, I'd think you were making that up.

MARY: I didn't believe it myself till I saw the sign.

JACK: The sign?

MARY: Yeah...It said "PLEASE DO NOT SHAKE MACHINE, YOU'LL WAKE UP THE BABY".

JACK: Oh yes, I know..I know..that gum machine...it's called the Juicy Fruit Hacienda..They're booked up into April.

DON: By the way, Mary, I saw you riding a bicycle down Palm Canyon Drive..You looked very cute in your sun suit.

MARY: Well Thanks, Don...You looked cute in yours too.

JACK: What? Don..Don you walking around in a sun suit? That takes a lot of courage. A lot of sunsuit too.

MARY: Jack what about you...Don Wilson is the only guy I know who gets his suntan oil at a filling station. What were you saying now?

JACK: Repeat that will you please?

MARY: Jack!..what about you in that corny cowboy outfit?

JACK: Oh I looked all right.

MARY: And those high heeled shoes you were wearing. Wow!

JACK: Well that shows how much you know..For your information, young lady, all cowboys wear high heeled shoes.

MARY: With open toes? You're crazy.

JACK: Well I had to cut 'em, they hurt my feet.

MARY: What a cowbody..You should have seen him, Don... swaggering around town with two guns in his belt.

JACK: Three, one's a cigarette lighter...Anyway, Mary, when you're in Palm Springs you're supposed to dress like a tough Westerner.

MARY: Some tough Westerner..your spurs still have dough in 'em from cutting out cookies.

JACK: Well, you ate most of 'em, sister, so don't be funny..I know what's cooking.

PHIL: OKAY, POLKS..THE SHOW MAY BE FLOPPIN' BUT NOW HARRIS IS HERE TO START THINGS POPPIN' SO SHOWER ME WITH THAT SUN KISSED APPLAUSE.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Phil, I wish..Phil I..you wouldn't sneak in here like that..And let me ask you something..WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOW UP FOR REHEARSAL YESTERDAY. WHERE WERE YOU?

PHIL: I'm sorry I wasn't here, Jackson. You see I couldn't get a place in Palm Springs, so I'm staying out at the B Bar H.

JACK: Oh, the B Bar H...What are you living in, a room or a cabin?

PHIL: In the bar, it's crowded out there too.

JACK: In the bar, it's crowded out there too. Hard to guess that you know. You must love that, Phil.

PHIL: No no, not any more...I'm on the wagon.

JACK: You..on the wagon?

PHIL: Yes siree...All I take is two drinks a day.

JACK: Phil, if you're on the wagon, you shouldn't drink anything.

PHIL: Look, Jackson, my stomach's like a steel mill...you can shut it down but don't let the fire go out.

JACK: Yeah yeah, I know what you mean...that right arm of yours is a pretty good stoker..too...Now it's time for a band number...Are your boys ready to play?

PHIL: Yeah, but Jackson I forgot to bring music with me.

JACK: You didn't forget it, brother, I hid it...Music only confuses them anyway.

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Jackson...Wait a minute. Wait a minute let's don't start that again,...you've been riding my boys long enough. My orchestra is not as bad as you so unprovocatively infer.

JACK: There he goes with that word again...unprovocatively... Phil, you used that same word last Sunday.

PHIL: Look...when I spend a whole winter learnin' something, I ain't throwin' it away on one broadcast.

JACK: Well Phil, unprovocatively or not all I know is when your band plays a number, it sounds like a filibuster with instruments...Now go ahead, and play.

PHIL: Hold it, Jackson, hold it. What was that lovely word you just said?

JACK: Filibuster.

PHIL: Filibuster. Gee, I already know unprovocatively...and now filibuster. Say Jackson, how do you spell filibuster?

JACK: C-a-t...Now go ahead, and play.

PHIL: C-a-t...filibuster....I'll have to remember that.

JACK: Yes, do...do...Now play something, will you?  
(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)  
(APPLAUSE)  
(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was that was "Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief" played by Phil Harris and His Sweetest Music This Side of Cathedral City Orchestra...What a band...They look like a whole month of Lost Weekends...AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN --

PHIL: Okay, Jackson, okay...but I still say my orchestra is not as bad as you so unprovocatively infer.

JACK: There he goes again...Phil, what are you trying to say?

PHIL: I'm tryin' to say this...If my band is as lousy as you say it is, why do you have 'em on your program?

JACK: Because I feel it's my civic duty to keep 'em off the streets...that's why...What a bunch of guys...Every time we have a sound effect of a police siren, they throw up their hands and holler "WE WAS FRAMED"

(MORE)



JACK:  
(CONTD)

Then they get into a big argument over who's going to ride on the back step...Some musicians...Phil, how long have your boys been with you?

PHIL: About fourteen years.

JACK: Well you oughta buy 'em some new clothes...the numbers on their shirts are beginning to fade...Dress 'em up a little. And now -- ladies and gentlemen --

PHIL: Jackson...I'm tellin' you for the last time...My band is not as bad as you so unprovocatively filibuster.

JACK: FILIBUSTER?

PHIL: C-A-T, C-A-T.

JACK: Oh go away, will you? How do you like that, Mary? I tell him c-a-t spells filibuster and he believes it.

MARY: Well I think it's a shame the way you always take advantage of Phil just because he's a dope.

PHIL: You tell him, Livy.

JACK: But Mary, it's such a simple word, filibuster.

MARY: Oh sure...I'll bet you don't even know what it means.

JACK: I do too...A filibuster is when a man gets up and...well...he says a lot of things that don't quite...well...he rambles on and on...

MARY: That's a tobacco auctioneer.

JACK: I don't mean him. What I mean is --

DON: Mary, what Jack is trying to say is...that a filibuster is an innocuous speech...the main purpose of which is not to necessarily to convey subject matter, but to deliberately delay the introduction of a controversial issues.

PHIL: I never shoulda gone on the wagon.

JACK: Quiet, Phil.

DON: Now I'll give you an example...If I knew that Jack was going to cut my salary, I'd prevent him from telling me by filibustering.

JACK: Oh, oh Don, I'm glad you mentioned that...By a strange coincidence I was looking over my budget..and would you mind taking a little --

DON: LS/MFT, LS/MFT..LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

JACK: A little cut in --

DON: SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED, SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.

JACK: Don --

DON: TICK TICK...TICK TICK TICK...TICK TICK..TICK TICK TICK.

JACK: CUT.

DON: YES SIR! YOU BET! WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST IT'S LUCKIES TWO TO ONE.

JACK: Don --

DON: LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE OF THE FINER, THE LIGHTER, THE NATURALLY Milder TOBACCO.

JACK: Phil!

PHIL: LS/MFT, LS/MFT

JACK: MARY!

MARY: (SOUTHERN) AH'VE BEEN SMOKIN' LUCKY STRIKES FOR NIGH ONTO TWENTY FIVE YEARS...BECAUSE AH'VE SEEN THEM CONSISTENTLY BUY THE --

JACK: Wait a minute, WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE..I'M NOT GOING TO CUT ANYBODY'S SALARY.

MARY, DON AND PHIL: LS/MF...Oh.

JACK: Everybody's so impetuous...C-A-T IMPETUOUS! Anyway, Phil, that's what a filibuster is...Now let's get on with the ...

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Hello.

ROCHESTER: HELLO MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, you know I'm in the middle of a program.. Did you have to call me now?

ROCHESTER: WELL THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!

JACK: Every time you drive my car any place, there's an emergency...What happened now?

ROCHESTER: WELL, BOSS, YOU KNOW AFTER YOU PASS RIVERSIDE WHERE THE HIGHWAY RUNS PARALLEL TO THE RAILROAD TRACKS?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: I WAS DRIVIN' ALONG MINDIN' MY OWN BUSINESS, AND AS I PASSED A TRAIN, THE ENGINEER STUCK HIS HEAD OUT AND YELLED, "WHICH WAY TO PALM SPRINGS?"

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCHESTER: AND I MADE THE FATAL MISTAKE OF SAYIN' "FOLLOW ME."

JACK: Follow you!...Rochester, are you trying to tell me you had a wreck with the train?

ROCHESTER: (BOSS, LET'S JUST CALL IT A MISMATING OF METALLIC PERSONALITIES.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: IF A TRAIN PULLS INTO PALM SPRINGS WEARING FENDER PANTS WITH A SHARP CREASE, THEY'RE YOURS.

JACK: This is terrible...Which train was it?

ROCHESTER: WELL NOW IT'S THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA AND CHEVROLET!

JACK: That does it..Now I'll have to buy a new car.

ROCHESTER: YOU BETTER BUY SOME NEW CLOTHES TOO.

JACK: New clothes?

ROCHESTER: YOU KNOW THAT HOOK ON THE TRAIN THAT PICKS UP THE MAIL BAGS?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: IT GOT YOUR LAUNDRY!

JACK: My laundry! Rochester, all my shirts were in that bag.

ROCHESTER: DON'T WORRY, BOSS, I WIRED AHEAD TO THE NEXT STATION.

JACK: What did you say?

ROCHESTER: "NO STARCH!"

JACK: Gee, I didn't know the Harvey Girls were ironing on the side..Now, Rochester, you get out here the best way you can.

ROCHESTER: OKAY...GOODEBYE.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER CLICK)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: If my car didn't have nine lives I don't know what I'd do...

(LARRY'S SONG)

(APPLAUSE) (THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was...THAT WAS..."Aren't You Glad You're You," sung by Larry Stevens...and very good, Larry...Now kids, after the show tonight, I want you all to come over to my place and have some sandwiches and coffee...You know I've...I'VE got Eddie Cantor's house.

DON: You have?

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: Mary, what's so funny about my having Eddie Cantor's house?

MARY: Tell Don how you got it.

JACK: Mary, it's not that important...I've got the house and that's all that counts.

MARY: Well anyway, Don, here's the way it happened..

JACK: IT HAPPENED...IT HAPPENED:

MARY: Jack and I came down to Palm Springs last Monday...

(STARTS TO FADE) When we arrived in town we parked the car and walked down the street looking for a real estate agent (FADES)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, WHICH CONTINUE)

JACK: Mary, isn't Palm Springs wonderful?...You know I like to come down here...it's the only chance I get to wear my cowboy suit.

MARY: Jack, don't walk so fast, the sand gets into my open-toed shoes.

JACK: Mine too....Gee, I'm getting hungry.

MARY: So am I...let's get something to eat.

JACK: All right, maybe we can..Well..we're in luck..Here's a hot dog stand.

MARY: Some luck.

JACK: You wait here, I'll be right back.

(SOUND: COUPLE MORE FOOTSTEPS)

ARTIE: Pickle in the middle,  
And the mustard on top,  
Just the way you like 'em,  
And they're all red hot.

JACK: Two hot dogs, please.

ARTIE: Couple puppies coming up.

JACK: Say I....I remember you...What are you doing in Palm Springs?

ARTIE: Well, I am opening up a new branch..So far I got a hot dog stand in Santa Monica, Pasadinka..San Bernadinohoo...Ansheim, Azusa and Cucamongrel.

JACK: Oh, and now...AND NOW you've got one in Palm Springs.

ARTIE: Yes, I am opening so many stands that everybody in California will soon be hot dog unconscious.

JACK: You mean hot dog conscious.

ARTIE: Unconscious.

JACK: Conscious.

ARTIE: Taste 'em!

JACK: Oh, I see. Well, how...HOW about my hot dogs?

ARTIE: Coming up..What kind of mustard would you like...strong, mild, or irresistible?

JACK: Mild, please.

ARTIE: WELL, here you are.

JACK: Thank you...How much are the hot dogs?

ARTIE: To you...ten cents.

JACK: Well...how much are they to other people?

ARTIE: Ten cents, who do you think you are?

JACK: Okay, OKAY here's your money.

ARTIE: Thank you..VERY MUCH. Pickle in the middle  
And the mustard on top,  
Just the way you like 'em,  
And they're all red hot.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Here you are...HERE YOU ARE..Mary..here's your hot dog.

MARY: Jack, I don't think a hot dog is going to do me...I  
want a regular lunch.

JACK: But Mary, to us these were ten cents apiece.

MARY: To us? Well how much are they to other people?

JACK: Ten cents, who do you think we are?...Anyway, if we eat  
these we won't be wasting time...I have to find a place  
to live. HERE.

MARY: Well first let's have a regular lunch.

JACK: All right, come on..We'll go over to the Dunes...that's  
a nice restaurant.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

SOUND: (LIGHT CROWD NOISES, UP AND OUT)

MARY: Gee, it's sure crowded today...I hope we get a table.

JACK: Yeah...Here comes the...Oh pardon me, are you the waiter?

NELSON: Well what do you think I am with this shirt, tie and shoes on, a guest?

JACK: (I thought I could get away from him down here) ...  
I'd like to get a table for two, please.

NELSON: As soon as I have one...Go into the bar and I'll call you.

JACK: I don't want to go into the bar.

NELSON: Well go somewhere, I can't stand you here.

JACK: NOW LOOK...WE CAME IN HERE TO GET SOMETHING TO EAT,  
AND IF YOU DON'T SHOW SOME --

NELSON: STOP BREATHING ON MY DISCHARGE BUTTON!

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake....All I want is --

MARY: Say Jack, Jack --

JACK: What?

MARY: Isn't that Eddie Cantor sitting all alone at that table?

JACK: EDDIE CANTOR? Where?....Oh yeah, maybe we can sit with him...Yeah, 'that's Eddie...Gee, I hope I look as good as he does when I'm his age...Come on, Mary, let's go sit with him.

MARY: Say Jack, I just thought of something. Eddie's got a house in Palm Springs...Maybe he'll rent you a room.

JACK: What do you mean, rent me a room...He's a friend of mine...He'll probably give it to me for nothing...Let's sit with him.



SOUND: (FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: HELLO EDDIE, HOW ARE YOU?

CANTOR: WELL JACK, MARY...SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN.  
(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR: Say I haven't seen you in a long time, Jack...You look marvelous.

JACK: Thanks, Eddie, but I have been a little sick you know.

CANTOR: Sick or not, I hope I look as good as you do when I'm your age.

JACK: You did...

CANTOR: Shut up!

JACK: Well, how's the family, Eddie? How's Ida and the boys?

CANTOR: The boys?

JACK: Yes, your writers.

CANTOR: Oh, oh...For a minute you scared me, I haven't been home all week. You know.

JACK: You haven't?

CANTOR: No, but I'm leaving for Los Angeles tonight.

JACK: Eddie..you're...going back to....Los Angeles?

MARY: Gee, I'm starved, Jack, I'm going to order something.

JACK: Go ahead, Mary...Incidentally, the peanut butter sandwiches here are are delicious.

MARY: Incidentally, I'm ordering the roast beef.

JACK: (LOUD) INCIDENTALLY, THE ROAST BEEF COSTS A DOLLAR SEVENTY FIVE.

CANTOR: (LOUDER) INCIDENTALLY, EVERYBODY'S LOOKING AT US.  
SHUT UP.

JACK: All right, Mary, you can have the roast beef, but if I want a kiss later, don't ask me what for.

MARY: Oh brother, what you have to go through to keep from starving.

JACK: Say, I'm kind of hungry myself...What are you having, Eddie?....It looks good.

CANTOR: Chicken soup with egg noodles.

JACK: Chicken soup with egg noodles...I think I'll have some of that.

CANTOR: Okay, I'll have the waiter bring you a spoon.

JACK: No no, Eddie, no no Eddie I'll order some...a bowl for myself.

CANTOR: They haven't got it today, I brought this from home.

JACK: Oh...SPOON, WAITER...SPOON, SPOON.

SOUND: (SPOON SLAMMED ON TABLE)

JACK: And you don't have to throw it!

MARY: And waiter, bring me an order of roast beef.

NELSON: At last, a sale in this booth, I can't believe it.

JACK: Fresh guy....Gee, this soup looks good. Eddie.

CANTOR: Yeah, let's start....Ready, Scoop!

SOUND: (SPOONS IN DISH)

JACK: You know, Eddie, I'm sure glad I...(BLOWS) ..Boy, this soup is hot...You know, Eddie, I'm sure glad I...Eddie, would you mind eating with your left hand and putting your right arm around my shoulder?....I'm too far from the bowl.

CANTOR: Look Jack, why don't you put your right hand through my left sleeve...then we can both dip at the same time.

JACK: No, then we'd have to cut a hole in your coat....That won't work.

NELSON: Why don't you put the bowl on my head and eat piggy-back?

JACK: You go and get that roast beef...I think we're all right now, Eddie. let's go.

CANTOR: Okay....Ready, Scoop!

SOUND: (SPOONS IN DISH)

JACK: As I was saying, Eddie..I'm sure glad I bumped into --

CANTOR: Jack, would you mind breaking a cracker and putting it into the soup?

JACK: But I can't stand crackers in my soup.

CANTOR: Well break one in anyway and float it over to my side.

JACK: Okay.

SOUND: (CRUNCH OF CRACKER)

JACK: There...Anyway, Eddie, I'm sure glad I bumped into...  
YOU SEE, YOU SEE, THE CRACKERS AREN'T FLOATING, THEY'RE ALL ON MY SIDE.

CANTOR: WELL, TIP THE BOWL A LITTLE, TIP THE BOWL A LITTLE.

JACK: Oh yeah....

CANTOR: C-A-T CAT!

JACK: Get ready, Eddie....Forward, Soup!

SOUND: (SPOONS IN DISH)

JACK: Say Mary, while you're waiting, why don't you get a spoon and join us?

CANTOR: DON'T BRING GUESTS, IT'S CROWDED ENOUGH.

JACK: Well, I've had enough anyway.

SOUND: (SPOON LAID ON TABLE)

NELSON: Here's your roast beef.

MARY: Thank you.

NELSON: Do you want three forks with it, or are the boys sitting this one out?

JACK: Don't be so smart. Now Eddie, as I was saying..I'm sure glad I bumped into you....You see I'm going to stay in Palm Springs for a while, and I was wondering if you knew of any place where I could live..When did you say you were going back, Eddie?

CANTOR: Tonight.

JACK: Oh, oh...well, I was just wondering if you knew of any place where I could live from tonight on.

CANTOR: Well, Jack...I can't think of any place for rent at the moment..but, say...I'll tell you what.

JACK: (FAST) What what, tell me what what what?

CANTOR: Well...NO, no, I don't think you'd like it.

JACK: Yes I would, tell me, tell me, what were you going to say?

CANTOR: Well...I happen to have a little house down here and --

JACK: Yeah yeah..Yeah..yeah yeah yeah?

CANTOR: So why don't you stay there?

JACK: Well, that's darn nice of you, Eddie..What would you charge me for it?

CANTOR: Jack, we're friends...we've known each other for years.. take the house for nothing.

JACK: No no, Eddie, now wait a friendship is friendship, but I don't want to take advantage of it..Now I insist on paying you for the house.

CANTOR: Oh, take it for nothing, please...I'll feel better.

JACK: But Eddie, I'll feel much better if you charge me something for it...a little something.

CANTOR: No, no.

JACK: Yes, yes, YES...Now how much do you want for one week?

CANTOR: Three hundred dollars.

JACK: Three...three hundred dollars? Gee, isn't that a big jump from nothing?

MARY: Waiter, bring me some more roast beef. WE'LL BE HERE A LONG TIME.

JACK: Mary. Look, Eddie...three hundred dollars is a lot of money.

CANTOR: But Jack, look what you're getting..a tennis court.

JACK: I don't play tennis.

CANTOR: A swimming pool.

JACK: Look, I can't swim.

CANTOR: And a beautiful kitchen...I know you make cookies.

JACK: Eddie, I still think three hundred dollars is a little high.

CANTOR: All right, you can have the house for two hundred and fifty. How's that?

JACK: Look, Eddie, give me the house for nothing...You'll feel better, like you said.

CANTOR: All right, Jack, I'll give you the house for nothing BUT DO ME A FAVOR.

JACK: What's that?

CANTOR: THERE ARE PLENTY OF HOTELS IN PALM SPRINGS, DON'T START A NEW ONE. HUH?

JACK: Don't worry, I won't...Thanks, Eddie.

CANTOR: But just a minute, Jack...before I give you the key I THINK I'd better call Ida and see if it's okay.

JACK: All right, Eddie, do it now....

CANTOR: I'll be back in a minute.

SOUND: (FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say Mary, this is really a break, isn't it? I never dreamed I'd get Cantor's house, and for nothing..

(STARTS TO FADE) Gee, I can give one room to Don, one room to Phil, one room to you, one room to Larry..

(FADES)

CANTOR: ...Wait a minute, Ida, don't hang up....but Ida....But Ida.....Ida, I couldn't turn him down, he's an old friend.....He's an old what?.....But Ida, IDA how would you feel if I was in his position..how much can he make selling cigarettes...But Ida....Now Ida, I'M THE BOSS....I'm not going to argue with you any longer. I promised Jack Benny he could have the house and he's going to get it. goodbye.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK...ABOUT EIGHT FOOTSTEPS)

CANTOR: WELL JACK, IT'S ALL SETTLED, AND ARE YOU IN LUCK. TO ANYONE ELSE THE HOUSE WOULD BE THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

JACK: AND TO ME IT IS FOR NOTHING?

CANTOR: THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS, WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

JACK: OH WELL, THE SOUP DIDN'T COST ME ANYTHING. COME ON MARY, LET'S GO.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF MUSIC)

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Certain facts must be plain to every smoker.

RUYSDAEL: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette.

SIMS: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

DELMAR: Yes, independent tobacco experts, present at the auctions, year after year, can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco. This fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

SIMS: Certain facts are plain!

DELMAR: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: Yes, LS - MFT!

SIMS: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - AMERICAN) and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN). And this is Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

DELMAR: There's fine smoking pleasure in fine tobacco. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.  
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

(Imp. Tag #3)

JACK: Gee, Mary, it was certainly nice of Eddie Cantor to let me have this house.

MARY: It sure was.

JACK: YOU KNOW HE WAS ONLY KIDDING - HE GAVE IT TO ME FOR nothing...just think it has four bedrooms.

MARY: Yeah, you'll make a fortune.

JACK: Mary, I'm not going to charge my friends...IS IT my fault that everybody can't stand me..Goodnight, folks.



# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN *Inc.* ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

**CLIENT:** AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.  
**BROADCAST:** REV. #21  
**DATE:** FEB. 17, 1946  
**PROGRAM:** THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
**NETWORK:** NBC

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### I OPENING NEW YORK *AS BROADCAST*

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM presented by  
RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN)  
SIMS: Let that famous chant remind you that Lucky Strike  
means fine tobacco - so round, so firm, so fully  
packed, so free and easy on the draw.  
TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3 )  
RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
SIMS: Sure thing!  
(Ex. C)  
RUYSDAEL: That's right!  
DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.  
SCENE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

SIMS: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And  
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes, the makers of  
Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer,  
the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: That's right! LS - MFT!

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer, the  
lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.  
And this fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real,  
deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that  
smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: IN PALM SPRINGS CALIFORNIA..THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..  
STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL  
HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS, AND "YOURS TRULY"  
DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...MAY I RECITE A LITTLE POEM?  
LAST THURSDAY WAS SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY,  
THE DAY WHEN LOVE IS IN BLOOM,  
IT'S ALSO JACK BENNY'S BIRTHDAY,

JACK: NOBODY LEAVE THIS ROOM!....Hello, folks,  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you...and Don, let me tell you  
something...I'm very proud of the fact that I was born  
in Februray...the same month as George Wadlington and  
Abraham Lincoln..Just think...Washington, Lincoln and  
Benny..The first Big Three...George, Abe and Jack...  
And you know, Don...it was just a stroke of luck that  
I arrived in February...I was supposed to be born in  
March.

DON: In March? Well...then how come you were born in February?

JACK: Well, the stork was flying south for the winter, and he  
didn't want to come back just for me...It's a long trip,  
you know.

DON: Well anyway, Jack, congratulations on passing another  
milestone.

JACK: Thank you.

DON: Oh, by the way, how old are you now?

JACK: Thirty seven...And now, ladies and gentlemen--

DON: Thirty seven!..Why Jack, you said you were thirty seven last year.

JACK: ...And now, ladies and--

DON: And the year before.

JACK: ...And now, ladies and--

DON: And the year before that you said you were thirty seven.

JACK: Don...when you're happy with something, why leave it?...  
Anyway, a lot you care...you didn't even come to my birthday party.

DON: Well, I'm very sorry, Jack...I got your invitation, but I had to go back to Los Angeles.

JACK: Oh.

DON: And Jack, there was one thing about the invitation I didn't quite understand.

JACK: What was that, Don?

DON: Well, it said..."You are cordially invited to attend my birthday party on Thursday...fifteen...thirty-four.. eleven"...What do those numbers mean?

JACK: They're the sizes of my shirts, underwear and socks, I knew...I knew you'd want to bring something...I used to put R.S.V.P. and what did I get, nothing...So from now on I'm not taking any--

MARY: HELLO JACK, HI YA DON.

JACK & DON: HELLO, MARY. HELLO.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Say Mary, Don and I were just talking about my birthday party...We had a lot of fun, didn't we?

MARY: Yeah, you should have been there, Don...We played charades and postoffice and spin the bottle...

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: And then we played Blind Man's Buff...(LAUGHINGLY).. And you should have seen Jack when he was it.

DON: AW what did he do, Mary...tie a handkerchief around his eyes.

MARY: No, he just turned out the lights..he figured he could have fun and save money at the same time.

JACK: Same time, YOUR SISTER BABE WOULD HAVE FIT IN BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

MARY: Then about eleven o'clock we all got hungry, so Rochester brought in Jack's birthday cake.

DON: The birthday cake, huh...how did it taste?

MARY: I don't know..By the time we took all the candles off it, I wasn't hungry any more.

JACK: Mary, just be glad that I sent you an invitation to my party...that's all.

MARY: Say Jack, I meant to ask you about that invitation...It said.."You are cordially invited to attend my birthday party on Thursday...S.O.S."...What did that S.O.S. mean?

JACK: Short on Socks...I always have to remind you of...Hm  
..I always have to remind you of....Oh for heaven's sake  
..That's the cue for Phil Harris, and he's not even here yet.

MARY: Well, maybe he's at the Lone Palm getting potted.

JACK: I don't care..I don't care where he is we've got to get on with the show..Mary, you take his lines.

MARY: Oh Jack, I can't read Phil's lines.

JACK: Mary, we can't hold up the show...Now go ahead and read Phil's part...I'll give you the cue again...Short on Socks.

MARY: OKAY, FOLKS, HERE'S YOUR FAVORITE PIXIE,  
HARRIS IS HERE AND HE'S BRIGHT FROM DIXIE.  
APPRECIATE ME, APPRECIATE ME!

JACK: Phil, I wish you'd stop coming in here with those corny entrances...And another thing...

MARY: Hey Jackson, Jackson, I got a joke that'll murder ya...  
Ask me what the wallpaper said to the wall.

JACK: Phil...

MARY: Go ahead, ask me.

JACK: All right, Phil...What did the wallpaper say to the wall?

MARY: You may be plastered but I'll stick to you anyway!  
HA HA HA HA...OH HARRIS, YOU'RE LIKE A STRONG THEATRE SEAT, YOU NEVER LET THE AUDIENCE DOWN...LOVE IT, LOVE IT, LOVE IT!

JACK: Now Phil, the next time you...

MEL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE WHO TUNED IN LATE, THE PART OF PHIL HARRIS IS BEING PLAYED BY MARY LIVINGSTON.

JACK: Well it's no use, Mary..even you can't save those kind of jokes...Let's have a song from Larry Stevens while we're waiting for Phil...Oh Larry...

LARRY: Here I am, Mr. Benny.  
(APPLAUSE)

LARRY: Say Mr. Benny, I want to thank you for inviting me to your party...I sure had a good time.

JACK: At my party? Larry, I didn't see you there...when did you come in?

LARRY: When you were playing Blind Man's Buff.

JACK: Oh...Oh, did I say hello to you?

LARRY: No, but you kissed me twice.

JACK: Oh..Well kid, when you get a little older and grow a beard, I won't make that mistake...Now let's have a song, Larry.

LARRY: Okay..By the way, Mr. Benny, there was one thing I didn't understand about that invitation you sent me.

JACK: What was that, kid?

LARRY: Well, it said,.. "You are cordially invited to attend my birthday party on Thursday...G.T.D.T.K.W.I.N....What does that mean?

JACK: Go To Desmonds, They Know What I Need...Sing, kid.... and thanks for the bicycle clip...It was just my size.  
(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER)  
(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That that was Larry Stevens singing "Let It Snow"...The title is really "Let It Snow, Let It Snow"...you're supposed to say it twice...but we have a very long show, and if we take up too much time, the tobacco auctioneer at the end of the program will have to hurry and you won't be able to understand a thing he says...So in view of the fact that we're trying to save time, I had to change the title of Larry's song from "Let It Snow, Let It Snow," to just "Let It Snow"...AND NOW, FOLKS--

MARY: That line was originally "Ladies and Gentlemen," but the genius cut it down to "Folks."

JACK: Yes, we save wherever we can...that's why I changed the title of Larry's song from --

PHIL: OKAY, FOLKS , HERE'S YOUR FAVORITE PIXIE,  
HARRIS IS HERE AND HE'S RIGHT PFOM DIXIE.  
APPRECIATE ME, APPRECIATE ME! YOU LOVELY SUN-TANNED  
BEAUTIES, YES SIR!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Phil, Phil we couldn't wait for you any longer, so Mary did your routine...Now go sit down.

PHIL: Wait a minute, wait a minute, Jackson..I got a joke  
that'll murder ya...Ask me what the wallpaper said to the wall.

JACK: Phil, Mary did that joke.

PHIL: I don't care who did it...ask me...What the wallpaper said to the wall?

JACK: All right, Phil, we'll do it again..What did the wallpaper say to the wall?



PHIL: You might be a little cracked, but I got designs on you...HA HA HA HA OH OH HARRIS, THEY OUGHTA PUT A SLOT IN YOUR HEAD, CAUSE YOUR BRAINS ARE LIKE MONEY IN THE BANK...LOVE IT, LOVE IT, LOVE IT!

JACK: What kind of language is that? How do you like that.

MEL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE WHO TUNED IN LATE, AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU'RE YOU?

JACK: Phil, Phil, you're supposed to do what we rehearse and not bring in any new stuff...I got designs on you... Where'd you get that joke?

PHIL: I hired myself a writer, Jackson, I found him right here in Palm Springs.

JACK: A writer?

PHIL: Yeah..he lives right over here on the Indian Reservation.

JACK: Phil, I know Palm Springs is crowded, but why is he living on the...No, I can't ask him, Mary, Mary, you do it.

MARY: Okay. Phil, I know Palm Springs is crowded, but why is he living on an Indian Reservation?

PHIL: Because he's an Indian!

JACK: I knew it, I knew it!...Phil, I don't know I don't know where you find 'em, but I never heard of an Indian writer.

DON: Well I think you're wrong, Jack..Some Indians are very good writers.

PHIL: Sure, Jackson...this guy I've got not only writes jokes but he writes commercials.

JACK: What?

PHIL: Go ahead, Don...read the one my writer gave you.

DON: Okay.

JACK: Now wait a minute.

DON: (DOES INDIAN WHOOP)

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake.

DON: Me...likum...Lucky Strike...  
Me...sendum...smoke signals...  
IS/ MFTeeum...IS/MFTeeum

JACK: Teeum?

DON: Yes sir! Pow! You betchum!..Lucky Strike heap round,  
heap firm, heap fully packed...heap free and easy on  
the draw.

JACK: Don...

DON: Me...heap big...Indian chief.

JACK: You big heap that's all...Ugh.  
(DRUM - INDIAN TOM TOMS)

JACK: What's that?

DON: Shhh...Signal come from Reservation...It say..."With  
Sioux Indian who know tobacco best, it's Luckies,  
Sioux to one."

JACK: Oh, is that Sioux?

DON: NOW MY GOOD FRIEND I.A. "SPEED" RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

MEL: (AUCTIONEER)

JACK: Don, Don that was very good...very good. Now let's --

SOUND: (HORSES' HOOPS GALLOPING AWAY)

JACK: What are those horses' hoofs?

MARY: (INDIAN) Commercial finish, takum plug back to  
Reservation.

JACK: Oh...Me catchum on...AND NOW, FOLKS --

PHIL: (DOES INDIAN WHOOP)

JACK: Oh.

MEL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN....FOR THE BENEFIT OF YOU INDIANS WHO TUNED IN LATE...MY FACE IS RED TOO.

MARY: This is the craziest program we've done yet...What are we aiming at?

JACK: Four-thirty...seven-thirty in the east.

PHIL: Say Jackson, we better start gettin' sharp, or we'll hear about it at five-thirty...You know what's when Fred Allen comes on.

JACK: Phil, when you mention Fred Allen on this program...you must be closer to retirement than I think you are...I heard his program last week...While he was telling a joke, a long word got stuck in his nose sideways and he held up the show for five minutes...So don't tell me about Allen.

MARY: Oh Jack, you're just mad because his picture is better than yours.

JACK: Mary, that's no comparison, everybody's picture is better than mine...Now let's forget about that ill wind from Allen's Alley, it's time for a band number...Go ahead, Phil.

PHIL: OKAY, BOYS, FILIBUSTER!  
(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)  
(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That that was "SWEETHEART" played by Phil Harris and His Sweetest Music This Side of Rogers Stables Orchestra.. and that's a --

MEL: FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE HORSES WHO TUNED IN LATE... ROGERS STABLE IS A STABLE OWNED BY ROGERS.

JACK: Roger. I mean -- thank you...Now come on, COME ON, kids, let's keep the show moving.

PHIL: What's the hurry, Jackson?

JACK: WELL, I'm having some important people over for dinner tonight, and I don't want to be late....Rochester's calling for me. By the way, Mary, remind me to pick up some salami on the way home.

MARY: Okay.

DON: Oh, Jack, I meant to ask you about Rochester...Is it true that he was lost for two days out on the ocean?

JACK: Yes, he was out in a boat near Catalina.

PHIL: I read about it, Jackson...I heard it on the radio too.

JACK: Yeah...funny thing...I didn't know anything about it until it was all over.

MARY: You didn't?

JACK: No. When I found out about it last Wednesday, I was home taking my violin lesson....You know I still have my music teacher, Professor Le Blanc. Anyway, here's what happened.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES TWICE..HITS SOUR NOTE)

MEL: No, no, no Monsieur Benny...once more you have made the same mistake.

JACK: I'm, I'm sorry, Professor Le Blanc. Shall I do it again?

MEL: Yes, and this time, please take off your gloves.

JACK: Well, the strings are cold....All right.

MEL: Now, commence..(IN RHYTHM) One and two and three and four. AND...

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES TWICE)

MEL: (IN RHYTHM) Do not hold your bow too tightly,  
It will help you play more lightly.

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES ONCE)

MEL: (IN RHYTHM) Play it softer, not so brassy,  
Pull your tongue in, you're not Lassie.

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES TWICE AND HITS SOUR NOTE)

MEL: No, no, no, no...Nom d'un cochon, Sacre Bleu...Monsieur Benny, please tell me something...how long have you been playing the violin?

JACK: WELL ever since I can remember...I was a child prodigy.

MEL: I do not believe it.

JACK: That I was a prodigy?

MEL: No, that you were a child. Now take it again, please.

JACK: Okay.

MEL: (IN RHYTHM) One and two and three and four. AND.

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES ONCE)

MEL: (IN RHYTHM) Play it bright and not so dull, sir.  
This is what gave me my ulcer.

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES ONCE)

MEL: (IN RHYTHM) This time soft just like a pillow,  
What have I done to Petrillo?

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES TWICE)...How was that?

MEL: Very good....Here.

JACK: Oh boy, another gold star...You know, Professor, some day I may be a great violinist.

MEL: You should live so long and you already did.

JACK: Now listen --

MEL: Hmm...child prodigy.

JACK: Well I was...My father made me start playing the violin when I was seven.

MEL: Oh, so your father made you take up the violin.

JACK: Yes.

MEL: And where is your father now?

JACK: In Florida.

MEL: The coward...And now, Monsieur Benny, I guess the hour is up.

JACK: No, NO it isn't Professor...when we started the lesson, I set the alarm clock..it will ring when the hour is up.

MEL: Oh all right..(FOR THIS FOR THIS I LEFT LOCKHEED) Now, (IN RHYTHM) One and two and three and four...AND.

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES TWICE)

SOUND: (INTERRUPTS WITH LOUD ALARM CLOCK..THEN FAST RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...AND LOUD DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Well how do you like that...he didn't even wait for me to pay him...Oh well...I wonder if I should keep practicing...NO, NO I can't stand it any more.

SOUND: (NOISE OF VIOLIN PUT IN CASE)

JACK: AW gee, I wish I hadn't told Rochester he could have a couple of days off...he does everything for me...so tired of sleeping with my clothes on..well, I guess I'll turn on the radio.

SOUND: (CLICK OF DIAL..STATIC)

MEL: (FILTER..A LA THE WHISTLER) I'm the Whistler...I WALK BY NIGHT. (WHISTLE)  
(WHISTLES FEW NOTES OF THE WHISTLER'S THEME AND SEQUES INTO CHICKORY CHICK)

JACK: Gee, that Whistler scares me....And I've got such a nice painting of his mother....I'll try and get something else.

SOUND: (LITTLE STATIC)

NELSON: Ladies and gentlemen....Are you near-sighted? When you're having breakfast, do you get too close to your hot cakes? Do you get molasses on your glasses? Do you suffer from middle-age spread? Do your hips try to hurdle your girdle? Hmmm? If you suffer from these or any other ailments, why not try Symmpathy Soothing Syrup? Remember, Symmpathy spelled backwards is Yitapamis.....  
Y-H-T-A-P-M-Y-S.

WRITERS: Yit Yit Yitapamis  
Yit Yit Yitapamis  
Yit Yit Yitapamis  
Drives Your Blues Awwaaaaay.

JACK: He must have a new quartette and...

NELSON: AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN HERE'S THE YHTAPMYS NEWS REPORTER WITH A SPECIAL ITEM...ROCHESTER VAN JONES WHO HAVE BEEN ADRIFT IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN FOR THE LAST TWO DAYS, HAS BEEN FOUND BY THE COAST GUARD AND TOWED INTO PORT.

JACK: What?

MEL: ROCHESTER IS THE BUTLER OF THAT FAMOUS COMEDIAN, JACK BENTLEY.

JACK: That's Benny.

NELSON: OUR QUARTET WILL NOW SING THEIR VERSION OF THAT NEW SONG HIT, "YES WE HAVE NO BANANAS, BUTTER OR SUGAR."

JACK: I don't want to hear that.

SOUND: (CLICK OF DIAL)

JACK: Oh my goodness, Rochester adrift in the Pacific..I didn't even know he was on a boat..Well thank heaven he's safe..When he gets home I'm going to....

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Maybe that's him.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

JANE: Long distance call for Jack Bentley.

JACK: That's Benny...I'll take it.

JANE: Very well.

JACK: HELLO, HELLO? HELLO...IS THIS ROCHESTER?

ROCHESTER: YOU WERE EXPECTING MAYBE SHIPWRECK KELLY?

JACK: ROCHESTER!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, I just heard about you being in the ocean for two days..How are you?

ROCHESTER: SALTY!

JACK: I know, I know, but tell me what happened.

ROCHESTER: WELL BOSS, ME AND MY FRIEND SAM WERE ABOUT TWENTY MILES OFF CATALINA, WHEN WE DEVELOPED MOTOR TROUBLE. AND YOU KNOW I CAN'T SWIM.



JACK: Uh-huh.

ROCHESTER: When suddenly..a big wave swept me overboard. And I landed right next to a vicious looking shark..So I got back to the boat fast, and I..

JACK: Wait a minute..you just said you couldn't swim.

ROCHESTER: I DIDN'T THINK I COULD RUN ON WATER EITHER, BUT I DID!

JACK: Well, well..what happened then?

ROCHESTER: WELL...WHEN WE WEREN'T RESCUED AFTER THE FIRST DAY, WE REALIZED WE WERE IN A TOUGH SPOT..SO WE STARTED SENDING OUT MESSAGES IN BOTTLES.

JACK: What did the messages say?

ROCHESTER: "SEND MORE BOTTLES!"

JACK: Rochester, I hope you weren't drinking out there.

ROCHESTER: OH NO BOSS, NO SIR...BUT AFTER THE SECOND DAY WE SURE GOT HUNGRY...AND FORTUNATELY A BIRD LANDED ON THE BACK OF THE BOAT.

JACK: A bird...good.

ROCHESTER: SO I PICKED UP MY RIFLE, TOOK AIM, AND...

JACK: Rifle! Rochester, you wouldn't shoot a poor little bird.

ROCHESTER: No I JUST WANTED TO FRIGHTEN HER ENOUGH TO LAY AN EGG!

JACK: Did you frighten her?

ROCHESTER: Did I! SHE LAID TWO EGGS AND THREE STRIPS OF BACON!

JACK: Rochester, don't be ridiculous..a bird can't lay bacon!

ROCHESTER: BOSS, WHEN YOU GOT A GUN IN YOUR FACE, YOU FIND OUT YOU GOT TALENT YOU NEVER KNEW YOU HAD.

JACK: Never mind that...Now tell me, how did you get back to shore?

ROCHESTER: Well, the Coast Guard finally found us and towed us into the Harbor.

JACK: Well I'm glad it came out all right...It certainly was an unusual experience.

ROCHESTER: It sure was...Hee hee hee.

JACK: Rochester, what are you laughing at?

ROCHESTER: IT IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER LOST A WEEKEND ON WATER!

JACK: Neither did I...Anyway, Rochester, I'm glad you're safe and hurry out here to Palm Springs.

ROCHESTER: I will. Goodbye. Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Goodbye. Well Don, there you are..that's how I found out about Rochester.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF MUSIC)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, this is American Brotherhood Week. Brotherhood! There is much more to it than the word itself implies. Many of us feel that we are practicing it if we have consideration or respect for our immediate circle of friends..Well, that's not enough! We should have it for all people everywhere.

The color of a man's skin and the church he goes to is a mighty poor yardstick to use in measuring his character.. and to have a contempt for an entire race because of color or creed is unthinkable! If you want to know how it feels..think back to when the Germans and the Japanese thought themselves superior races, and said that all Amercians were "decadent, criminal, and stupid." Our anger and indignation flared at the thought of Americans being called decadent, criminal and stupid....and yet if we tolerate racial and religious discrimination..we are!

(MORE)

JACK:  
(CONTD)

I think I saw Brotherhood at its best when I was overseas during the war..When men are fighting for their lives and the lives of their fellows..racial and religious issues are relegated to their proper place of unimportance. I never heard a wounded man complain about being carried back to a field hospital by a Negro ...or ask whether the blood plasma he was getting was Catholic, Protestant or Jewish. You know, a bullet is a very democratic thing.

So let's remember and perpetuate these battlefield lessons and carry them through our lives to make a better world...

There is a verse in the song "America The Beautiful" that should mean a lot to all of us..

"America..America..God shed His Grace on thee..

And crowned thy good..with brotherhood...

From sea to shining sea."

"And crowned thy good...with brotherhood. That is our heritage..let's live up to it!....

DON: Ladies and gentlemen - JACK WILL BE BACK IN A MINUTE, BUT FIRST HERE IS MY GOOD FRIEND, L. A. SPEED RIGGS.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN)

SIMS: A man goes by what he knows! Here's what Mr. William Lee Branch, independent tobacco auctioneer of Winterville, North Carolina, said:

BRANCH: Sure I smoke Luckies - been smoking them for eighteen years. Any tobacco man will tell you that the quality of a cigarette depends on the quality of the tobacco that goes into it. And I know from long experience that Lucky Strike buys fine quality tobacco.

DELMAR: Quote: "I know from long experience that Lucky Strike buys fine quality tobacco." Unquote. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw. So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN) and Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - AMERICAN). And this is Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

DELMAR: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(Imp. Tag  
#2)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

MARY: Well Jack, another program's over.

JACK: Yup, another program and another birthday..Just think,  
Mary, next year at this time I'll be thirty nine.

MARY: Thirty nine! Jack, you said this year you were  
thirty seven.

JACK: Oh yes, yes, I'll be thirty eight...I gotta watch  
that...Goodnight, folks.

**RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING**

**RADIO DIVISION**

**CLIENT:** AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

**BROADCAST:** REV. #22

**DATE:** FEB. 24, 1946

**PROGRAM:** THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

**NETWORK:** NBC

AS BROADCAST

# I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

DELMAR: That's right!

SIMS: Yes sir!

RUYSDAEL: And how!

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN)

DELMAR: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Here's what Mr. Edwin Lee Moore, independent tobacco buyer and warehouseman of Greenville, North Carolina, said:

MOORE: For many years I've been in a good position to know the facts about who buys what tobacco at the auctions I follow every season. And in all this time I've seen Lucky Strike buy light, naturally milder leaf that makes a milder, more enjoyable smoke. My own cigarette for sixteen years has been Lucky Strike.

RUYSDAEL: Yes, Mr. Edwin Lee Moore has been there - he knows! And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: FROM THE PLAZA THEATRE IN PALM SPRINGS...THE LUCKY STRIKE  
PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH MARY LIVINGSTON,  
PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS, AND "YOURS TRULY"  
DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE  
HERE IN PALM SPRINGS..IT'S AN HOUR BEFORE SHOW TIME AND  
JACK IS TAKING A NAP..ROCHESTER, IS GOING QUIETLY ABOUT  
HIS DUTIES.

JACK: (SNORES TWICE)

ROCHESTER: (SINGS) I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS,  
WATCHING CLOUDS DRIFTING BY,  
MY SCHEMES ARE JUST LIKE ALL MY DREAMS,  
ENDING IN THE SKY.

JACK: (SNORES ONCE)

ROCHESTER: (SINGS) SOME FELLOWS SEEM TO HAVE THE GOOD THINGS,  
BUT ALL I DO IS SIT AND PINE.  
SOME FELLOWS MAKE A SEVEN SOME TIMES,  
BUT I CAN'T EVEN THROW A NINE...  
BELIEVE ME...

JACK: (SNORES ONCE) (THEN YAWNING)..Rochester...

ROCHESTER: (SINGS) I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS...

JACK: ROCHESTER!

ROCHESTER: Well, boss, I see you got your little blue eyes open...  
I hope my singing didn't wake you up.

JACK: Yes it did! Rochester, I just had the most wonderful  
dream.



ROCHESTER: Really?

JACK: You know, I dreamt I was listening to Fred Allen's program..He went down to Allen's Alley, knocked on all the doors, and there was nobody home...What a lull!... And then I dreamt his program was so bad his sponsor came in and threw him off the air...Ha ha ha ha...Allen couldn't get another job, and he sank lower and lower... And then I dreamt he became a bum on Broadway, mooching nickels and dimes for something to eat.

ROCHESTER: Hee hee hee hee.

JACK: What are you laughing at?

ROCHESTER: IF YOU'D SLEPT ABOUT FIVE MINUTES LONGER, YOU'DA HAD TO SEND HIM FLOWERS!

JACK: Yeah...Anyway, it was a wonderful dream..I wonder what he dreams about me.

ROCHESTER: HE WOULDN'T WASTE HIS TIME ON YOU, BOSS, HE'S STILL YOUNG ENOUGH TO DREAM ABOUT THE OPPOSITE SEX.

JACK: Oh no he isn't...Say Rochester, what time is it?

ROCHESTER: Three twenty-five.

JACK: Oh my goodness..I told Miss Livingston to drop by here at three-thirty, I better hurry.

ROCHESTER: What kind of a show are you gonna do today, boss?

JACK: Oh, just something informal, nothing special..probably ad lib a lot.

MARY: (OFF) OH JACK, JACK, COME ON..WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE SHOW.

JACK: RIGHT WITH YOU, MARY...See you after the broadcast, Rochester..Goodbye.

ROCHESTER: Goodbye.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS, WHICH CONTINUE)

JACK: Gee, you look nice...Say, where were you last night?

MARY: Why Jack, I was at the barn dance at Rogers Stables with...(COYLY) Oh, I'm not gonna tell you.

JACK: Aw come on, Mary...who were you dancing with?

MARY: (COYLY) No, I'm not gonna tell you.

JACK: Come on, Mary, don't keep secrets from me..Who were you dancing with?

MARY: You, you dope, and you fell asleep.

JACK: Huh?..Oh yes, that's right...I had Ovaltine for dinner.. Say Mary, isn't Palm Springs a nice little town?

MARY: Yeah, it's all right I guess.

JACK: And look at that cute date shop...You know this . desert is famous for its dates.

MARY: I know, I know.

JACK: And look at this place next to it....Florist and Date Shop....look.

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: Gee it's such a cute town.

MILT: Pardon me, Miss Livingston, may I have your autograph?

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS STOP)

MARY: Why certainly...

MILT: Gee thank you.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS RESUME)

JACK: ....(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)...Oh look, Mary, look at that little place across the street...Cleaners, Dyers and Date Shop...I sent my suit there and it came back so sticky...Before they press it they must put samples in your pockets...But this is the cutest little town, isn't it?

MARY: Yeah.

JANE: Oh Miss Livingston would you give me your autograph, please?

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS STOP)

MARY: Why surely...Here you are, honey.

JANE: Thank you.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS RESUME)

JACK: ...Hm...Hey Mary, Look...here's the place where I bought my spurs.

MARY: Where?

JACK: Right here...Boots, Saddles, Harness and Date Shop... You know, Mary, there's something about this town that's so relaxing and restful...No wonder so many people come here.

MARY: Uh huh.

TACK: Miss Livingston --

MARY: Yes?

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS STOP)

TACK: Miss Livingston, would you give me your autograph please?

MARY: I'll be glad to...Here you are.

TACK: Thank you very much.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS RESUME)

MARY: .....You know, Jack, this is a cute little town.

JACK: What's cute about it? You know, Mary, you turned out to be the biggest ham I ever saw...signing autographs all the time.

MARY: Oh you're just mad because they didn't ask you..and you even carry pictures of yourself.

JACK: I AM NOT.

MARY: Oh Jack, look at this place. Blacksmith shop and date parlor..

JACK: Oh yes, and look at the sign..."Under the spreading palm tree the village Smithy stands"...I bet the muscles of his brawny arms stand out like stuffed dates....Well, here we are at the stage door...

MARY: Oh Jack, there's the little hot dog man..Let's get a hot dog.

JACK: Okay, we have a few minutes' time.

ARTIE: Pickle in the middle  
And the Mustard on top,  
Just the way you like 'em  
And they're all red hot.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Well..I see you're still in town, two hot dogs, please.

ARTIE: Couple puppies coming up..Would you like to have them served the Palm Springs style?

JACK: What do you mean, Palm Springs style?

ARTIE: Well that's with pickle, mustard and sun tan oil.

JACK: Just the...just the pickle and the mustard, please.

ARTIE: Okay..Do you want the pickle in the middle and the mustard on top, or the mustard in the middle and the pickle on top?

JACK: Well....

MARY: Have you got any horse radish?

ARTIE: Horse radish doesn't go with hot dogs.

MARY: I know, I just wanted to see where you'd put it.

JACK: Mary, we haven't time to fool around..Give me my two hot dogs, please.

ARTIE: Here you are.

JACK: Thank you...goodbye.

ARTIE: Goodbye..Pickle in the middle  
And the mustard on top,  
Just the way you like 'em  
And they're all red hot.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well come on, Mary...here's the stage..we better get on..

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: HA HA HA...OH HARRIS, YOU'RE SO PRETTY IT'S TOO BAD  
YOU'RE NOT TWO-FACED..AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN  
HERE'S A.....

JACK: Mary, we must be late...HEY, PHIL....

PHIL: Jackson....HOLD IT, I'M JUST GOING INTO A BAND NUMBER.

JACK: Gee, my watch must be wrong.

MARY: Yeah, we never should have bought it at that date shop.

JACK: I guess you're right...GO AHEAD, PHIL.

(APPLAUSE)

(BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Thank you...that was "Come To Baby Do" played by Phil  
Harris and His Melancholy Music Makers..Melancholy  
meaning half of 'em have heads like melons..and the other  
half look like collies..except Frankie, the guitar player  
..he looks a little like a Saint Bernard, and you know..

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Jackson...Frankie may be shaggy, but he don't look like no Saint Bernard.

JACK: Then why has he got a keg of brandy around his neck?

PHIL: BECAUSE WHEN HE COMES TO AN EIGHT BAR REST, HE AIN'T GONNA JUST SIT THERE DOIN' NOTHIN'.

JACK: Oh...Well can't he just sit there and listen to the music?

PHIL: THAT'S WHAT DROVE HIM TO DRINK.

JACK: Oh! I knew it...what a band..Well now let's get on with the show...Now that I'm here...Oh hello Don, where have you been?

DON: I just stepped out to get a package of Luckies.

JACK: A package of Luckies? Where'd you get them?

DON: In the lobby, out of that cigarette and date machine.

JACK: Oh, oh...Well, Don, I wouldn't eat any of those dates if I were you...they're fattening you know..and you're not exactly Tom Thumb...you know.

DON: Well, I know, Jack, but since I've been down here in Palm Springs, I don't look so big.

JACK: That's only because they have so many mountains here.... Take my word for it, you are, shall we say a trifle obese?....Yes we'll say it, obese.

PHIL: I don't know, Jackson, there are plenty of guys that are obeser than Don.

JACK: Obeser?...Phil, that word isn't even in Webster's Dictionary.

PHIL: How do you like that, I'm smarter than Webster.

JACK: Well don't let Webster find it out, he'd probably be upset...Now let's....Get on...

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

STREBE: Mr. Benny, my name is Strebe, I'm the manager of this theatre and date shop.

JACK: Oh, oh hello, Mr. Strebe. Hello.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Step right - this is the real manager - step right up to the microphone Mr. Strebe - a little closer you know. After all this is your theatre you know. You didn't have to pay to get in. I had to rent the joint.  
Mr. Strebe, I'm glad you dropped in...I've been anxious to find out if you ran my picture here.

STREBE: Yes we did, Mr. Benny, quite recently.

JACK: Good good.

STREBE: No no.

JACK: Oh oh..what, what do you mean?

STREBE: Well we ran your picture Saturday and Sunday, and it turned out to be a double feature.

JACK: Double feature?

STREBE: Yes, The Horn Blows at Midnight on the screen, and Lost Weekend at the box office.

JACK: That's funny...I can't understand why the picture didn't do well.

STREBE: Neither can I. You know this isn't like the east..when business is bad we can't blame it on the weather.

JACK: Hmm...come to think of it, that picture did do better in the cooler climates.

MARY: Yeah...Warner Brothers got a letter from three Eskimos saying it was the best film they ever ate.

JACK: You said it.

STREBE: Well I'll be running along now. I just dropped in to see if there was anything you need.

JACK: Nothing at all but thanks very much...goodbye, Mr. Strebe.

STREBE: Oh say Mr. Benny --

JACK: (How do you like that...a guy gets a laugh and you can't get rid of him)...Now, now what.

STREBE: Mr. Benny, I don't want to get personal but I always thought you wore a toupay.

MARY: Well this is Palm Springs, everybody goes around with the top down.

JACK: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Goodbye, Mr. Strebe.

STREBE: Goodbye...Oh say Mister..Benny ....

JACK: Never mind, goodbye.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Everybody comes in here with jokes, no dates...I can't understand why he was so nervous at the microphone.. I was right up here with him.

PHIL: Yeah, but after the broadcast you leave town, he has to stay here.

JACK: I suppose so...Well it's time for a song, where's Larry?

LARRY: Here I am, Mr. Benny.

JACK: What are you going to sing tonight, kid?

LARRY: A brand new novelty song called "Pickle in the Middle."

JACK: "Pickle in the Middle?"...say, isn't that what the, what the little hot dog man sings?

LARRY: Yes, Carl Sigman and John Tackaberry wrote a song around it.

JACK: Tackaberry...John Tackaberry..I've heard that name somewhere before.



MARY: He's one of your writers.

JACK: Oh yes, yes...He's the one with the lowest forehead.. his nose makes a natural part in his hair..Let's hear the song, Larry.

(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO "PICKLE IN THE MIDDLE")

(APPLAUSE) (THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, that was "Pickle in the Middle" sung by Larry Stevens with the mustard on top...And now, ladies and gentlemen, I would like to introduce a guest..rather unusual to radio...The gentleman I'm about to present is a writer at Paramount studios....He is also a noted critic and the author of articles which appear in the country's leading magazines..also the author of "Seven Lively Arts". Ladies and gentlemen Mr. Gilbert Seldes.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Seldes, I'm very very happy to have you on my program.

SELDES: Thank you, Mr. Benny, but may I ask one question?

JACK: Why certainly, go right ahead.

SELDES: Just why did you invite me to come over here today? What is the purpose of my appearance?

JACK: Mr. Seldes..did you or did you not write an article that appears in the March issue of Esquire magazine?

SELDES: Mr. Benny I write an article in every issue of Esquire.

JACK: Answer yes or no.

SELDES: Yes.

JACK: Now in this article, Mr. Seldes..did you or did you not state that radio comedy today is based primarily on sarcastic humor and insulting jokes?

SELDES: I did.

JACK: Hmr he admits it yet. In that article, Mr. Seldes..you said that comedians have been insulting each other so much that radio has become a source of boredom.

SELDES: That is correct. And to prove my point, Mr. Benny, take your program today. You insulted Phil Harris' orchestra..Miss Livingston ridiculed your dancing..and even the theatre manager, who came in unprepared, had to make a slurring remark about your toupay.

JACK: Yes, yes and he even panned my picture.

SELDES: Well that he couldn't help.

JACK: I see. Then Mr. Seldes, what you meant by your article in Esquire is that you would like to hear a comedy program with a delicate, neighborly motif..something sweet and homey..sort of a Ma Perkins with a band...

Is that, is that what you meant?

SELDES: Well...I was only trying...

JACK: I know what you were trying to do, Mr. Seldes..and if you'll sit down I'll show you how a comedy program would sound the way you would like to hear it..Sit down, Mr. Seldes.

SELDES: Thank you.

MARY: Jack, why make such an issue of it?

JACK: Because I'm here to defend radio..Radio to me is bread and butter and a swimming pool..All right, kids, let's do a nice, sweet program like Mr. Seldes prefers..Phil, is the harpist ready?

PHIL: Yeah, Jackson, the dame just came in.

JACK: ALL RIGHT, NOW WE'LL TAKE IT RIGHT FROM THE VERY BEGINNING..READY, DON? LET'S GO.

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM.  
(VIOLINS AND HARP PLAY THEME MUSIC..ENDING WITH HARP)

DON: AND NOW, DEAR LISTENERS..FROM PALM SPRINGS..ONE OF THE  
MOST BELOVED SPOTS IN THE SUNNY STATE OF CALIFORNIA..  
WE BRING YOU YOUR GENIAL SUNDAY NIGHT HOST..JACK "LIFE  
CAN BE BEAUTIFUL" BENNY.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is  
Jack Benny talking..May I come into your homes for just  
a short half hour?..Hmmm?..Thank you, thank you, thank  
you...Well Don, hasn't our stay in Palm Springs been  
delightful?

DON: Oh it certainly has, Jack.

JACK: And Don, I hope you won't mind my commenting, but I just  
can't get over how thin you are..you're so un-obese...  
really.

DON: Well Jack, I may be less obeser..but I wish I had all  
your hair.

JACK: Well, you know how it is, Don..we just can't have  
everything..(SILLY LAUGH)....Can we?...Well, look who's  
here..Mary Livingston.

MARY: (VERY SWEETLY) Hello, everybody.

JACK: Hello, Mary.

QUARTET: (SINGS) FOR IT IS MARY, MARY  
PLAIN AS ANY NAME COULD BE

JACK: (SINGS) COULD BE.

QUARTET: BUT IN PROPRIETY, SOCIETY,  
THEY SAY MARIE.

JACK: (SINGS) MY LITTLE MARY.

QUARTET: (SINGS) IT WAS MARY, MARY,  
LONG BEFORE THE FASHIONS CAME,  
JACK: (SINGS) THERE'S SOMETHING THERE  
THAT SOUNDS SO SQUARE  
QUARTET: IT'S A GRAND OLD NAME  
JACK: (SINGS) OH HOW I LOVE IT.  
QUARTET: MARY IS A GRAND OLD NAME.  
(APPLAUSE)  
JACK: Yes, Mary is a grand old name, and you're a grand little  
girl..How are you, sweetheart?  
MARY: Oh I'm just ginger peachy with the mustard on top.  
JACK: You always are.  
MARY: And dollface -  
JACK: Yesss?  
MARY: I'll never never be able to thank you for the beautiful  
necklace you gave me.  
JACK: Oh it was nothing.  
MARY: Nothing!..Jack, it's just like you to be so modest.  
DON: What kind of a necklace did he give you, Mary?  
MARY: A string of one hundred and fifty perfectly matched  
dates.  
JACK: Well --  
MARY: And imported from Anaheim.  
JACK: Well, I always buy the best, you know, Mary..You know I  
strung them myself on one of my violin strings.  
MARY: Oh snoogy, you shouldn't have taken the string off of  
your violin..(SADLY) Now you won't be able to play it.  
JACK: Well --  
SELDES: JUST A MINUTE, MR. BENNY, I DIDN'T MEAN THAT --

JACK: SIT DOWN, MR. SELDES..You haven't seen anything yet..  
Wait till Phil Harris comes in with a glass of milk.....  
Ah, here comes Philip now.  
(ORCHESTRA PLAYS "MANY A NEW DAY")

JACK: Phil, aren't you a little late?

PHIL: Yes, Jason, and I'm frightfully sorry..but on the way  
down here I passed the most tempting little fruit juice  
stand, and I just couldn't resist having a glass of that  
Sunkist orange juice.

JACK: Orange juice..Why Phil, I thought you drank milk.

PHIL: Only at parties to be sociable, Jason.

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: You can't be an old dead head you know.

JACK: Of course not..Say Phil, we've had so many requests from  
our listeners for you to sing a number on the program..  
How about doing one now?

PHIL: All right, I'll sing two choruses of "That's what I  
Adore About Dixie".

JACK: Oh that will be just too too.

MARY: Too too, what's that?

JACK: That's four the hard way...Go ahead, Phil.

SELDES: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, MR. BENNY..EVIDENTLY YOU DIDN'T  
UNDERSTAND THE POINT --

JACK: MR. SELDES, YOU BROUGHT IT ON YOURSELF, NOW SIT DOWN...  
Now where were we..Oh yes..Say Phil, before you do your  
number, I meant to ask you..wasn't your first violinist  
with the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra?

PHIL: Yes, for seven consecutive and I might add lucrative years.

JACK: I thought so...And the gentleman there on the end... Wasn't he associated with the Boston Symphony?

PHIL: Yes, for three seasons, he played the obese.

JACK: That's oboe.

PHIL: Thanks Webster.

JACK: You're welcome, Phil...As a matter of fact, all your boys are symphony men, aren't they?

PHIL: Yes.

SELDES: THEN HOW COME THEY ALL LOOK LIKE DOGS?

JACK: MR. SELDES...APPARENTLY YOU HAVEN'T READ YOUR ARTICLE IN ESQUIRE....Now go ahead, Phil, let's have your number.

DON: Just a minute, Jack..First, do you mind if I say a few words about that one thing that is so near and dear to the hearts of each and every one of us?

JACK: By all means, Don.

DON: In fact, Jack, I'd like to sing it and have you assist me.

JACK: Assist you?

DON: Yes, with this bird whistle.

JACK: Oh, you mean like this?...(BLOWS BIRD WHISTLE)

DON: Yes, that's it.

JACK: It's a deal, go ahead, Don.

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS MENDELSSOHN'S "SPRING SONG")

DON: (SINGS) L S M F T IS JUST THE CIGARETTE FOR ME..  
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO..L S M F T.  
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST.  
IT'S LUCKIES TWO TO ONE.  
SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY..FULLY PACKED.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Very good, Don, very good...Thank you, thank you.  
thank you...Phil, watch your baton.....And now, and  
now, ladies and gentlemen --

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh fudge, there's the phone.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

ROCHESTER: HELLO, MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

JACK: Oh yes, yes, Rochester....Why are you calling?

ROCHESTER: SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG WITH THE RADIO.

JACK: What do you mean?

ROCHESTER: DON WILSON GOT THIN, YOU GOT HAIR, MR. HARRIS DRINKS  
MILK, AND MARY'S A GRAND OLD NAME.

JACK: Oh, oh....Well Rochester, we're trying a new formula  
where EVERYTHING is quiet and sweet.

ROCHESTER: QUIET AND SWEET?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: WELL BOSS, YOU BETTER GLT LOUD AND FUNNY, YOUR SWIMMIN'  
POOL AIN'T PAID FOR YET!

JACK: Yes, I guess you're right, Rochester....Goodbye.

ROCHESTER: Goodbye.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)  
(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF MUSIC)

DON: JACK WILL BE BACK IN JUST A MINUTE, BUT FIRST HERE IS  
MY GOOD FRIEND, MR. F. E. BOONE.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT!

SIMS: Remember that when it comes to your cigarette -

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT!

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

DELMAR: Yes, in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and  
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer, the  
lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT!

SIMS: This fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down  
smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of  
fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's  
program were Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky  
(CHANT - AMERICAN) and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs of  
Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN)  
This is Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: You get real, deep-down smoking enjoyment when you  
(Imp. Tag  
#19) smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike -  
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on  
the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)



JACK: Mr. Selde, I want to thank you very much for being our guest here this evening. NOW we did the program both ways...our way and your way...which did you like better?

SELDES: Well, after being on your program, I admit my article was all wrong.

JACK: You do?

SELDES: Yes, Jack, I think it's better when they insult you.

JACK: I knew you'd see it my....WAIT A MINUTE, MR. SELDES...  
MR. SELDES --

DON: He's gone, Jack.

JACK: Oh well...I'll see him later...Goodnight, folks.  
(ORCHESTRA STARTS TO PLAY "MANY A NEW DAY")

JACK: IT'S OVER, IT'S OVER....  
(APPLAUSE)

MARCH

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

**CLIENT:** AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

**BROADCAST:** 2ND REV.#23

**DATE:** MAR. 3, 1946

**PROGRAM:** THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

**NETWORK:** NBC

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### I OPENING NEW YORK

## AS BROADCAST

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts -  
and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN)

SIMS: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so  
firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! So for your own  
real, deep-down smoking enjoyment smoke that smoke  
of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Excuse me, this is Kenny Delmar. Excuse me, I have a special announcement to make. Herbert Tareyton Cigarettes are back -- good news for those who prefer a cork tipped cigarette! Herbert Tareyton is back and -- there's something about them you'll like. Herbert Tareyton is back after being made only for the armed forces. Yes, Herbert Tareyton is back -- that cork tipped cigarette, Herbert Tareyton, -- available now for you. Yes, Herbert Tareyton is back -- and remember: There's something about them you'll like! There's something about them you'll like! This is Kenny Delmar -- I trust you will welcome home Herbert Tareyton! There's something about them you'll like.  
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)  
(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM...STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY  
STEVENS, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: WELL LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...OUR SHOW IS STILL IN PALM  
SPRINGS, SO LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE, WHERE  
WE FIND JACK RELAXING AND READING THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER.

SOUND: (RUSTLE OF PAPER)

JACK: Hmm...Look at all these want ads...Here's one from  
Bullock's store..."Wanted...floorwalker...must have own  
carnation"...Hmm..."Wanted...fry cook...apply Chi Chi  
restaurant"...Wanted...stable boy...had better have  
own carnation"...Hmm..."Wanted...gardener's helper at  
Deep Well Ranch...apply between two and...Oh this is  
silly...I'm sure my sponsor will pick up my option...but  
...just in case he doesn't...

SOUND: (LOUD PAPER TEAR TWICE)

JACK: Well...they've got a gossip column here too...Hmm...  
"Tyrone Power, who was visiting here last week, was...  
(MUMBLES).....Imagine that..."Last night, Pauline  
Betts, the famous tennis player...(MUMBLES)...Ha ha ha  
ha...these columnists sure get around...Well...here's  
something about me..."Jack Benny...(VERY LONG MUMBLING)  
...I did not!.....Imagine, saying I went into the post  
office wearing a bare midriff...It just happened that  
the laundry shrunk my shirt...Well, that finishes the  
newspaper.

SOUND: (RUSTLE OF PAPER)

JACK: Rochester, hand me those pamphlets I got from the Palm Springs Chamber of Commerce.

ROCHESTER: Here you are, boss.

JACK: Thanks..Hm...listen to this..."Palm Springs, the jewel of the desert..where the warm radiant sun pours its golden treasure down on the happy and carefree inhabitants..Palm Springs..where the majestic peaks of the San Jacinto mountains cast their spell of beauty for all to enjoy"..Did you hear that, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: Uh huh.

JACK: And just think...Mother Nature gives us all those things free.

ROCHESTER: YEAH, IT'S A SHAME MOTHER AIN'T RUNNIN' THE HOTELS TOO!

JACK: Well, Mom's got enough to do...but I like Palm Springs ..In fact, I'm thinking of buying a house here..I even asked a real estate man to come over this afternoon.

ROCHESTER: But boss, property is so expensive down here.

JACK: I know it is, but if I can find just what I want, I'm willing to go up to fifteen hundred dollars...Yes sir.

ROCHESTER: Hee hee hee hee.

JACK: What are you laughing at? Fifteen hundred dollars ain't peanuts.

ROCHESTER: I KNOW, BUT DOWN HERE THAT'S ALL IT'LL BUY!

JACK: Oh Rochester, Rochester, you're exaggerating.

ROCHESTER: No I ain't, boss...You know that little house on the corner with the white fence around it?

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCHESTER: THAT JUST SOLD FOR EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS AND TWO POUNDS OF BUTTER.

JACK: Well, maybe it had a--

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: There's the door, I'll get it.

SOUND: (FEW FOOTSTEPS.. DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: Are you Jack Benny?

JACK: Yes.

NELSON: Well I'm Mr. Fulton, the real estate man.

JACK: Oh yes, yes..step right in..Rochester, take his hat, coat, and empty the sand out of his shoes.

NELSON: Now, Mr. Benny, just what type of house do you have in mind?...Spanish, colonial, or French provincial?

JACK: Well, Mr. Fulton I think a home should suit the individual...What kind of a house would fit me?

NELSON: Uh, how about Early American?

JACK: No no, I don't think I'd like Early American.

ROCHESTER: HOW ABOUT SOLD AMERICAN.

JACK: Rochester! Gee, Mr. Fulton, I don't know what to...Did you bring your pictures with you?

NELSON: Yes, I did...Now here's one of me when I graduated from..

JACK: I mean your houses...pictures of your houses.

NELSON: Oh yes yes, I always make that mistake...I guess it's because I have a head with seven gables.

JACK: Oh!

NELSON: And Carson's got every one of 'em.

JACK: Hmm..well, now Mr. Fulton, let's get down to business.. Show me some pictures of what you have to offer.

NELSON: Gladly...Now here we are...here's a house that ought to interest you...and the price is forty thousand dollars.

JACK: Forty thousand dollars for a house! That's a lot of money...What about the ceiling?

NELSON: With a ceiling it'll be sixty thousand.

JACK: Lookit, that's not what I mean...Anyway, it's much too expensive.

NELSON: Not for this house...It has a very novel innovation... a three hundred foot spiral bannister.

JACK: You mean a spiral staircase, don't you?

NELSON: No no, a spiral bannister...That's for people who don't drink but want to know how it feels.

JACK: I don't think I'd like that.

ROCHESTER: THAT BANNISTER COULD SAVE ME A FORTUNE.

JACK: Rochester, please...Show me something else, Mr. Fulton! Have you got a house with a swimming pool?

NELSON: No, but that's no problem...I can build you a tile pool for only ten thousand dollars.

JACK: No, no, I don't want to go that high.

NELSON: Well...I can build you a cement pool for only twenty five hundred.

JACK: No, no that's still too high for a swimming pool..

NELSON: Why don't you just dig a hole and hire a tribe of Indians to do a rain dance?

JACK: What's so cheap about that...they're organized you know...Anyway, Mr. Fulton, I don't think you have the kind of a house I want.

NELSON: Well let me show you one more...Here's a beautiful house, and it's only seventy thousand dollars.

JACK: Well, it's a lovely place, but seventy-five thousand, seventy thousand is too much. Anyway, Mr. Fulton thanks very much for dropping in, and maybe we can talk about it some other time.



NELSON: All right...Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh Mr. Fulton...

NELSON: Yes?

JACK: What's, what's that...what's that yellow stuff running out of your pocket?

NELSON: Oh my goodness...it's butter, I just sold the house on the corner.

JACK: Oh yes, yes, I heard about it...Goodbye, Mr. Fulton.

NELSON: Goodbye.

JACK: Well, Rochester I better get down to the Plaza theatre ...the broadcast will be on in a few minutes.

ROCHESTER: Say, that reminds me, boss...the manager of the theatre called up yesterday.

JACK: What about?

ROCHESTER: Well, he said according to the rental contract, when you finish your program you're supposed to leave and not hang around and watch the picture.

JACK: What's he complaining about, I stand up don't I? Well I gotta get to the theatre.

ROCHESTER: Shall I drive you boss?

JACK: No, the wind will take me over today. So long Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Goodbye.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)  
(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

IN MIDDLE OF BAND NUMBER:

JACK: HI YA, PHIL, I JUST GOT IN.

PHIL: QUIET, JACKSON, WE'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A  
NUMBER.

(APPLAUSE AT END OF NUMBER)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Let It Snow, Let It Snow", played by Klondike Harris and His Sweetest Music This Side of the Yukon... And Yukon have it...HA HA HA...I sat up all night writing that joke.

MARY: I'll bet you hated yourself in the morning.

JACK: Not any more than usual...Say, Phil, Larry Stevens sang that number two weeks ago. How come you repeated it as a band number?

PHIL: Why don't you just tend to your comedy and keep your nose out of my business?

JACK: Well it happens to be my business too. After all, who's the star of this show?

PHIL: I don't know, but when I see my pay check every week, I know it ain't me.

JACK: Oh stop complaining, you're getting a good salary.

PHIL: What are you talkin' about. Alice gets more than I do for an autograph.

JACK: Then the moral of the story is, learn to write...and now, ladies and gentlemen --

DON: Say Jack, we had to start the show without you. Where have you been?

JACK: Oh I'm sorry I was late, Don...but you see I'm thinking of buying a house here, and I was detained by a real estate man.

DON: Oh Jack, are you thinking of moving to Palm Springs?

JACK: Well, I was toying with the idea, Don. You know I like it here...I've been having so much fun...horseback riding...playing golf every day...I played golf this morning, didn't I, Mary?

MARY: Uh huh.

JACK: You know, Don, they've got the nicest little nine-hole course here...and you should have seen me this morning on that fourth hole...I put down my ball, picked up my club, and then --

MARY: (SINGS) HE MISSED IT ONCE, HE MISSED IT TWICE, HE MISSED IT ONCE AGAIN.

JACK: (SINGS) IT'S BEEN A LONG...Mary...Certainly I missed it. You know it's hard to hit a ball when it's not teed up properly.

MARY: Well you wouldn't have that trouble if you'd buy some tees.

DON: Mary, you mean to say that Jack doesn't use tees when he plays golf?

MARY: No, he waits for a gopher to stick his head out of a hole and then puts the ball on his nose.

JACK: Oh Mary, I play a good game of golf and you know it.

MARY: Oh sure, tell 'em what happened on the fifth hole.

JACK: Nothing happened, I did exactly what my golf teacher told me...I placed the ball in line with my left foot, brought the club over my right shoulder, and wham.

MARY: He broke his toe.

JACK: I did not, I killed the gopher...I hollered Fore...if he doesn't know the rules, let him keep off the course... Anyway, I play a better game of golf than anybody in this gang...I beat Phil the other day.

PHIL: Sure you beat me. Every time you took a nine on a hole, you turned the score card upside down before you wrote it in.

JACK: Well, I could have beat you without that, if I hadn't knocked one ball out of bounds.

MARY: Yeah, and what about that bad slice you made on your first drive?

JACK: Oh, that wasn't such a bad slice.

MARY: It wasn't, huh? The ball went fifty yards, made a U-turn, came back and hit you in the stomach.

JACK: Mary.

MARY: Then you got so mad you were going to break your club against a tree.

DON: What stopped him?

MARY: When he drew his club back, he saw the price tag on the bottom, so he put it back in his bag.

JACK: You can make up more things..I still say I play a better game.

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Hello.

ROCHESTER: SAY BOSS, MR. FULTON, THE REAL ESTATE MAN, CAME BACK AND SAID THAT HE FOUND A FEW TERMITES IN THE HOUSE SO YOU CAN HAVE IT FOR SIXTY-FIVE THOUSAND.

JACK: TERMITES, HUH -- Well Rochester, you tell Mr. Fulton that I'm not paying any sixty-five thousand dollars for a house.

ROCHESTER: IF HE HASN'T GUESSED THAT BY NOW, HE'S BEEN OUT IN THE SUN TOO LONG.

JACK: I don't care where he's been, I'm not spending that kind of dough. Would you pay sixty-five thousand for a house in Palm Springs?

ROCHESTER: I WOULDN'T PAY SIXTY-FIVE THOUSAND FOR A CABIN IN THE SKY.

JACK: Well tell the man, tell the man.

ROCHESTER: I did, I DID.

JACK: All right, goodbye.

ROCHESTER: Goodbye.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Well kids, it looks like I'm not going to buy a house here. ANYWAY let's get on with the show, because tonight we're going to do a very important sketch, and I want to start casting it immediately.

PHIL: Say Jackson, I thought you were gonna do a sketch next week.

JACK: We are, Phil. We're going to do a sketch next week too.. and you'll never guess in a million years who our guest star is going to be.

MARY: Ray Milland.

JACK: (COY) There's no use trying, you'll never...Yes, that's who it is, Ray Milland..the star of Lost Weekend..and to make him feel at ease, we're having a brass rail put around the microphone....Anyway, that's next week.

DON: Ray Milland..Gee, I think he's a wonderful actor.

PHIL: I can drink him under the table.

JACK: Phil, with him it's bread and butter, with you it's tomato juice and black coffee....Now let's get on with the sketch we're going to do tonight..It's a murder mystery, and I'm going to be the Chief of Police of Palm Springs..Phil, you're going to be my Sergeant..And Don, you're also going to be a member of the force.

MARY: What am I going to be, Jack?

JACK: Mary, you're going to play the part of a glamorous movie star who came to Palm Springs to be with her husband... and at the start of the play he murders you.

MARY: Aw Jack, if he murders me, I won't get any laughs.

JACK: All right then, you murder him.

MARY: Thanks, kid.

JACK: Now, Larry...Larry Stevens --

LARRY: Yes, Mr. Benny?

JACK: You're going to be on the police force too.

LARRY: (TOUGH) COME ON, KEEP MOVIN', KEEP MOVIN'.

JACK: Not yet...Wait'll it starts..and take off that Hoover button, I'll give you a badge...Now Don, Larry and Phil.. as long as you're going to be on my police force, I'll have to swear you in..And since all you people in the ~~audience~~ audience will be witnesses, I'll have to swear you in too ..Now come on, everybody, raise your right hand and repeat after me...L S M F T.

DON, PHIL, LARRY AND AUDIENCE: L S M F T

JACK: LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

DON, PHIL, LARRY AND AUDIENCE: LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

JACK: SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED.

DON, PHIL, LARRY AND AUDIENCE: SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED, SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.

JACK: WAIT FOR ME!...WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST, IT'S LUCKIES TWO TO ONE.

DON, PHIL, LARRY AND AUDIENCE: WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST, IT'S LUCKIES TWO TO ONE.

JACK: Ha ha ha..And you thought you were getting in for nothing...Now all right, kids, this play will go on immediately after a song by --

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Hold it a minute...Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: Mr. Benny, I just talked to the owner, and you can have that house for fifty thousand dollars.

JACK: Look, Mr. Fulton..a few minutes ago you wanted seventy thousand dollars and now it's fifty thousand..Why is the price coming down so fast?

NELSON: Those termites are hungrier than we thought they were.

JACK: Well in that case I don't want the house.

NELSON: Oh don't worry about that, Mr. Benny, the termites will be out by tomorrow.

JACK: How do you know?

NELSON: They're getting so fat!

JACK: Well they're not going to get fat off of me, so goodbye.

NELSON: Goodbye.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: I'm sorry I started looking for a place..Come on, Larry, let's have your song.

(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was that was "Day by Day," sung by Larry Stevens.. and now, ladies and gentlemen, for our feature attraction tonight, we are going to offer a mystery melodrama entitled, "MURDER AT THE LONE PALM OR HER HUSBAND ASKED FOR SOME WINE SO SHE GAVE HIM BOTH BARRELS"

(MORE)



JACK:  
(CONFID)

The scene opens at the Palm Springs Police Station...  
Police Captain O'Benny is in his office behind closed  
doors, grilling a suspect...Curtain, Music!

(MYSTERY MUSIC)

JACK:

(TOUGH) Now listen you, you're dealing with Captain  
O'Benny this time, and I want to warn you that anything  
you say will be held against you...Now you're accused  
of robbing the post office, sticking up a train,  
stealing the Hammerstein diamonds, and then you  
boldly held up the First National bank and killed the  
cashier...Now confess...You did it, didn't you?

TACK:

No.

JACK:

Okay, you can go.

SOUND:

(DOOR SLAMS)

JACK:

If he'da said yes, I'da hung him...Nobody puts anything  
over me.

SOUND:

(PHONE RINGS)

PHIL:

There's the phone, Captain.

JACK:

I'll get it.

SOUND:

(RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK:

Hello, Palm Springs Police Station and Date Shop...  
Captain O'Benny speaking...What? Yes, we have some with  
the stuffing in the middle and the walnuts on top...  
Oh, you want the walnuts in the middle and the stuffing  
on top...We're out of those, try the city hall...  
Goodbye.  
(RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: O'Harris --

PHIL: Yes, Chief?

JACK: You arrested two fellows last night...I want you to stop filling this jail with crooks...you understand?

PHIL: Well I gotta do something with them.

JACK: During the height of the season this jail is for tourists...I'm getting twelve dollars a cell American plan..We can catch crooks during the summer.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

LARRY & DON: Mornin', Chief.

JACK: Hi ya, men...How are things on your beats?

DON: A lot of drunks on my beat.

LARRY: A lot of drunks on my beat, too.

PHIL: Well what do you know, pickled beets.

JACK: Cut it out, O'Harris.

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll take it.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Palm Springs Police Station and Date Shop...O'Benny speaking.

MARY: (MAE WEST) Hello Chiefie, this is Mitzi LaRoo at the Lone Palm.

JACK: Yes, yes...what is it, Miss La Roo?

MARY: Get a good grip on your badge, my husband has just been murdered.

JACK: Oh he has, eh? Do you know who murdered your husband?

MARY: No.

JACK: Have you got any ideas?

MARY: (VERY MAE WEST) Well now that he's dead, yes.

JACK: All right, Miss LaRoo, I'm coming right over.

MARY: Okay, Chiefie..And bring a half pound of dates.

JACK: We always do...Goodbye.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Come on, men..Mitzi LaRoo's husband has been murdered,  
AND I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHO DID IT, OR MY NAME AIN'T...

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll take it.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Palm Springs Police Station and Date Shop..Captain  
O'Benny talking.

NELSON: Oh Mr. Benny, I'm here with the owner, and you can have  
the house for forty thousand dollars.

JACK: . Forty thousand, eh? Well, I might be interested....  
However, I'd have to...

NELSON: Talk fast, the termites are spreading mayonnaise on  
the telephone.

JACK: Well that settles it, I don't want it, Goodbye!

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: NOW COME ON, MEN, LET'S GO, AND WE'LL FIND THE MURDERER  
OF MITZI LAROO'S HUSBAND, OR MY NAME AIN'T...  
(MYSTERIOUS HURRY MUSIC)

SOUND: (LOUD BRAKES AS CAR STOPS)

JACK: All right, men, here we are at the Lone Palm.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK)

JACK: Say, this is a pretty classy place, isn't it?

DON: It certainly is...Look at that swimming pool, Chief.

PHIL: How about it, Chief?

JACK: Why not?

SOUND: (RUNNING FOOTSTEPS..THEN THREE SEPARATE LOUD SPLASHES  
IN WATER..SPLASHING CONTINUES)

JACK, PHIL  
AND DON: (BLOW AND PUFF)

JACK: Oh boy, that felt good...All right, come on, men, we've  
got a mystery to solve.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: This is Miss LaRoo's bungalow right here.

SOUND: (LOUD KNOCKING)

MARY: (MAE WEST) Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello, Miss LaRoo..I'm Captain O'Benny..and I'm here  
to solve the murder of your...Wait a minute, where's  
your husband's body?

MARY: In the backyard.

JACK: Wasn't he killed in this hotel room?

MARY: Yes, but check-out time is three o'clock!

JACK: Well tell me everything you know about this crime.

MARY: I don't know anything..I was just sittin' here poppin'  
my bubble gum.

JACK: And you didn't hear a shot?

MARY: No, I really pop it, pop.

JACK: Well come on, O'Harris...let's look around this room  
for clues.

LARRY: (OFF MIKE) COME ON, KEEP MOVIN', KEEP MOVIN'.

JACK: STEVENS, THAT'S THE BODY..Now come on, O'Harris....  
let's....

NELSON: Oh Miss LaRoo...

MARY: Yes?

NELSON: You can tell your husband to get up now, we've made the deal.

JACK: Well how do you like that, he tricked me into buying that house...ALL RIGHT, MEN, I'VE GOT A HOUSE NOW, AND I'LL GET THOSE TERMITES OUT OF THERE, OR MY NAME AIN'T.....

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF MUSIC)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the..the war isn't over for the Red Cross. Their duties and responsibilities are almost as great as during the war years. Their organization stretches around the world and to Americans wherever they are...it's the hand that reaches across the seas. In Germany and Japan and every tiny island we occupy, the red cross stands at the side of our servicemen and women. The Red Cross will need a minimum of one hundred million dollars in 1946...so give all you can to this organization which has done so much for every American...remember...the war isn't over for the Red Cross.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, present at the tobacco auctions, can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: Right you are - LS - MFT.

SIMS: In a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts. Yes, it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina -(CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN) and Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - AMERICAN). Basil Ruysdael speaking for the cigarette that means fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SIMS: Certainly it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette - and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw. So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

(Imp. Tag  
#9)

JACK: Oh Mary, Mary...Let's go over and take a look at that new house I just bought.

MARY: Okay, Jack.

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Wait a minute, Mary....Hello.

NELSON: This is Mr. Fulton, the Real Estate man. You know that house you just bought from me?

JACK: Yes.

NELSON: Well, I can get you two hundred thousand dollars for it.

JACK: Two hundred thousand dollars? Who in the world would pay that much?

NELSON: The termites. They are putting up a dollar a piece.

JACK: Well, let them have it. They've got most of it anyway. Goodnight folks!

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

**CLIENT:** AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

**BROADCAST:** REV. #24  
**DATE:** MAR. 10, 1946  
**NETWORK:** NBC

**PROGRAM:** THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

I OPENING NEW YORK

## AS BROADCAST

**DELMAR:** THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

**RUYSDAEL:** In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts -  
and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

**BOONE:** (CHANT - AMERICAN)

**SIMS:** Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so  
firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

**TICKER:** (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

**RUYSDAEL:** LS - MFT

LS - MFT

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**DELMAR:** Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! So for your own  
real, deep-down smoking enjoyment smoke that smoke  
of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

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DELMAR: Excuse me, this is Kenny Delmar. Excuse me, I have a special announcement to make. Herbert Tareyton Cigarettes are back -- good news for those who prefer a cork tipped cigarette! Herbert Tareyton is back and -- there's something about them you'll like. Herbert Tareyton is back after being made only for the armed forces. Yes, Herbert Tareyton is back -- that cork tipped cigarette, Herbert Tareyton, -- available now for you. Yes, Herbert Tareyton is back -- and remember: There's something about them you'll like! There's something about them you'll like! This is Kenny Delmar -- I trust you will welcome home Herbert Tareyton! There's something about them you'll like.  
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

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MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE BRING YOU OUR MASTER  
OF CEREMONIES...A MAN WHO --

JACK: Wait a minute, Don, wait a minute..What's the idea of  
saying the Lucky Strike program starring Ray Milland?

DON: Well Jack, I didn't see anybody get up and walk out.

JACK: I mean that has nothing to do with it..(POUTING)

MARY: Oh Jack, stop pouting, your lower lip looks like a shoe  
horn.

JACK: I'm not pouting.

DON: Well you told us yourself that Ray Milland was going to  
be our guest.

JACK: That still doesn't entitle him to top billing..He's a  
just a star in pictures..I'm a star of stage, screen  
and radio.

MARY: And will milk cows if you back 'em into Beverly Hills.

JACK: Well now you're just being smart..I merely said that  
Don didn't have to give Ray Milland star billing when  
he's only going to be our guest.

DON: Jack, I only did that as a matter of courtesy.

JACK: Don, if you want to be courteous, do it on Ginny Simms' show, not mine...and another thing --

PHIL: Jackson, I don't know what you're beefing about..I've been with you for eight years, and I've never had no star billing.

JACK: Phil, you've been with me for ten years.

PHIL: I don't count the two years I was auditioning.

JACK: Lookit just be happy you got the job...Now let's get on with the...Gosh, Ray Milland should have been here a half hour ago..I can't understand what's holding him up.

PHIL: I saw his picture, Jackson..I couldn't understand what held him up either.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: I saw the picture..I went up to the box office, bought a ticket, and they gave me my change in pretzels.

JACK: Stop with the gags already..I'm going to call Ray's home and...

MARY: (WHISPERS) Oh Jack, Jack, Jack you don't have to, Ray Milland just came in.

JACK: He did?...Good, good..Uh, ladies and gentlemen, it is my pleasure to introduce our guest..one of the finest actors in Hollywood..the star of The Lost Weekend, and winner of this year's Academy Award..Ray Milland.

(APPLAUSE)

RAY: Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, thank you very much.

JACK: Say Ray, Ray how come you're so late?

RAY: Well I'm sorry, Jack, but I stopped off at the newspaper office to put an ad in for a butler.

JACK: I, I thought you had a butler.

RAY: I have three, as a matter of fact, but they want a fourth for bridge.

JACK: Oh.. Well wouldn't it be cheaper to teach 'em gin rummy and let one of 'em go?

MARY: If it was Jack, he'd teach 'em solitaire and let two of 'em go.

JACK: Mary, please..Well Ray, it certainly is a wonderful achievement, getting the Oscar..Tell me, how did it make you feel winning the Academy award?

RAY: Oh I don't know, Jack..I don't feel any different..I'm still the same sweet..modest...lovable fellow I always was.

JACK: Gee,if I ever won it, I'd be a louse.....Gosh, Ray, what I wouldn't give just to see the Oscar.

RAY: Well Jack, by a coincidence..I just happen to have it with me.

JACK: (Hmm..it weighs twenty-five pounds and he just happens to have it with him)...Let me let me see it, Ray.

RAY: Here you are.

JACK: Gee, isn't it cute?...A bronze Oscar with a little ice bag on its head....You know, Ray, this may surprise you, but I've never won an Academy Award.

RAY: (VERY SURPRISED) Why Jack Benny..YOU HAVEN'T?

MARY: Why Ray Milland what a performance!

JACK: Mary, quiet.

MARY: (WHISPERS) Well Jack, Jack why don't you introduce me?

JACK: Oh yes yes, I'm sorry.. Ray, I want you to meet the members of my cast..This is Mary Livingstone.

RAY: Hello Mary, I'm glad to know you.

MARY: Well I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Milland. Would you consider going out with a girl who doesn't drink?

JACK: Mary, please.

RAY: Why certainly, Mary..In fact I like to go out with girls who don't drink,

MARY: (LAUGHS)

RAY: What are you laughing at?

MARY: Jack likes to go out with girls who don't eat.

JACK: And they're hard to find sister, and Ray, this is Phil Harris.

RAY: Hello, Phil.

PHIL: Amateur!

JACK: Amateur...Phil, you wouldn't appreciate this, but Last Weekend was something new..something daring..I doubt if any other actor would have the stomach, the courage I mean, I doubt if any other actor would have the courage to attempt a role like that.

PHIL: That shows how much you know, Jackson..Right now Gary Cooper is doin' the same thing in "Saratoga Drunk".

JACK: That's Trunk...Saratoga Trunk.

PHIL: Oh. I'm glad you told me, I ain't gonna waste my cabbage goin' to see a lot of baggage.

JACK: Yeah, baggage...Now Ray, the reason I..Phil, why are you staring at Ray like that?

PHIL: I'm just admiring the guy, Jackson..He does it and gets an Academy Award..I do it and get a hangover.

JACK: It's still the weekend, go get lost...Now Ray, the reason I asked you to --

DON: Say Jack, Jack, Jack do you mind if I ask Mr. Milland a favor?

JACK: Why no, no.

RAY: What is it, Don?

DON: Well gosh, Ray, you're such a great actor and everything.

RAY: (SHY) Aw, well --

DON: And you're so you're so sweet, modest, and lovable.

RAY: I know, I know.

JACK: Hmmm

DON: Well, I read something in Shakespeare that I'd like to hear you do..You know the speech that starts out "To be or not to be".

RAY: Oh, yes that's Hamlet's Soliloquy.Why certainly, Don, I'll be glad to do it.

DON: Good, good, I copied the speech myself, and I made a few minor changes.

RAY: Well that's all right..Just give it to me, I'll be glad to read it.

DON: Here you are.

RAY: Thanks...(CLEARS THROAT)

DON: (SOFTLY) Quiet, everybody.

RAY: L S ... OR M F T...THAT IS THE QUESTION

DON: (SOFTLY) Hear, hear.

RAY: WHETHER TIS NOBLER IN THE MINDS OF MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST...TO BE SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED...

DON: Hear, hear.

RAY: OR TO BE...SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.

DON: Hear, hear.

JACK: Where, where?

RAY: Here, here.

JACK: Oh, oh.

RAY: AND SO, GOOD CITIZEN, REMEMBER...THE QUALITY OF (DOES TOBACCO AUCTIONEER'S CHANT ENDING WITH...SOLD TO PARAMOUNT.)

JACK: That's sold American.

RAY: You work for your boss, I'll work for mine.

JACK: Oh yes..Now Ray, Ray, the reason I asked you to come over here is because tonight for our feature attraction, we're going to do our version of your picture, "The Lost Weekend"..Now naturally, since I'm the star of this program, the leading role will be played by me.

RAY: Now wait a minute, Jack...Don't you think that as long as I originated the part in the picture, I should also play it here?

JACK: I do not! I mean, just because you won an Academy Award has nothing to do with it...After all, when I was your age I could have won an Oscar too...except there were no Academy Awards in those days.

MARY: There were no movies either.

JACK: No.

PHIL: And darn few people.

JACK: Phil!..They may have had awfully long arms, but they were still people...Anyway, Ray, I think I should play the lead.

RAY: But Jack, that doesn't make sense...you brought me up here because of The Lost Weekend, and you give me nothing to do.

JACK: Well...maybe...Say, I've got a wonderful idea...Let's both play the part...we'll be twin brothers.

RAY: Twin brothers?

JACK: Yes, we'll give 'em a double feature....We'll be the Birnam brothers...how about it?

RAY: Okay with me.

JACK: That's fine...Now Phil, you'll be our older brother who tries to convince us that drinking is very evil.

PHIL: Who's gonna convince me?



JACK: Phil, it's just a part...After all, you know I don't drink, and neither does Ray..Now Mary, you're going to play Jane Wyman's part..the girl that Ray and I are in love with, but you can't make up your mind which one of us you want.

MARY: The U.N.O. should have problems that easy.

JACK: Mary, don't be so sure, you know, you might have to take Ray...Now this play will go immediately after...the...

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll take it.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Hello.

BEA: Telephone call for Mr. Ray Milland.

JACK: Oh...just a minute..it's for you, Ray.

RAY: For me?..Well...Hello.

ROCHESTER: HELLO MR. MILLAND, THIS IS ROCHESTER.  
(APPLAUSE)

ROCHESTER: I saw by an ad in the paper that you wanted a butler, and I called up to find out about it.

RAY: But..aren't you already working?

ROCHESTER: I SURE AM!

RAY: Well why are you dissatisfied with your present position?

ROCHESTER: Well, I've concluded that ANY RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE HOURS I WORK AND THE MONEY I GET IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL!

RAY: You consider yourself underpaid, huh? How much are you making now?

ROCHESTER: WELL, FRANKLY, I'M ASHAMED TO TELL YOU, BUT... IF I HAVE A SUIT CLEANED AND GO TO A MOVIE IN THE SAME WEEK..ONE OF 'EM HAS TO BE ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN!

RAY: Well you spoke of long hours...What kind of hours have you been working?

ROCHESTER: FROM EIGHT IN THE MORNING 'TIL DARK.

RAY: Well, those aren't such long hours for a butler..working until dark.

ROCHESTER: Under normal conditions, no...BUT MR. BENNY HAS A SUNLAMP OUTSIDE THE KITCHEN WINDOW TO FOOL ME!

RAY: And, and that sunlamp fools you?

ROCHESTER: NOT ONLY ME...HIS CHICKENS HAVE BEEN LAYIN' SIX EGGS A DAY.

RAY: I see...Well, if you go to work for me you'll find that your duties won't be hard but they'll be exacting.

ROCHESTER: Exacting?

RAY: Yes...For instance I like my breakfast served in bed, but unlike other people I can't wait...I want it there when I awaken.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

RAY: Now, do you think you could have my breakfast ready the minute I wake up?

ROCHESTER: YES SIR! I'LL PULL THE CORK OUT THE NIGHT BEFORE!

RAY: Now wait a minute, now wait a minute. I think you have a mistaken idea about my drinking, Rochester, because I never --

JACK: ROCHESTER!...RAY, LET ME AT THAT PHONE...HELLO ROCHESTER, IS THAT YOU?

ROCHESTER: Oh oh.

JACK: Rochester, why did you call up Ray Milland looking for a job?

ROCHESTER: It was an accident, boss...I called up the HOME WAY laundry and got this number by mistake.

JACK: The laundry! Then why did you ask for Ray Milland?

ROCHESTER: I DIDN'T, I ASKED FOR MAY DILLBAND!

JACK: May Dillband!

ROCHESTER: SHE'S THE STARCH GIRL ON THE FOURTH TUB!

JACK: Rochester, that's a mighty weak story.

ROCHESTER: WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ON A MOMENT'S NOTICE...A BEST SELLER?

JACK: Stop being funny, and I'll talk to you when I get home... Goodbye.

ROCHESTER: Goodbye.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Imagine, doing a thing like that behind my back...Come on, Larry, let's have a song.  
(APPLAUSE AND SEQUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER.)  
(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Come Closer To Me" sung by Larry Stevens and..  
Very good, Larry. I bought the record you made of  
that song and it's swell!

LARRY: Thank you, Mr. Benny!

JACK: And now, ladies and gentlemen, for our feature  
attraction tonight..our version of the Academy Award  
winning picture, "The Lost Weekend"...As our story  
opens, Ray and Jack Birnam, twin brothers, have been  
persuaded by their elder brother, Philip, to go to  
the country for the weekend..At the moment the twin  
brothers are in their room packing..Curtain, Music!

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

RAY: Gosh, Jack, I don't know why we have to go away on this  
weekend.

JACK: Neither do I, but brother Philip insists upon it..Are  
we all packed?

RAY: Oh just about...Shirts, ties, sweaters, socks, quarts,  
fifths and pints.

JACK: Good...and put the bottles on the other side of the  
suitcase, my underwear is snapping at 'em..Now let's  
see...

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: Hello, boys.

RAY & JACK: (SWEETLY) Hello, brother Philip.

PHIL: Oh oh, those bottles again. Now, look boys, you've  
gotta stop this drinking..Because we're all going out  
to the country for a weekend..and the fresh air will  
do us a lot of good.

JACK: Well, I'm not going.

PHIL: Now sure you are. Think of it, fellahs..Chickens, horses, rabbits...the scent of new mown hay..Now..You just gotta go...because it'll be a wonderful weekend.

RAY: Why do we have to go?

PHIL: Because we won it on Truth or Consequences!

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: (PLEADING) Now look, boys, I hate to keep lecturing, but don't you know how bad liquor is for you? Don't you realize that alcohol is your worst enemy? Liquor isn't good for you...Now you should stay away from it.

MEL: (FILTER) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED BY MR. HARRIS ARE WRITTEN IN THE SCRIPT AND ARE NOT NECESSARILY HIS OWN.

JACK: All right, we'll go to the country with you.

PHIL: Well you better get ready, we're leaving on the seven fifteen train...Goodbye, boys.

RAY & JACK: Goodbye, brother Philip.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Gee, I hate to go away for a weekend.

RAY: Me too, I was figuring on losing this one.

JACK: Yeah.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Quick, brother Philip's coming back..Hide those bottles.

RAY: Okay...There.

JACK: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, it's you, Jane.

MARY: Hello, boys,.I just saw Philip and he told me you're all going away for the weekend.

RAY & JACK: Yes, we are.

MARY: You boys are so wonderful..You know, sometimes I regret that you two are twins..I just can't make up my mind.

JACK: Make up your mind? What do you mean?

MARY: Well there are two of you and only one of me.

RAY: That's funny...we always see two of you.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: Well don't forget, boys, your train leaves at seven fifteen...Goodbye.

RAY & JACK: Goodbye, brother Philip...We mean goodbye, Janie.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: Gee, what twins we are, we both make the same mistakes. Quick, she's gone, let's open the bottles.

RAY: Okay.

SOUND: (BOTTLES CLINK)

JACK: Aw gee, look, we've only got two bottles left.

RAY: Let's drink one and hide the other.

JACK: Okay, I'll put it up there in the chandelier.

RAY: Good.

JACK: Oh darn it, I can't reach it.

RAY: Well give it to me, I'm higher than you are.

JACK: You are not, I can do it.

RAY: All right, but don't screw the bottle into the socket like you did last time...When I turned on the switch, it blew out a powerhouse at Boulder Dam.

JACK: Don't worry, don't worry...There, the bottle's in the chandelier...

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Now let's open the other one and...

PHIL: Oh boys....

RAY & JACK: (SWEETLY) Yes, brother Philip.

PHIL: Jane and I are going to the..Wait a minute, give me that bottle, I'm going to pour it down the sink.

RAY: Oh no, no, no, brother Philip, don't pour it down the sink.

JACK: That's right, brother Philip, let Ray drink it..that stuff will eat out the plumbing!

PHIL: Well I don't care, boys I'm not going to give it back to you. And remember, you're not to leave this room until it's time to go to the train.

RAY & JACK: (SWEETLY) We won't, brother Philip.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSING)

RAY: Come on, Jack, he's gone...Let's go down to Nat's barroom, and he'll give us a drink.

JACK: Okay.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

SOUND: (SLAPPING ON BAR)

JACK: (DRUNK) COME ON, NAT, SET 'EM UP, SET 'EM UP.

RAY: (DRUNK) YEAH, SET 'EM UP AGAIN.

MEL: Nothin' doin'...not another drop till you pay the bill..you ran up this afternoon.

JACK: How much do we owe you?

MEL: Eighteen thousand dollars.

JACK: Oh.

RAY: All right, all right, you can keep your old liquor...  
(CHILDISHLY) We're going to the country..Nyahh!

JACK: Come on, Ray, let's go.

RAY: All right, hold me up.

JACK: No, you hold me up, I held you up yesterday.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (SNIFFS) Smell that fresh air.

RAY: Yeah, isn't it awful?

JACK: That's what's wrong with this country, it's full of it..  
Come on, let's go down to the corner to Joe's bar.

RAY: That won't do us any good...I haven't got any money.

JACK: Neither have I.

RAY & JACK: (SING) SWEET ADELINE,  
FOR YOU I PINE,  
YOU'RE THE FLOWER OF MY HEART...SWEET ADELINE.

JACK: Hmm, not a nickel, let's try the other side of the  
street.

RAY: Now, this singing won't get us any drinks...I'll go  
home and get my violin.

JACK: That's my line,...I'm tired, let's lie down here in the  
gutter.

RAY: Okay.

JACK: Wait a minute Ray...don't you want to put your head up  
on the curb?

RAY: No, I always sleep without a pillow.

JACK: My feet are cold, pull up that man hole cover...there,  
now I'm comfy.  
(TRANSITION MUSIC, ENDING WITH WEIRD EFFECT)

MEL: (MONOTONOUS LAUGH...CONTINUES)



GEORGE: THEY CAN'T KEEP ME IN HERE, I'M NAPOLEON...(CRAZY  
LAUGH)..THEY CAN'T KEEP ME IN HERE, I'M NAPOLEON.

MEL: WELL GET ON MY BACK, I'M YOUR HORSE...(NEIGHS)  
(WEIRD TREMULO MUSIC, CONTINUES THROUGH SCENE)

JACK: Ray, Ray, where are we?

RAY: I don't know, let's ask that man in the white coat.

JACK: Oh yes...Say, Mister --

NELSON: Yesss?

JACK: Where are we?

NELSON: (MENACING) You're in the alcoholic ward.

JACK: Alcoholic ward?

RAY: I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE, LET ME OUT.

JACK: YES, LET US OUT OF HERE.

NELSON: Oh, you don't want to leave until you've seen the floor  
show.

JACK: Floor show!

NELSON: Yes...In the middle of the night you start seeing things  
...You won't see pink elephants...You're going to see  
red, white and blue turkeys.

JACK: Oh goody, they changed the bill.

NELSON: And then you're going to see tiny rabbits in straw  
hats...midget monkeys that come through the keyhole...  
You know, the kind of talent that's handled by Madman  
Muntz...You'll see thousands of little snakes that knit  
themselves into a sweater....and that isn't--

RAY: STOP IT, STOP IT!

NELSON: Oh I can stop it, but you can't...You're going to see beetles...twenty-three of 'em running in the Santa Anita handicap and eleven of 'em are in the fields. There'll be grasshoppers five feet tall...and there'll be woodpeckers pecking on your head...Peck peck...peck peck peck...Peck peck...peck peck peck...Yes sir! You bet! And how!

JACK: Stop it, STOP IT, STOP IT!

RAY: LET US OUT OF HERE!

(WEIRD MUSIC OUT)

NELSON: Not before the floor show, and it'll start as soon as it gets dark...It's like the doctor was sayin' to me...delirium is a disease of the night...Well...Goodnight.

JACK: Ray, Ray, he's gone, now's our chance to get out...  
There's an open window.

RAY: Okay, let's go.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Well, here we are back in our room.

RAY: That's funny, we didn't even open the door.

JACK: No, we crawled in under it.

RAY: Oh, oh I see...You know, Jack, we'll either have to give up drinking or get our knees half-soled.

JACK: (FAST)...Come on, let's look for that bottle we hid...  
Let's see now, where did we put it?

RAY: Maybe it's in this dresser: THE DRESSER.

JACK: Yeah, the dresser.

SOUND: (DRAWERS BEING OPENED AND CLOSED FAST)

JACK: Maybe it's behind this book case.

SOUND: (BOOKS BEING THROWN ON FLOOR)

JACK: No, it isn't here either...We've gotta find that bottle.  
RAY: Maybe it's behind the sofa, help me move it out.  
JACK: Yeah, the sofa. SOFA.  
SOUND: (SCRAPING OF SOFA, CHAIRS OVERTURNING ETC.)  
JACK: We've gotta find that bottle...Wait a minute, the china closet.  
RAY: Yeah yeah, the china closet, let's look.  
SOUND: (TERRIFIC CRASH OF DISHES)  
JACK: Hmm, paper plates.  
RAY: The bottle isn't there...I'm getting weak, I gotta have a drink.  
JACK: Sit down and rest a while Ray...Get your mind off of it...I'll turn on the radio.  
SOUND: (CLICK OF DIAL)  
JACK: There.  
RAY: I'll sit down, but I gotta have a drink, I tell you, I gotta have a drink.  
WRITERS: (FILTER) PEPSI COLA HITS THE SPOT  
TWELVE FULL OUNCES THAT'S A LOT  
RAY: SHUT THAT OFF....(CLICK OF DIAL) Find that bottle, find that bottle, I gotta have a drink.  
JACK: Wait a minute...it's getting dark out, turn on the lights,  
RAY: All right.  
SOUND: (CLICK OF SWITCH...EXPLOSION)  
JACK: Well...there goes another powerhouse at Boulder Dam... Here it is, Ray, we found the bottle, we found it.  
RAY: Yeah we found it, we found it.  
JACK: Say Ray, I was just thinking...Wouldn't it be awful if mother were here?

RAY: Yeah, there isn't enough for three of us.

JACK: Yeah..I'm sorry we blew out the lights now we're in the dark.

(TREMULO MUSIC STARTS, CONTINUES THROUGH SCENE)

JACK: Can you imagine that guy in the hospital saying we were going to see little animals?

RAY: Yeah...let me have a drink.

(MEL DOES SOUND OF HAWK)

JACK: What did you say?

RAY: I didn't say anything.

JACK: Oh. Give me another drink.

(MEL DOES SOUND OF HAWK)

RAY: Huh?

JACK: I didn't say anything.

RAY: Do you mean to stand there flapping your wings and tell me you didn't say anything?

JACK: I haven't got wings.

RAY: Then what are you doing on the chandelier?

JACK: I'm not on the chandelier.

RAY: Well there's something up on the...Look, it's a bat, it's a bat.

JACK: Yeah, I see it...It's picking the straw hat off the little monkey.

(MEL DOES MONKEY SOUNDS...CONTINUES)

RAY: THE MONKEY. HE'S COMING AT ME, HE'S COMING AT ME, KEEP HIM AWAY FROM ME, KEEP HIM AWAY FROM ME.

SOUND: (RECORD OF ANIMAL NOISES...MEL DOES VARIOUS ANIMALS)

JACK: THE ROOM IS FULL OF LITTLE ANIMALS, AND HERE COME MORE  
OF 'EM, THEY'RE COMING THROUGH THE KEYHOLE...THEY'RE  
SWARMING AROUND US, THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER...THEY'RE  
SURROUNDING US. RAY, RAY, LOOK OUT.

RAY: I CAN'T HELP IT, I....(SCREAMS)  
(TREMULO MUSIC OUT)

JACK: RAY, RAY, THEY'RE COMING AT ME NOW...THOSE LITTLE  
ANIMALS...THEY'RE ON MY THROAT...DO SOMETHING, DO  
SOMETHING...(SCREAMS)

SOUND: (CRASH)

JACK: OH, THANK HEAVEN, THEY'RE GONE...TELL ME, RAY, WHAT  
DID YOU DO?

RAY: I THREW MY OSCAR AT 'EM.

JACK: OH...I KNEW THOSE THINGS WOULD COME IN HANDY.  
(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF MUSIC)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen...two years ago Dennis Day left  
our program and went into the Navy...at about the same  
time another boy was honorably discharged from the Army  
Air Forces and we were very fortunate in getting him to  
pinchhit while Dennis was away...Of course, I'm  
referring to Larry Stevens...And now that the war is all  
over, Dennis Day will be back with us next week. Larry,  
I want to thank you for the wonderful job you've done  
on our show. You were a great asset, and I'm sure that  
our listeners feel the same way I do.

LARRY: Oh, thank you, Mr. Benny...It sure has been grand being  
with you and your whole gang.

JACK: Well it was grand having you...We'll be hearing you on the air and seeing you soon in the new 20th Century Fox picture, "Centennial Summer".....Good luck, kid.

LARRY: Thank you, Mr. Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Ray Milland appeared through the courtesy of Paramount Pictures and can soon be seen in "Kitty"....Jack will be back in a minute, but first here is my good friend, F. E. Boone.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

SIMS: Remember: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts.  
And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Here's what  
Mr. Roy Lee Daniel, of Durham, North Carolina, 32 years  
an independent tobacco auctioneer, said:

DANIEL: I've seen Lucky Strike buy fine, ripe, quality tobacco  
that's chuck full of aroma, mildness and good taste.  
I've smoked Luckies myself for 15 years.

DELMAR: Yes, sir! Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So for  
your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, smoke that  
smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's  
program were Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky  
(CHANT - AMERICAN) and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of  
Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - AMERICAN). This  
is Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

SIMS: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so  
(Imp. Tag #1) firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.  
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

JACK: Thanks very very much, Mr. Milland for appearing on  
our program. And congratulations.



# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

<b>CLIENT:</b>	AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.	<b>BROADCAST:</b> 2ND REV. #25
		<b>DATE:</b> MAR. 17, 1946
<b>PROGRAM:</b>	THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM	<b>NETWORK:</b> NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts - and  
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

RIGGS: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

SIMS: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so  
firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! So for your own  
real, deep-down smoking enjoyment smoke that smoke  
of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Excuse me, this is Kenny Delmar. Excuse me, I have a special announcement to make. Herbert Tareyton Cigarettes are back -- good news for those who prefer a cork tipped cigarette! Herbert Tareyton is back and -- there's something about them you'll like. Herbert Tareyton is back after being made only for the armed forces. Yes, Herbert Tareyton is back -- that cork tipped cigarette, Herbert Tareyton, -- available now for you. Yes, Herbert Tareyton is back -- and remember: There's something about them you'll like! There's something about them you'll like! This is Kenny Delmar -- I trust you will welcome home Herbert Tareyton! There's something about them you'll like.  
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM,..STARRING JACK BENNY..,WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, AND "YOURS  
TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TODAY MARCH 17TH IS ST.  
PATRICK'S DAY...AS YOU ALL KNOW, SAINT PATRICK DROVE  
THE SNAKES OUT OF IRELAND...SO TODAY WE BRING YOU A  
MAN WHO WAS RUN OUT OF WAUKEGAN...JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I'm glad you said "man" and thank you, thank you....  
Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking...And Don, for  
your information, I wasn't run out of Waukegan...It  
was merely a request by the city fathers and mine...  
And being a sharp guy I took the hint and two shirts  
and left...But let's not talk about me...After all,  
this is Saint Benny's...I mean Saint Patrick's Day...  
That's why I'm wearing this shamrock in my lapel.

MARY: Shamrock!

JACK: Yes.

MARY: That's a moth that took a bite out of that twelve  
dollar suit and turned green?

JACK: Mary, don't be funny...this is a very good suit...  
taste it...I mean feel it...Anyway, why aren't you  
wearing something green today?

MARY: I am wearing something green...see?

JACK: Oh yes, yes...what is it?

MARY: It's that gold bracelet you gave me for Christmas.

JACK: Mary, that's an old joke.

MARY: All I know is...I polish my other bracelets, this one the gardener takes care of.

JACK: Well that's appreciation for you...After all, Mary, it wasn't easy to get that bracelet...I spent over three hours at that claw machine...and now...Ladies and gentlemen...good! I didn't know it was going to be that good...you know you surprise...what?

PHIL: Say Jackson, talkin' about Saint Patrick's Day...Did I ever tell you the one about that friend of mine who's got an Irish car?

JACK: An Irish car?

PHIL: Yeah...Every time you blow the horn it plays, "Ireland must be heaven 'cause my motor came from there".....  
Ha ha ha...oh Harris...you're the Barry Fitzgerald of the bobby socks.

JACK: Well pull out your garters and get outa here will you? Put on your garters rather and get out of here...he always tries to run one.

DON: Say Jack?

JACK: What?

DON: Since this is Saint Patrick's Day, don't you think we ought to do a little play?

JACK: This program is starting out like we had no rehearsal at all. And you wanta know something? We didn't. Everybody walks in anytime they want to. Hey? Jackson they holler. What's it? Go ahead. What is it?

DON: Well, Jack this is Saint Patrick's Day? Don't you think we ought to do a little play for our Irish listeners?

JACK: Well, we're doing better than that, Don...tonight for the first time since his release from the Navy, Dennis Day the smiling Irish songbird will be back with us.

PHIL: Oh so the kid's comin' back, huh, Jackson?

JACK: Yup.

MARY: Gosh, Jack...Dennis has been gone for two years...I'll bet the Navy has changed him a lot.

JACK: I'll bet it has too...Anyway, he ought to be here by now...I think I'll call his house and see what's keeping him.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK...DIAL ONCE...BUZZER)

BEA: Say, Mabel...

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SARA: Yeah...I wonder what Bloomer Girl wants now.

BEA: I'll find out.

SOUND: (PLUG IN)

BEA: Hello, Mr. Benny.....huh?.....Dennis Day?....what's his number?.....Okay, I'll call you back when I get him.

SOUND: (PLUG OUT)

BEA: Say, Mabel, did you hear Mr. Benny's program last week?

SARA: Yeah, Ray Milland was on it...Gosh he's wonderful, even if he is the Lost Weekend.

BEA: Listen, Mabel, if you think Milland is the Lost Weekend, you should have a date with Benny.

SARA: Those are my sentiments exactly....You wanna know something, Gertrude?

BEA: What?

SARA: The contest's been over for six weeks and I still can't stand him.

BEA: Yeah...You know, Mabel, two weeks ago he asked me to go to the Academy Award ceremonies, but I had another date.

SARA: Gee, Gertrude, how come Mr. Benny always asks you to all those swanky affairs?

BEA: Well why shouldn't he...After all, my mother gave him the best years of her life.

SARA: Oh...You know, I wouldn't mind going out on a date with Mr. Benny, but he's the sneaky type.

BEA: Sneaky?

SARA: Yeah...he's the kind who lures an unsuspecting girl into his car...drives her out to a dark spot..pretends he's out of gas...stops the car...and then spends the next two hours talking about his picture....It's enough to discourage a person, believe me.

BEA: I'll say...You know, Mabel, I got a confession to make ...once I let Mr. Benny kiss me.

SARA: Why Gertrude Gearshift!...Say tell me, Gertrude, what are his kisses like?

BEA: Well...it's like when you're blowing bubble gum and the bubble collapses against your face.

SARA: Oh...well between you and me, I'd rather have the gum.

BEA: Yeah...Gee, Dennis Day's number doesn't answer...I better tell Blue Eyes about it.

SOUND: (PLUG IN...BUZZER...THEN INTO PHONE RINGING...  
RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Hello...Oh, well try him again later, Gertrude....  
Goodbye...Oh say, Gertrude, what are you doing tonight?  
.....Tomorrow night?.....Tuesday night?.....  
Wednesday night?.....Thursday night?....Christmas Eve?  
....Oh, you're, you're going to visit your mother...  
Well, don't be surprised when you walk in, sister...  
Goodbye.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Well, we might as well get on with the show till Dennis  
gets here....Come on, Phil, let's have a band number.  
(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Yes sir, that was "Who's Sorry Now," played by Phil Harris and his Hour of Harm orchestra...Say Phil, you know this is Saint Patrick's Day, why didn't you do something for the occasion...something Irish.

PHIL: I did, I put a harp in my band.

JACK: Oh yes, yes, yes, and you've got a girl playing it, Gee, you know her fingers must get calloused and sore plucking on all those strings.

PHIL: Well it's her own fault, Jackson...she forgot the bow, so let her do the best she can.

JACK: He's our orchestra leader for ten years now - Phil, you don't use a --

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: I beg your pardon, but hello again.

JACK: Dennis...Dennis day.  
(APPLAUSE...GANG GREETES DENNIS)

JACK: Welcome back, kid, welcome back...gee, it's good to see you...Gosh, Mary, doesn't he look wonderful?

MARY: Oh he sure does.

SOUND: (BIG KISS)

DENNIS: Oh boy, I never expected this...are you gonna kiss me too, Miss Livingston?

MARY: Why certainly, Dennis.

SOUND: (BIG KISS)

JACK: Doggone, Dennis, I can't get over it...you look so mature...you've changed so.



PHIL: Why sure he's changed, Jackson...this kid's been in the Navy for two years...and he's grown up.

DENNIS: Yeah, up.

JACK: HMMMM.

MARY: Dennis, tell us about yourself...did you enjoy your two years in the Navy?

DENNIS: I sure did, Miss Livingston, the Navy's wonderful... I went all over the South Pacific and I saw plenty.  
(WHISTLES)

JACK: I imagine you did, kid...say I'll bet you had a lot of fun too...(CONFIDENTIALLY) Say Dennis, Dennis I've been wanting to ask you something...Tell me, kid... how about those Waves?

DENNIS: That's what made me seasick.

MARY & JACK: Yeah, grown up. Yeah.

JACK: You know, Dennis, I was all over the South Pacific too, and I ran into some pretty rough seas. In fact once I was thrown overboard.

DENNIS: Oh, I was thrown overboard lots of times.

JACK: You were?

DENNIS: Yeah, but the Captain made the fellows cut it out.

JACK: Dennis, the boys kept throwing you overboard? That's terrible.

DENNIS: Oh it wasn't so bad, the Japs kept throwing me back.

MARY: He was the pickle in the middle.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: Say Dennis, when you first joined the Navy, how did they know how to classify you? I mean, how did they know what rank to give you?

DENNIS: Oh that was easy, Miss Livingston....first I had to fill out a lot of forms, answer a lot of questions, and then for two days they gave me a written test.

JACK: For two days...That must have been quite a test.

DENNIS: And after it was all over they made me an Ensign.

JACK: An Ensign. An Ensign?

DENNIS: Yeah...I wonder what they'd made me if I'da passed.

JACK: Maybe it's just as well you didn't, we won the war this way...Well Dennis, we're all anxious to hear you sing again, how about it?

DENNIS: Well gee, Mr. Benny, I don't know why you want me to do a song...You've already got two singers.

JACK: Two singers? What are you talking about, kid?

DENNIS: You know, those two fellows who sing..(DOES AUCTIONEER'S CHANT)

JACK: Oh, oh, them...them, well Dennis, they're not exactly singers, see they're tobacco auctioneers...Dennis we've changed sponsors, you see we changed sponsors after you left...Tell him about it, Don.

DON: Okay...Now Dennis, you studied Morse code in the Navy, didn't you?

DENNIS: Yes sir.

DON: All right, now, now listen to this...tick tick..tick tick tick...tick tick...tick tick...tick tick tick...What does that mean?

DENNIS: Tick tick...tick tick tick?

DON: Yes...tick tick...tick tick tick.

DENNIS: Tick tick...tick tick tick.

JACK: Wait what are you two tick ticking about?

DENNIS: I don't know about him, but I've got a loose tooth.

JACK: Oh.

DON: Dennis...tick tick...tick tick tick...stands for LS/MFT.

DENNIS: Oh.

DON: Now, what does LS/MFT stand for?

DENNIS: Tick tick...tick tick tick.

JACK: No no no, Dennis...LS/MFT stands for Lucky Strike means  
fine tobacco...so round, so firm, so fully packed..  
so free and easy on the draw.

DENNIS: Oh.

JACK: Yes.

DON: And not only that, Lucky Strikes are made of the  
finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobacco.

JACK: And that Dennis is the whole story.

DENNIS: Oh boy, I hope they make a picture out of it,

JACK: Yes yes, starring Sonny Puffs...well come on, Dennis,  
we all want to hear a song..What's it going to be?

DENNIS: Well, since today is St. Patrick's Day, I thought I'd  
sing "Danny Boy."

JACK: That's swell...go to her. Go right ahead.  
(APPLAUSE)  
(SEQUE INTO DENNIS'S SONG)  
(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Very good, very good..That was "Danny Boy" sung by  
Dennis Day and now...

DENNIS: Say Mr. Benny, I meant to ask you...How's Mr. Allen?

JACK: Who?

DENNIS: Fred Allen.

PHIL: Well kid, it was nice seein' you again.

JACK: No no, Phil, in fact I'm glad he brought it up..Dennis,  
I'm happy to tell you that Fred Allen has the same old  
program, the same old jokes, the same old...

MARY: Aw wait a minute, Jack, that's not fair..I've heard all  
of Fred's programs and they've been very funny.

JACK: They have eh? Mary, I wouldn't mind if his jokes just  
laid there, but they crawl out of the radio and stain  
your rugs...some program.

PHIL: That just shows what you know, Jackson...I think the  
funniest thing in radio is Allen's Alley.

JACK: Oh you do, eh?

MARY: I think so too.

JACK: Oh you do, eh?

DON: I think so too.

JACK: Oh you do, eh?

DENNIS: I think Mr. Benny is much funnier than Mr. Allen.

JACK: I think so too,

DENNIS: Oh you do, eh.

JACK: Yes I do..And what's so great about Allen's Alley..  
Anybody with half an ounce of talent can do that.

MARY: Oh yeah? I'd like to see you do it.

JACK: Well I'll just show you, sister..Phil, get your band ready while I put this clothespin on my nose so I'll sound like Fred Allen...Now I'll go down to the Alley, and you kids will play the parts of the people that live there....Okay, Phil...Music!

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: (CLOTHESPIN ON NOSE) And so, Kenny Delmar, I won't say it's been very windy, but last night....

MARY: (PORTLAND) OH MISTER ALLEN..MISTER ALLEN...

JACK: Well, well, if it isn't Cleveland...Gee whiz.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Cleveland, Kenny Delmar and I were just discussing the high winds we've been having here.

MARY: Well, Mama says that all the wind is caused by the pickets.

JACK: The pickets?

MARY: Yes..she says they carry their signs too high and walk too fast. And Mama also said....

JACK: Just a minute, Cleveland...I have a brother-in-law in the last row who's not quite through laughing..Anyway, I imagine your mother knows all about pickets...I understand she's been picketing Lindy's restaurant because the lamb chops look better in their panties than she does in slacks. I don't know, you write this stuff on Thursday and on Sunday nothing happens. What was that Cleveland?

MARY: Oh Mama doesn't wear slacks any more.

JACK: She doesn't? Why did she stop wearing slacks?

MARY: A policeman gave her a ticket for pulling a trailer without a license.

JACK: Well, so much for your mother and her home-grown bustle.. we've got to get down to Benny's Boulevard.

MARY: What is your question for tonight?

JACK: Our question is...Is Fred Allen or Jack Benny the better comedian?

MARY: Shall we leave?

JACK: As one of my eyes said to the other...."Let's pack our bags and go".

(ALLEN'S ALLEY MUSIC)

JACK: Well...I see Senator Harris is home...there's a ten gallon hat and a five gallon jug on the porch...let's knock on the bungalow and see what he's got to say.

SOUND: (LOUD KNOCKING..DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: SOMEBODY...I SAY, SOMEBODY KNOCKED.

JACK: Yes, I....

PHIL: HARRIS IS THE NAME..SENATOR HARRIS, THAT IS...I'M FROM THE WEST.

JACK: From the west, eh?

PHIL: WHEN I'M EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, I'M IN ENEMY TERRITORY.

JACK: Look, Senator....I...

PHIL: I HATE THE EAST..MY FAVORITE ACTRESS IS MAE WEST!

JACK: Look..

PHIL: NO MAN LIVIN' CAN MAKE ME GO SEE EASY LYNNE.

JACK: All I...

PHIL: I NEVER GO OUT OF THE HOUSE ON EASTER SUNDAY.

JACK: Senator...

PHIL: WHEN I BAKE BREAD I WON'T USE EAST.

JACK: That's yeast.

PHIL: I THOUGHT THAT'D GET A RISE OUT OF IT!

JACK: Senator, if you'll just...

PHIL: SPEAK UP, SON..WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON YOUR MIND..THIS IS  
A FREE COUNTRY.

JACK: Well I'm trying....

PHIL: NEVER SAW ANYONE LIKE YOU, SON..YOUR MOUTH'S JUST LIKE  
THE FRONT DOOR OF GENERAL MOTORS..WIDE OPEN BUT NOTHIN'S  
COMIN' OUT.

JACK: .....You're tired, eh?...Well, Senator, the  
question tonight is...Who is the better comedian..Fred  
Allen or Jack Benny.

PHIL: I BROUGHT..I SAY I BROUGHT IT UP IN THE SENATE..(Now  
watch this one, son, it's tricky) I BROUGHT IT UP IN  
THE SENATE AND IT MADE SENATOR TYDINGS GLAD..HA HA HA..  
GLAD TIDINGS..THAT'S A FUN, SON!

JACK: I heard it.

PHIL: THAT'S AN ANECDOTE, YOU NANNY GOAT.

JACK: Now wait a minute....

PHIL: YOU'RE LIKE A MIDGET, SON...EVERYTHING GOES OVER YOUR  
HEAD...OWN UP, SON...YOU'VE GOT A MIND LIKE A CHICKEN.

JACK: What?

PHIL: A CLUCK, THAT IS.

JACK: Look, Senator...just tell me which comedian you like best, Allen or Benny.

PHIL: Where's Allen from?

JACK: Boston.

PHIL: How about Benny?

JACK: He's from Waukegan.

PHIL: Waukegan's west of Boston, ain't it?

JACK: Yes.

PHIL: BENNY'S THE ONE...SO LONG, SON.

JACK: So long.

PHIL: REMEMBER THE WORDS OF HORACE GREELEY...GO WEST, YOUNG MAN..WEST, THAT IS...SO LONG.

JACK: SO LONG.

PHIL: SO LONG.

JACK: SO LONG.

PHIL: SO LONG.

JACK: WHERE'S THAT SOUND EFFECTS MAN?

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: ALWAYS LATE. LATE THAT IS!

(APPLAUSE)



JACK: Well, I suppose the Senator has gone back to his newspaper...He spends all night reading Westbrook Pegler...I wonder, I wonder if Dennis Day...I mean Titus Day is at home...he's always so moody.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR....DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Howdy, bub.

JACK: Ho ho ho ho...Well, Mr. Day...I see you're at home.

DENNIS: Yep...day in and day out, Day's in.

JACK: Yes yes...But say, your eyes look all red.

DENNIS: Been cryin', bub....readin' a sad book.

JACK: What's the title of it?

DENNIS: Forever Amber.

JACK: But Titus...Forever Amber isn't a sad book.

DENNIS: Tis when you're my age, bub.

JACK: Well, I have a very important question to ask you tonight....Who do you think is the better comedian... Fred Allen or Jack Benny?

DENNIS: Well bub, that's a moot question.

JACK: Moot question?

DENNIS: Yep....moot be Allen, moot be Benny.

JACK: Oh I see...Well which one do you consider the better comedian?

DENNIS: Never hear 'em myself....When they come on I put my radio out in the henhouse.

JACK: In the henhouse? .. Why?

DENNIS: Steps up production....Every every time Allen and Benny lay an egg my hens try to match it.

JACK: And that really increases you egg production?

DENNIS: Did up to last Sunday.

JACK: What happened last Sunday?

DENNIS: All my hens killed themselves straining!.... ..So long, bub.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well I guess Mr. Day has his troubles just like the city folks...let's try this next house.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR....DOOR OPENS)

ARTIE: Pickle in the middle  
And the mustard on top.  
Just the way you like 'em  
And they're all red hot.

JACK: Ahhhh, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: You was expecting maybe Fibber McGee and Molotov?

JACK: Ho ho ho ho...Tell me, Mr. Kitzel...how is the hot dog business?

ARTIE: Hoo hoo hoo, very good...except for one thing -- my customers have trouble making up their minds.

JACK: Making up their minds....to what?

ARTIE: Whether they want the pickle in the middle and the mustard on top or the mustard in the middle and the pickle on top.

JACK: I can see where that would pose quite a problem... Anyway, what I'm trying to find out tonight is who you think is the better comedian...Fred Allen or Jack Benny.

ARTIE: In mine house that is making arguments...mine wife, Tulullah, is liking Fred Allen --

JACK: And you?

ARTIE: I am liking The Great Gilderstein.

JACK: Oh, the Great Gildersleeve.

ARTIE: Yes...When Gilderstein is broadcasting, Talullah is leaving the room.

JACK: I see.

ARTIE: When Fred Allen is broadcasting, I am leaving the room.

JACK: What happens when Jack Benny is broadcasting?

ARTIE: The radio is leaving the room...

JACK: What?

ARTIE: Pickle in the middle  
And the mustard on top  
Just the way you like 'em  
And they're all red hot

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSSES)  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I suppose Mr. Kitzel's life would be complete if people could just make up their minds where they want the mustard...Well, here's the last house in the alley....I wonder what a knock here will bring.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS)

ROCHESTER: GREETINGS ALL, IT'S TIME FOR PLAY...  
FOR ROCK IS HERE WITH RONDELAY!

JACK: You have more poems for us tonight?

ROCHESTER: Oh, indubitably...Have you heard...  
SAID THE RUM TO THE GIN "I UNDERSTAND..  
YOU'RE GOING STEADY WITH RAY MILLAND"?

JACK: Nooo.

ROCHESTER: OR...."I SAID TO MYSELF THIS IS NOT FOR ME..  
AS I PICKED UP THE DICE AND THREW A THREE"?

JACK: Nooo.

ROCHESTER: OR....MY MOTHER HAS ROLLED HER STOCKINGS DOWN..

SINCE SHE HEARD VAN JOHNSON IS BACK IN TOWN?

JACK: That does it!...Tonight we are trying to find out  
who is the better comedian...Fred Allen or Jack  
Benny.

ROCHESTER: Precisely why I am here...I have written a poem..

JACK: What is your -- what -- now wait until I get this on  
tighter. What is your comedian's poem called?

ROCHESTER: Allen or Benny.

JACK: How does it go?

ROCHESTER: Allen or Benny the question rings,  
And the nation is put to a test.  
From city to hamlet you hear the cry,  
Is Allen or Benny best.

Allen has bags and Benny is cheap,  
And they're both on Sunday night.  
So millions of people from coast to coast,  
Tune in to hear them fight.

And I often wondered just what it means,  
As they hurl their epitaphs,  
For while they're knocking each other out,  
CASS DALEY GETS ALL THE LAUGHS!

JACK: Well, I never thought of that.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you Rochester Openshaw...  
And now Phil Harris and his No Goodman Orchestra will  
play, "One-zy Two-zy, because that's as high as  
they can count". Take it, boys.  
(PALYOFF MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first here  
is my good friend, L. A. "Speed" Riggs --

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

SIMS: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And  
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

RUYSDAEL: Yes sir! - LS - MFT!

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so  
firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

SIMS: At market after market, Lucky Strike consistently  
selects and buys fine, light, naturally mild tobacco.  
This fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down  
smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of  
fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's  
program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro,  
North Carolina (CHANT - AMERICAN) And Mr. F. E. Boone,  
of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - AMERICAN) This is  
Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

DELMAR: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And  
(Imp. Tag  
#2) Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.  
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

JACK: Oh Dennis...Dennis...

DENNIS: (AS TITUS MOODY) Howdy, bub.

JACK: We're through with that.

DENNIS: Oh.

JACK: Dennis, I just wanted to tell you that we're all very happy to have you back with us again.

DENNIS: I'm glad to be back, Mr. Benny...and I want to thank Larry Stevens for doing such a swell job on the show while I was away.

JACK: We all feel the same way, Dennis. Goodnight folks!

DENNIS: Yeah, night.  
(APPLAUSE)

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

<b>CLIENT:</b>	AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.	<b>BROADCAST:</b>	2ND REV. PROGRAM #26
<b>PROGRAM:</b>	THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM	<b>DATE:</b>	MAR. 24, 1946
		<b>NETWORK:</b>	NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

**DELMAR:** THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

**RUYSDAEL:** In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts - and  
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

**BOONE:** (CHANT - AMERICAN)

**DELMAR:** Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so  
firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

**TICKER:** (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

**RUYSDAEL:** LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

**SIMS:** Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! So for your own  
real, deep-down smoking enjoyment smoke that smoke  
of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

**RIGGS:** (CHANT - AMERICAN)



THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
2ND REV. OPENING

DELMAR: Excuse me, this is Kenny Delmar. Excuse me, I have a special announcement to make. Herbert Tareyton Cigarettes are back -- good news for those who prefer a cork tipped cigarette! Herbert Tareyton is back and -- there's something about them you'll like. Herbert Tareyton is back after being made only for the armed forces. Yes, Herbert Tareyton is back -- that cork tipped cigarette, Herbert Tareyton, -- available now for you. Yes, Herbert Tareyton is back -- and remember: There's something about them you'll like! There's something about them you'll like! This is Kenny Delmar -- I trust you will welcome home Herbert Tareyton! There's something about them you'll like.  
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM...STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...LET'S GO BACK TO LAST  
NIGHT AND OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE, WHERE THE WHOLE  
GANG HAS GATHERED FOR REHEARSAL.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Rochester, has everybody arrived for rehearsal?

ROCHESTER: Yes sir, they're all in the library.

JACK: Good...well...I'm ready.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

ROCHESTER: MISTER JACK BENNY...EVERYBODY RISE.

SOUND: (SCRAPING OF CHAIRS)

ROCHESTER: THE FIRST REHEARSAL OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH PROGRAM OF THE  
LUCKY STRIKE SERIES IS NOW IN SESSION.

SOUND: (RAPPING OF GAVEL)

JACK: Good evening, Miss Livingstone.

MARY: Uh, good evening, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Good evening, Mr. Wilson.

DON: Good evening, Mr. Harris.

PHIL: Good evening, Mr. Benny.

DENNIS: Gee, what's happened since I went away?

JACK: Another outburst like that and I'll have the room cleared. Now raise your right hands and repeat after me. Mr. Harris, it's your other hand...Now repeat after me..."I do solemnly swear..."

CAST: "I do solemnly swear..."

JACK: "That I will not divulge or repeat..."

CAST: "That I will not divulge or repeat..."

JACK: "Any routines, ideas or jokes herein contained."

CAST: "Any routines, ideas or jokes herein contained."

JACK: "And if I do, may I be farmed out to Life Can Be Beautiful".

CAST: "And if I do, may I be farmed out to Life Can Be Beautiful".

JACK: You may all be seated.

SOUND: (SCRAPING OF CHAIRS)

JACK: (CLEARS THROAT) Rehearsal is now in session.

SOUND: (RAPPING OF GAVEL)

JACK: And now to facilitate the reading of the script, will everybody please remove their paperclips? Good... Rochester, collect them, count them and straighten the bent one.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

JACK: We will now commence the rehearsal with the opening introduction by Mr. Wilson...Mr. Wilson, if you please.

DON: Thank you.

PHIL: I beg your pardon, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Just a moment, Mr. Wilson. What is it, Mr. Harris?

PHIL: Well, I'd like to propose an amendment to joke four on page six.

JACK: Why?

PHIL: Because it stinks.

JACK: I see...Mr. Harris has expressed an opinion that joke four on page six has an aromatic quality which is not pleasant...We will take a vote...Miss Livingstone?

MARY: I agree.

JACK: Mr. Wilson?

DON: I agree.

JACK: Mr. Day?

DENNIS: I can't tell, I have a cold.

JACK: Motion passed...And now, we will proceed with the --

MARY: Oh Jack, for heaven's sake, this is silly.

JACK: What?

MARY: Why do we have to go through this every time we have a rehearsal? Why can't we rehearse like we used to?

JACK: Because everybody took advantage of it. You came in late, you wouldn't pay attention, you sat around reading newspapers instead of scripts...that's why.

MARY: But, Jack, you can't rehearse this way...you've got to loosen up. After all, this is a comedy program.

DENNIS: Ooh, what she said.

JACK: Dennis.

PHIL: Well, Ivy's right, Jackson. We can't be funny when we're so formal and stiff.

JACK: Phil, you're the only one that comes in stiff...that's why we're rehearsing this way...Remember, I'm the star.

MEL: I'm the star, I'm the star...(TWO SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Quiet, Polly.

MEL: Quiet, Polly, quiet Polly. (SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Polly, if you don't keep quiet, I'm going to...you know what.

MARY: Oh Jack, not again.

PHIL: What does he do, Livy?

MARY: Every time the Polly talks back to him, he takes her out of the cage, opens the front door and hands her a road map to Capistrano.

JACK: Mary.

MARY: That's the only parrot registered with the Automobile Club.

JACK: Never mind, let's get started with the rehearsal. Now here's the way the show will run. We'll do our usual opening spot, a band number.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: And then Dennis' song will --

ROCHESTER: SANDWICHES, HARD-BOILED EGGS AND COCO COLA...GET YOUR SANDWICHES, HARD-BOILED EGGS AND COCO COLA HERE.

JACK: Oh yes.

DON: I'll have a roast beef.

ROCHESTER: Here you are...Thank you.

SOUND: (CASH REGISTER)

JACK: And now, we'll --

ROCHESTER: HARD-BOILED EGGS COOKED FRESH THIS MORNING, ROAST BEEF SANDWICHES.

MARY: I'll have a hard-boiled egg.

ROCHESTER: Here you are.....Thank you.

SOUND: (CASH REGISTER)

JACK: And now, we'll --

MARY: May I have a paper napkin, please?

ROCHESTER: Yes mam, here you are...Thank you.

SOUND: (CASH REGISTER)

JACK: And now, we'll --

ROCHESTER: Will you have a sandwich, Mr. Day?

DENNIS: Yes please.

ROCHESTER: Here you are.

JACK: .....Ham..(I'll have to re-educate this kid, he got his food free in the Navy)...And now, we'll--

ROCHESTER: LAST CALL FOR SANDWICHES, HARD-BOILED EGGS AND COCO COLA.  
(SINGS -- EGGS & COCO COLA, EGGS & COCA COLA)

MEL: (TWO SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: All right, kids, we'll start the rehearsal with the introduction..No, no, we better.....

MARY: Oh Jack, let's start somewhere so we can get through...  
We're all going to the movies.

PHIL: Yeah, Jackson, we're goin' down to see that new picture,  
"The Road to Utopia".

JACK: Oh yesh...Say, maybe I'll go with you..I'd like to see  
what Crosby looks like with his collar open....Anyway,  
kids, we can't go till after rehearsal. I don't know what  
you want to go to the movies for anyway..There hasn't been  
a good picture since "The Horn Blows at Midnight".

MEL: (THREE LOUD SQUAWKS)

JACK: Quiet, Polly, you didn't even see it.

DENNIS: Maybe Walter Pidgeon told her.

JACK: Yeah yeah, Walter Pidgeon, he flies by here every day...  
Now listen, kids, let's get one thing straight..My  
rehearsals are more important than going to the movies..  
I'm sick of the movies anyway.

MARY: Oh Jack, you always hate the movies this time of year  
because you never win the Academy Award.

JACK: Mary, that has nothing to do with it...Comedy pictures  
get very little consideration..I found out one thing..  
To win an Academy Award you've got to do a picture with  
absolutely no laughs in it.

MARY: Well your darn one last year made it.

JACK: I think you got the idea. I don't mind when you ball up  
a lousy gag but that was such a good one. Anyway, my next  
picture will --

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

ROCHESTER: SANDWICHES, HARD-BOILED EGGS AND ALABAMA PENNANTS.

MARY: Alabama pennants?

ROCHESTER: YEAH, WE HAD 'EM LEFT OVER FROM THE ROSE BOWL GAME.

JACK: Rochester, save those, Alabama may be out here again.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: (Boy, did I take a beating on those..I tried everything..I  
even had Rochester sitting on a bale of cotton)....Now  
come on, kids, let's get going with this rehearsal..Don,  
take it from the --

DON: Say Jack, Jack I've been looking all through the script,  
and I don't see any place where I do a commercial.

JACK: Oh oh, that..Well Don, I've got a big surprise for you,  
and it'll be terrific on our show.

MARY: What is it, Jack?

JACK: Well, get this, kids...Now Polly..Polly--

MEL: (TWO SQUAWKS)

JACK: Oh now Polly, what has daddy been teaching you all week?

MEL: (TWO SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: No no, Polly nq nq nq nq that you picked up yourself...  
Now listen..LS/MFT.....

MEL: L S.

JACK: M F T.

MEL: Hard boiled eggs.

JACK: No, no..no take it again, Polly....L S.

MEL: L S.

JACK: M F T.

MEL: M F T.

JACK: Now put them all together and what have you got?

MEL: Mother...(SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Polly, how can you be so dumb?...Every week you listen  
to the radio..you hear the commercials..now what do you  
hear?

MEL: (SINGS) Poor Miriam, poor Miriam..(SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Not that..Now listen, Polly..Lucky Strike means fine  
tobacco....Come on..Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

MEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

JACK: So round, so firm, so fully packed,.

MEL: LS/MFT.

JACK: We're past that.

MEL: Hard boiled eggs.



JACK: Polly!

MEL: (WHISTLES)

JACK: Now look, Polly, listen..So round, so firm, so fully packed.

MEL: So round.

JACK: So firm.

MEL: So firm.

JACK: So fully packed.

MEL: Hard-boiled eggs..(SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: No, No, NO!...(MAD) I'VE GOT A GOOD NOTION TO YANK YOU OUT OF THAT CAGE AND --

MEL: (VERY FAST) So round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw..(TWO SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Ha ha ha, it works every time...Well kids, that takes care of the commercial.

DENNIS: If he teaches that bird how to sing, I'm back in the Nav.

JACK: Well as a warning to all of you, she's learning fast... Now kids, let's rehearse the scene right after --

MARY: Oh Jack, why can't we rehearse tomorrow morning?..It's getting late and we want to go to the movies.

JACK: Well..all right..But Dennis, before you go, run over your song..I'm going up to bed..So long kids, see you in the morning.

CAST: AD LIB GOODBYES.  
(APPLAUSE AND SEQUE INTO DENNIS'S NUMBER)

DENNIS: ("OH WHAT IT SEEMED TO BE")  
(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

ROCHESTER: Here you are, boss, I got your bed turned down.

JACK: Thanks....Rochester, please untie my shoes, will you?

ROCHESTER: Your shoes?

JACK: Yes...I'd do it myself but Benny's back and lumbago's got him...Hey...did you hear that? Benny's back and lumbago's got him...Hey Rochester, do you think I should use that joke on my program tomorrow?

ROCHESTER: Hee hee hee hee...No.

JACK: Well, that's all I'll need you for, Rochester, goodnight!

ROCHESTER: Goodnight, boss.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: Hmm, look what time it is...eighty-thirty..that's funny. I'm not even sleepy...I think I'll sit up for a while and read a book...Let's see...Here's one..."Clara Clinganpeel: Girl Bricklayer"...Oh, I read that... Here's another one..."I Married A Smudge Pot"...Gee, that was a hot one...I remember that...Here's another one "Your Darn One Last Nearly Made it"...I thought, I thought I read that just a couple of minutes ago. I wonder if...say wait a minute, here's a book I haven't read..."I Stand Condemned"...by Maximillian Q. Langley.. Hmm..."I Stand Condemned"...Gee, that's an exciting title...I think I'll read this book.

SOUND: (TURNING OF PAGES)

JACK: (MIKE) Chapter One..."I Stand Condemned".

JACK: (ECHO) I'M WHAT YOU'D CALL AN AVERAGE CITIZEN...I COME FROM A LITTLE TOWN IN THE MIDWEST...YES, I'M MARRIED... I HAVE A LOVELY WIFE, AND WE HAVE THREE FINE BOYS AND A DOG...GEORGE, FRANK, HARRY AND ROVER...HARRY IS THE DOG...MY LIFE, AS THE LIVES OF MOST MEN, FOLLOWED A COURSE POINTED OUT BY THE FICKLE FINGER OF FATE.  
(MIKE)...Hm...fickle finger of fate...Gee, this guy is a classy writer.  
(ECHO)...MOST STORIES START AT THE BEGINNING...BUT MY STORY BEGINS AT THE END...I AM OCCUPYING A CELL IN THE DEATH ROW AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY.  
(WEIRD ORGAN MUSIC)  
SOUND: (SHAKING OF IRON BARS)  
JACK: (MIKE) I'M INNOCENT, I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YOU...LET ME OUT OF HERE.  
SOUND: (SHAKING OF BARS)  
JACK: OH WARDEN...WARDEN...  
NELSON: Yesss?  
JACK: Warden, you've gotta let me out of here...I'm innocent, do you hear, innocent...And in a few minutes they're going to execute me...what time do I go to the chair?  
NELSON: Five-thirty.  
JACK: Good...then I won't have to listen to Fred Allen.  
Warden, what am I saying, I tell you, it wasn't my fault...I don't want to go to the electric chair.  
NELSON: Now now, calm down...Our barber is a little rushed today, so I'll shave your head myself.  
JACK: But Warden...  
NELSON: Sit still, I'll start with the scissors.

SOUND: (SNIP OF SCISSORS)

JACK: (VERY CALM) Take it easy around the sideburns, please.

NELSON: Yes.

JANE: Manicure?

JACK: No no, thank you.

NELSON: It's on the house you know.

JACK: Oh..Oh..manicure, please..(DRAMATIC) Wait a minute, let me out of here...I don't want to go to the electric chair...I won't leave this room...I can't walk that last mile.

NELSON: Oh you won't have to, we'll bring the electric chair in here.

JACK: What?

NELSON: We have a long cord, you know.

JACK: Good...but warden, if you'll only listen to my story, I know you'll believe me.

NELSON: Oh very well...What is your story?

JACK: Well, warden, it goes back a long long time...I would have led a normal life except for the fickle finger of fate.

(WEIRD ORGAN CHORD)

JACK: (ECHO)..THE WARDEN LISTENED TO MY STORY...I TOLD HIM HOW I MET THE MAN WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR MY UNDOING... I WAS WALKING DOWN THE STREET...I HAD JUST LEFT MY OFFICE AND WAS GOING HOME TO MY THREE WONDERFUL CHILDREN ...MANNIE, MOE AND JACK...WE HAD MANNIE AND JACK AND FELT THAT WE SHOULD HAVE ONE MOE...ANYWAY, I WAS WALKING ALONG WHEN SUDDENLY A FIGURE STEPPED OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

(ORGAN "SUSPENSE" MUSIC IN BACKGROUND)

JACK: (ECHO)..HE WAS A SMALL MAN WITH A ROUND FACE...HE  
REMINDED ME SOMEWHAT OF PETER LORRE..AND WHEN HE SPOKE  
HIS VOICE TOO REMINDED ME OF PETER LORRE...HE TAPPED  
ME ON THE SHOULDER AND SAID..

LORRE: Pardon me, sir, but may I trouble you for a match?  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: (MIKE)...A match? I'm sorry, I don't have one, but  
I'll let you use my cigarette lighter.

LORRE: Thank you, you are very kind.

SOUND: (FAST FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: . ....HEY YOU, COME BACK WITH THAT LIGHTER...GIVE ME  
THAT.

LORRE: All right, all right...here's your lighter.

JACK: I thought you just wanted to light a cigarette.

LORRE: I do, but my cigarette is home.

JACK: Oh yeah? Then why were you running toward the  
railroad station?

LORRE: My home is in Pittsburgh.

JACK: Pittsburgh!

LORRE: Yes, I married a smudge pot.

JACK: Smudge pot!  
(WEIRD ORGAN CHORD)

JACK: Now wait a minute...you were trying to steal my  
cigarette lighter.

LORRE: No I wasn't...as a matter of fact I'd like to buy it...  
I'll give you twenty thousand dollars for it.

JACK: Twenty thousand dollars...Well...I don't want to take  
advantage of you...I'll tell you what...I'll throw  
in an extra flint.

LORRE: Thank you...thank you sir, here is the money.

JACK: A twenty thousand dollar bill!....Gosh! Well, so long,  
Mister, I hope you enjoy the lighter.

LORRE: Oh...just a moment...I..I also admire that necktie you  
are wearing.

JACK: My necktie!  
(CRAZY DESCENDING CHORD)

JACK: (ECHO)...I KNOW IT SOUNDS FANTASTIC, BUT HE BOUGHT MY TIE FOR SEVENTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS...AND THEN HE BOUGHT MY SHIRT AND MY SHOES AND MY SUIT...AND I GAVE HIM MY LAST STITCH OF CLOTHING, THIS MYSTERIOUS STRANGER HANDED ME ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS AND TWO BALLOONS...HAVING NO CLOTHING, I BLEW UP THE BALLOONS AND DANCED MY WAY HOME...THE NEXT DAY I MET THE LITTLE MAN FOR A SECOND TIME.

(WEIRD ORGAN CHORD..ENDS WITH WEIRD CHORD)

JACK: (ECHO)...AGAIN HE GAVE ME FABULOUS PRICES FOR MY CLOTHES AND AGAIN I DANCED MY WAY HOME...ON THE THIRD DAY THE SAME THING HAPPENED,..I WAS NOT ONLY GETTING RICHER, BUT I WAS DANCING BETTER,..OUR DAILY MEETINGS WERE MORE THAN MERE COINCIDENCE...A BOND DEVELOPED BETWEEN US...TWO WEEKS LATER I WAS SITTING IN THE KITCHEN HAVING BREAKFAST WITH MY WIFE AND MY THREE LOVELY CHILDREN, ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCA.....THE LITTLE MAN HAD NOT YET COME DOWNSTAIRS...YES, HE WAS LIVING WITH US NOW.

(ORGAN - FEW BARS OF HOME SWEET HOME)

MARY: Come on, children, finish your breakfast.

JACK: (MIKE) That's right, children, eat every bit of it.

PHIL: (AS A KID) But dawady, I'm tired of this silly old caviar...(CRYING) Why can't we have oatmeal like we used to?

JACK: Because we're rich, that's why...Now hurry up or you'll be late for school...Where's Junior?

MARY: Oh he's out in the backyard making mud pies out of butter.

JACK: For heaven's sake...doesn't he know he's going to ruin his mink overalls?...Anyway, he's been out there long enough.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: JUNIOR...JUNIOR, GET READY FOR SCHOOL.

DENNIS: OH DADDY, I DON'T WANT TO GO TO THAT NEW SCHOOL.

JACK: I BOUGHT IT AND YOU'LL GO TO IT...Now get ready.

MARY: You know, darling, things just haven't been the same since that stranger came to live with us...He frightens me...there's something weird about him.

JACK: You know, I've been feeling the same --

MARY: Shh, quiet, here he comes now.  
(STACCATO ORGAN CHORD)

LORRE: Good morning, everybody.  
(ORGAN MIMICS LORRE'S LINE)

JACK: Good morning.  
(ORGAN MIMICS JACK)

LORRE: Did you...(TWO ORGAN CHORDS)...sleep well?

JACK: (FAST) Yes I did.  
(THREE FAST ORGAN CHORDS)

JACK: Nyahh!...Sit down.

LORRE: Thank you...I'm I'm sorry I'm late for breakfast, but I overslept...I was out on a party last night.

JACK: A party? Well how do you feel?  
(FAST DESCENDING ORGAN CHORD)

JACK: Oh...Well, have some tomato juice.

MARY: Yes, I'll get you some.

LORRE: You know I envy you two...Oh a beautiful home and lovely children.

MARY: Haven't you any children?



LORRE: No, I married a smudge pot.

JACK: Oh...then you have no children.

LORRE: No, but we are lousy with oranges.

JACK: Oh.

LORRE: By the way, I I don't feel I should live here any longer without paying you rent...How much do you want?

JACK: (COY) Well...I'm no good at these things...let's forget it.

LORRE: Oh no no no, I insist...Would a million dollars a week be enough?

JACK: Well...with or without meals?

LORRE: Oh ah with meals.

JACK: That'll be three dollars extra.

LORRE: I'll be glad to pay for it.

JACK: Glad!  
(WEIRD ORGAN CHORD)

JACK: (ECHO) THINGS LIKE THIS WERE HAPPENING EVERY DAY...I HAD GONE MONEY MAD..MONEY, MONEY, MONEY..MY WIFE LEFT ME, AND SO DID MY THREE LOVELY CHILDREN..ATCHISON, TOPEKA AND IRVING...THEY RAN OFF WITH THE HARVEY GIRLS...BUT I DIDN'T CARE, I HAD MY MONEY...I HAD ACCUMULATED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WHICH I KEPT IN MY SHOES...I WAS NOW ELEVEN FEET SIX...I BEGGED THE O.P.A. TO RAISE THE CEILING..ONE DAY AS I WAS SWEEPING SOME LOOSE CHANGE UNDER THE RUG...HE CAME IN.  
(WEIRD ORGAN CHORD...SEGUE INTO CHICKERY CHICK..)

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT!

LORRE: Hello, my friend...Look, I have a present for you...a brand new ten thousand dollar bill.

JACK: (MIKE...(EXCITED) A ten thousand dollar bill? Let me have it...Give it to me quick, I've gotta have it!

LORRE: All right, all right, but be careful how you handle it.. the ink is still wet.

JACK: Don't worry, I'll...The ink is still wet!..Wait a minute...You mean you've been printing this money yourself?

LORRE: Certainly...doesn't everybody?

JACK: (DRAMATIC) Oh so that's it...I must have been blind not to see through this whole scheme. My life is ruined! I've lost my wife and my three lovely children..Sara, Toga, and Trunk...I thought I was rich...but I haven't got a tie, or a shirt, or a suit,...All I've got is money money, money...and all counterfeit!..You've even got my cigarette lighter, and I like a fool threw in an extra flint.

LORRE: Yes, you are a fool...Do you think I'd really pay seventeen thousand dollars for a necktie?...Twenty-two thousand dollars for your button shoes?

JACK: Now wait a minute --

LORRE: Yes, you are a fool..Do you think I would give you five hundred dollars for a dinner when I could get the same thing at Ciro's for four hundred?

JACK: Ciro's!  
(WEIRD ORGAN CHORD)

LORRE: Of course that money was counterfeit!

JACK: And those balloons you gave me weren't any good either.. They broke on the Sunset bus and embarrassed me...And so all this time you've been nothing but a counterfeiter.

LORRE: Well, what's the difference? We can still do business...  
I can print the money, and you can get rid of it for me.

JACK: (DRAMATIC) Never, never, never!...I'll kill you first...  
...That's what I'm going to do..I'm going to kill you!

LORRE: (FAST AND GASPING) Get your hands off my throat!..Take  
'em away, take 'em away!..Don't kill me, I'll give you  
back your clothes!

JACK: My clothes...what good are they now?..You've had the  
pants shortened and the coat taken in...You even cut off  
the belt in the back!

LORRE: (GASPING) Please, please, stop choking me! Why must I  
always die in the end?

JACK: There...there...THERE! I killed him!

SOUND: (BODY THUD)  
(WEIRD ORGAN CHORD)

JACK: (ECHO)...YES, I KILLED HIM...AND AS I FINISHED TELLING  
MY STORY, THE WARDEN LOOKED AT ME AND SAID..

NELSON: It's five-thirty, shall we go?

JACK: (MIKE) Yes.

JACK: (ECHO) SO ...I WALKED THROUGH THE LITTLE GREEN DOOR AND  
I THOUGHT OF MY THREE LOVELY CHILDREN FICKLE FINGER AND  
FATE...I STAND CONDEMNED.  
(WEIRD CHORD AND APPLAUSE)

JACK: (MIKE) Gee, what a swell book...That guy is a great  
writer..fickle finger of fate...I've gotta remember that.  
(PLAYOFF MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in a few minutes, but first here is  
my good friend, F. E. Boone.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

DELMAR: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. Yes, it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SIMS: Independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - present at the tobacco auctions can see just who buys what tobacco. They can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy fine, light, naturally mild tobacco.

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And this fine Lucky Strike tobacco means more real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - AMERICAN) and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - AMERICAN). This is Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(Imp. Tag  
#17)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen...next Sunday we'll be with you again, broadcasting from the Permanent Army Air Base at March Field...Well Peter Lorre, I want to thank you very much for appearing on my program tonight.

LORRE: It was a pleasure to be here, Jack.

JACK: I may not see you later, so I want to pay you for your performance right now...Here you are...three thousand dollars.

LORRE: Oh thank you, thank you very much.

JACK: Be careful how you handle it, the ink is still wet...  
Goodnight, everybody.

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

<b>CLIENT:</b>	AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.	<b>BROADCAST:</b> 2ND REV. #27 MAR. 31, 1946
<b>PROGRAM:</b>	THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM	<b>DATE:</b>
		<b>NETWORK:</b> NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM! *AS BROADCAST*

RUSYDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts - and  
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

RIGGS: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so  
firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUSYDAEL: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! So for your own  
real, deep-down smoking enjoyment smoke that smoke  
of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
2ND REV. OPENING #27

DELMAR: Excuse me, this is Kenny Delmar. Excuse me, I have a special announcement to make. Herbert Tareyton Cigarettes are back -- good news for those who prefer a cork tipped cigarette! Herbert Tareyton is back and -- there's something about them you'll like. Herbert Tareyton is back after being made only for the armed forces. Yes, Herbert Tareyton is back -- that cork tipped cigarette, Herbert Tareyton, -- available now for you. Yes, Herbert Tareyton is back -- and remember: There's something about them you'll like! There's something about them you'll like! This is Kenny Delmar -- I trust you will welcome home Herbert Tareyton! There's something about them you'll like.  
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

DON: FROM THE PERMANENT ARMY AIR BASE AT MARCH FIELD,  
CALIFORNIA...THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK  
BENNY...WITH MARY LIVINGSTON, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER  
DENNIS DAY, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE - MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...AS YOU ALL KNOW, THIS IS THE  
MONTH OF MARCH..AND AS I MENTION BEFORE, WE ARE  
BROADCASTING FROM MARCH FIELD...SO HERE WE ARE AT  
MARCH FIELD IN THE MONTH OF MARCH.

JACK: Now isn't that clever? Get it, fellows? March field,  
month of March...It took four writers to think of  
that....Go ahead, Don.

DON: YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS YOU ALL KNOW, MARCH IS  
THE MONTH THAT COMES IN LIKE A LION...

MEL: (DOES LOUD LION ROAR)

JACK: Hmm.

MEL: (ANOTHER ROAR)

JACK: That's enough, Sergeant....Sit down. Sit down.

DON: YES, FOLKS, IT COMES IN LIKE A LION AND GOES OUT LIKE  
A LAMB.

MEL: (BLEATS)

JACK: Thank you, Lieutenant....Lie down, bub.

DON: WE CAN'T BRING YOU A LAMB OR A LION, BUT WE CAN BRING  
YOU AN ELK...AND HERE HE IS...JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you..Thank you...Hello again, this is  
Jack Benny talking..And Don, I don't happen to belong  
to the Elks...This tooth I'm wearing on my watch chain  
is a souvenir of the first World War..An M.P. gave it  
to me.



DON: An M.P. gave it to you?

JACK: Yes...One night I talked back to him, and he just happened to bump his knuckle on my tooth as he pulled his fist out of my mouth.....He handed me my tonsils too, but they didn't fit on my chain.

DON: Now wait a minute, Jack..An M.P. can arrest you, but he has no right to jam his fist in your mouth.

JACK: Don't worry, Don, I got even with him.

DON: What did you do?

JACK: I swallowed his flashlight.....For the next three months every time I sat down my eyes lit up....I was the only guy that could read in bed after nine o'clock...But let's not talk about me...After...Oh hello, Mary.

MARY: HELLO BRIGHT EYES, HI YA FELLOWS.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well Mary, Mary how do you like it here?

MARY: Fine...I always enjoy visiting a Naval base.

JACK: Mary, March Field isn't a Naval base.

MARY: It is during the rainy season, Brother.

JACK: Oh yes..yes, hey you know, fellows, we've had that joke for five years, but during the war they wouldn't let us discuss weather conditions...For five long years nobody knew it rained in California.

MARY: That's right, rain is back and California's got it.

JACK: You said it.

MARY: Say Jack, I meant to ask you...you going to take me to the dance tonight at the officers' club?

JACK: Wait a minute, Mary...What about the date you've got with Colonel Goontz?...You told me that at eight o'clock tonight he was going to take his jet-propelled plane and fly you all the way to New York and back....Isn't that right?

MARY: Yeah, but what am I gonna do the rest of the evening?

JACK: Oh yes yes, say those planes really go fast.

MARY: Fast!...Yesterday when one of those jet planes was getting ready to fly east, the crew chief said "Ready?" ...the pilot said "Okay"...and between O and K he landed in Chicago.

JACK: You know, fellows, we wrote that joke five years ago, but they didn't have jet planes then....They've got 'em now though....About a month ago one of those planes flew from Los Angeles to San Diego in ten minutes and seventeen seconds.

MARY: Gosh, that's almost as fast as the Riverside bus.

JACK: Yeah. It certainly is.

DON: You know, Jack, I've been reading up on those new planes....They're going to have a lot of these jet-propelled P-80's in the A.A.F.

JACK: A.A.F?

DON: Yes, the Army Air Forces.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

DON: What are you laughing at, Mary?

MARY: Jack's a P-50 V.P.P.

DON: P-50 V.P.P.

MARY: Past fifty, Vitamin-pill propelled.

JACK: We wrote that five years ago. I was only thirty-two at the time. Yes sir! And don't be so funny, because --

PHIL: HI YA, FELLOWS....that Jackson is great but here comes Harris like a P-38. Yes, lay that March field stuff on us.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, well, well...if it isn't our own little Grassy Acres.

PHIL: Grassy Acres?

JACK: Yes, Phil...that's a spot here in camp that's just like you.... It's green, pretty and useless.

PHIL: Oh I'm not so green, I know what's goin' on, I'm hep, I ain't no paddlefoot.

JACK: Paddlefoot....What's that?

PHIL: Well that's an officer that commands an L.S.D.

JACK: L.S.D?

PHIL: Yeah, large steel desk.

JACK: Oh yes...yes the the top of the desk is a landing strip for their feet.

PHIL: Yeah yeah...Say Jackson, you're pretty sharp today.

JACK: You would be too if you'd get there for rehearsal.

PHIL: What are you talkin' about?

JACK: Mary and I stopped in Riverside, and we saw you coming out of the Chi Chi bar.

PHIL: What did you say the name of that place was?

JACK: Chi Chi.

PHIL: Oh bless you! I thought I was seein' double.

JACK: Well for you that isn't hard...You know anyway, Phil, we'll forget about that now...Here we are at March Field, so let's show the boys we're glad we came down.

PHIL: Well, you're right, Jackson...there's something about this place that really gets into you...especially when the wind blows.

JACK: What?

PHIL: It gets into your shoes, gets into your hair, gets into your ears...

JACK: I know, I know.

PHIL: Well I wrote that joke five years ago...

JACK & PHIL: And it still fits.

JACK: I know, Yeah! Maybe so, Phil..but in spite of that, March Field is a great place..and the boys are very happy here..that's because there are so many things to do.

MARY: You're right, Jack, there are lots of things for the boys to do, but there's only one trouble.

JACK: What's that, Mary?

MARY: If you like it, it's out of bounds.

JACK: Well, well, they have to have rules, Mary...After all there's some important training going on here.

PHIL: Important training?

JACK: Certainly, Phil...Haven't you seen the fellows here take those jet planes up and zoom and dive and roll and spin? And that goes on for three months.

PHIL: What happens after that, Jackson?

JACK: They get a license to drive a car in California...Say, I'm really hot today...You see, Phil, if you come to rehearsal, you'd....Hmmm. That's funny.

MARY: Well what's the matter, Jack?

JACK: Look...that soldier sitting there in the front row...he hasn't laughed once through the entire show.

PHIL: Maybe he's a spy for Fred Allen.

JACK: No, he hasn't got 'em in uniform yet...I'm going to find out what's bothering that fellow...HEY SOLDIER...HEY PRIVATE...YOU THERE IN THE FRONT ROW.

MEL: (LITTLE OFF) ME?

JACK: YES, YES, YOU...COME UP HERE ON THE STAGE A MINUTE... Phil, give him a hand. Will you?

PHIL: Okay.

JACK: That's it...Now step right over here.

MEL: Yes sir.

JACK: Now look, soldier, I've been watching you all through the show and you haven't as much as smiled once...I'm curious to know why you're so sad.

MEL: Well...Well...

JACK: Yes.

MEL: Why shouldn't I be sad? Today...(SNIFFS) Today...

JACK: Yes.

MEL: (CRYING) Today they're gonna give me my discharge.

JACK: What?

MEL: (CRYING) Today they're taking away my uniform and sending me home.

JACK: Now now, I know how you feel, but try and cheer up.

MARY: That's right, soldier...It isn't so bad going home... lots of soldiers like it...they force themselves...

JACK: Why I'll bet you'll forget all about March Field in a few days.

MEL: What? Me forget about the wonderful times I've had here? All the fun I've had living in those beautiful barracks?... (CRYING)... Forget about the wonderful weather which kept me so nice and cool in the winter that I didn't thaw out till the sun fried me in August... (GETS HYSTERICAL)... YOU EXPECT ME TO FORGET ABOUT THE LOVELY DUST STORMS I'VE ENJOYED HERE?

JACK: Soldier!

MEL: NO OTHER DUST IN THE COUNTRY IS AS HEALTHY AS THIS DUST.

JACK: NOW PRIVATE.

MEL: YOU EXPECT ME TO FORGET ABOUT OUR CUTE LITTLE MESS HALL WITH EIGHT OR NINE HUNDRED FRIENDS BLOWING IN MY SOUP?

JACK: Soldier, please!

MEL: (MORE HYSTERICAL) YOU EXPECT ME TO FORGET ALL THOSE GUYS WHO WERE SO SWEET TO ME?... MY BUDDIES... THE LIEUTENANTS, THE CAPTAINS, THE MAJORS?

JACK: Soldier, soldier, take it easy... You've got this thing all wrong... They don't just turn you out like that... (SNAP OF FINGERS)... They give you a button!... You'll be proud of it... a beautiful bronze button.

MEL: (HYSTERICAL) BUT YOU CAN'T BUY ANY CLOTHES, WHERE AM I GONNA WEAR IT?

JACK: Now soldier, soldier, don't you worry about clothes, things aren't as bad as you think they are... You see me after the show and we'll have a little talk.

MARY: Oh Jack, you're not going to sell him your suit?

JACK: Mary, he can have his choice, I brought five of 'em with me....I'll talk to you after the program, soldier...Now sit down and cheer up...All right, Phil, let's have a hand number, then we'll --

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Hello.

ROCHESTER: HELLO MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, where are you?...You should have been here an hour ago.

ROCHESTER: It isn't my fault, boss...I went off the road and got lost.

JACK: Well where are you now?

ROCHESTER: A farmhouse.

JACK: Well ask the farmer how to get to March Field.

ROCHESTER: The farmer isn't here.

JACK: Well who is there?

ROCHESTER: THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER, A SOLDIER, AND AN M.P.

JACK: M. P... Military police?

ROCHESTER: NO, A MINISTER FROM POMONA!

JACK: Oh...Well offer them my congratulations and come on out here.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

JACK: Now remember, when you get to Riverside, you go through town, then turn right, and March Field is just eight miles ahead...Now leave the farmhouse right away and get out here.

ROCHESTER: But boss, I can't leave till after the wedding.

JACK: Till after the wedding?...Why not?

ROCHESTER: THEY'RE GIVIN' ME A POUND OF BUTTER TO SING "OH PROMISE  
ME"

JACK: Oh...Well give 'em two fast choruses and get out here,  
I'm waiting for you.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

MARY: What's the matter, Jack?

JACK: Something always happens to Rochester...Now he's lost...  
Go ahead, Phil, let's have a band number.  
(APPLAUSE)  
(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)  
(APPLAUSE)



## (SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Personality" played by Phil Harris and his Makes-You-Want-to-be-Transferred-to-Muroc Orchestra... What a band...And now, folks...

PHIL: There he goes again, picking on my band...Hey, Livy, tell Jackson to lay off.

MARY: Phil's right, Jack. His boys may not be great musicians, but at least they're gentlemen.

JACK: Mary, just because they tip their hats when they pass a poolroom doesn't mean they're gentlemen...Now let's forget it.

PHIL: I'm not forgettin' it, Jackson. My boys don't like that stuff...they're sensitive...The things you said about 'em at rehearsal made 'em cry.

JACK: Made 'em cry?

PHIL: Yeah...They may look like they're tough and they ain't got no feelings...They'll cry at the drop of a bottle.

JACK: Only if it breaks...believe me...And the least you can do is tell Frankie, your guitar player, to do something about his appearance...that hair of his...the way it stands up, he looks like he was pardoned after they threw the switch...Now let's -- get on --

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

KEARNS: Pardon me for interrupting your program, Mr. Benny, but there's a soldier here who's being discharged, and it's time for him to go home.

JACK: Oh yes, yes, Colonel, I was talking to him before...  
There he is in the front row.

KEARNS: Oh yes...COME ON, SON, IT'S TIME TO GO HOME.

MEL: (CRYING) No no, not yet...I don't want to go yet...  
Please don't make me go.

KEARNS: But son, the limousine is waiting and the chauffeur will  
drive you all the way home.

MEL: I don't care, I don't want to go yet.

KEARNS: But son, we let you stay here for most of the program.

MEL: I KNOW, BUT I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE UNTIL I HEAR THE  
COMMERCIAL.

JACK: Well, bless his little heart. Don, let him hear the  
commercial. We don't want to keep the limousine waiting.

DON: Okay...LS/MFT...LS/MFT...LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

MEL: Ahh, that's it, but not so fast, I want to enjoy it  
longer.

JACK: Yes, take it easy, Don.

DON: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

JACK: There you are.

MEL: (EXCITED) No no, don't stop yet, tell me more, tell  
me more, I want to hear it, please, please.

JACK: Go ahead, Don. Tell him, kid.

DON: All right...LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE OF THE FINEST, THE  
LIGHTER, THE NATURALLY MILD TOBACCO...YES SIR...YOU  
BET...FOR REAL DEEP-DOWN SMOKING ENJOYMENT, SMOKE THAT  
SMOKE OF FINE TOBACCO...LUCKY STRIKE.

MEL: (DRAMATIC) THANK YOU...THANK YOU, MR. WILSON...I'LL GO  
NOW, I'LL GO...GOODBYE, EVERYBODY...GOODBYE.

JACK: Oh gee, isn't it, isn't it wonderful how much he  
appreciates the commercials? By the way, Colonel,  
what's that young fellow's name?

KEARNS: Private F. E. Boone Jr. of Lexington, Kentucky.

JACK: Oh yes, I know his daddy. Well thanks very much,  
Colonel.

KEARNS: Thank you, Mr. Benny. Now go right ahead with your  
program.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: You know, kids, I was thinking. I'll bet a lot of people  
listen to our program just to hear the commercials.

DENNIS: My mother only listens to the commercials and my  
singing.

JACK: Your...Oh hello Dennis, I didn't see you come in.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: What what was that you said before, Dennis?

DENNIS: I said my mother thinks the only good parts in the show  
are the commercials and my singing.

JACK: Oh oh she does, eh?

DENNIS: Yeah...She thinks you're the worst comedian on the air.

JACK: Oh she does, eh?

DENNIS: Yeah...She thinks you're awful.

JACK: Oh yeah?

DENNIS: Yeah...When you say "hello again", she gets sick to her stomach.

JACK: Now wait a minute...I've always had trouble with your mother. When you first came to work for me, she came down to the studio and tried to make a big fuss...but she didn't scare me.

DENNIS: Well you better stay away from her now, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: She took boxing lessons from Ingrid Bergman.

JACK: All I know is your mother never did like me. Mary's mother hates me too.

MARY: Oh Jack, my mother does not hate you.

JACK: She does too.

MARY: She does not.

JACK: Then why, Mary...tell me why does she go around telling everybody that I'm the cheapest guy in the world?

MARY: Because you are.

JACK: Oh. Well she's lucky I am, or I'd sue her for everything she's got...believe me.

DENNIS: Anyway, Mr. Benny, whether my mother likes you or not, I'm glad I'm back with you since I got out of the Navy.

JACK: Well thanks, kid.

DENNIS: And I like this suit you sold me too.

JACK: That's all right, kid.

DENNIS: But gee, Mr. Benny, I never saw pants before with the pleats in the back.

JACK: Let's see...Dennis, you've got the pants on backwards.

DENNIS: Oh...I guess I was in the Navy too long.

JACK: That's probably it. Say Dennis, now that you're here, how about having...

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh my goodness, that's Rochester, he's probably lost again...Mary, you answer it, will you?

MARY: Okay.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

MARY: Hello.

JEANNIE: Hello is my daddy there?

MARY: Your daddy? Oh, is this Phil Harris's little girl?

JEANNIE: Uh huh...Is this Mr. Benny's little girl?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) No no, this is Miss Livingston ...You know, honey, I saw your mother yesterday at the beauty parlor... gosh, she certainly is pretty.

JEANNIE: Do you think she's prettier than my daddy?

MARY: (LAUGHS) Well...yes I do.

JEANNIE: Me, too, but don't tell daddy.

MARY: (LAUGHS) Well don't worry, I'll keep it a secret... Just a minute, I'll call your daddy...Your daughter's on the phone, beautiful.

PHIL: Okay...Hello, baby.

JEANNIE: Hello daddy...do you know what tomorrow is?

PHIL: Tomorrow no, what is it?

JEANNIE: It's Mommie's birthday.

PHIL: Oh my goodness, that's right...And I didn't buy a thing for her.

JEANNIE: Gee, daddy, you're in a mess. Do you want me to leave the back door unlocked for you? Again.

PHIL: No no no honey, I'll get her something this afternoon... What do you think Mommie would like for a birthday present?

JEANNIE: Well, let's see...Why don't you get her a green dress to match the pool table you gave her for Christmas?

PHIL: No no, no baby, you're all mixed up...she gave that to me.

JEANNIE: Oh...oh daddy, I'm writing Mommie a birthday card, and I got stuck...How do you spell birthday.

PHIL: Well, how far have you gotten?

JEANNIE: I've just got B-I.

PHIL: Well, it's B-I...B-I...uh...B-I...Look, just leave it that way, Mommie will figure it out.

JEANNIE: Gosh, I thought you'd know how to spell it.

PHIL: Well certainly I know how to spell it, but I'm busy... We're right in the middle of a program, and you ought to know I haven't got time to fool with that stuff.

JEANNIE: (GIGGLES) Gee, daddy, you're so cute when you're mad.

PHIL: Yeah...(Say Jackson, how do you spell birthday?)

JACK: B-I-R-T-H-D-A-Y.

PHIL: Honey, it's B-I-R-T-H-D-A-Y.

JEANNIE: Thanks, Daddy...and thank Mr. Benny too...Goodbye.

PHIL: Goodbye.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Phil, you ought to be ashamed of yourself...Imagine, not knowing how to spell birthday.

PHIL: Well I knew how to spell it, but you forget from year to year.

JACK: Oh...Now Dennis, Dennis as I was telling you before, when you do your song, I'm going to --

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake, nothing but interruptions...I'll take it.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

ROCHESTER: HELLO, BOSS IT'S ME.

JACK: Oh my goodness...Where are you now?

ROCHESTER: YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake...Don't tell me you're lost again?

ROCHESTER: LOST. I FOUND ROADS THAT EVEN HOPE AND CROSBY DON'T KNOW ABOUT.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: I PASSED UTOPIA TWICE .

JACK: Rochester, have you any idea where you are now?

ROCHESTER: WAIT TILL I LOOK AT THE SIGN.

JACK: ....What does it say?

ROCHESTER: FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.  
ALWAYS USE BURMA SHAVE.

JACK: I don't mean that...Now Rochester, listen carefully... Come back to Riverside, then go through the town, turn to the right, and you can't miss March Field.

ROCHESTER: WHO CAN'T.

JACK: YOU CAN'T...Rochester, look...Just ask somebody...ask anybody how to get there.

ROCHESTER: WAIT A MINUTE, BOSS, A SOLDIER JUST CAME IN TO USE THE PHONE, I'LL ASK HIM.

JACK: Okay.

ROCHESTER: Say soldier, how do you get to March Field?

MEL: (HYSTERICAL) MARCH FIELD, MARCH FIELD. THEY'RE TAKING ME AWAY FROM THERE...I WANT TO GO BACK, I WANT TO GO BACK. PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE.

JACK: WHAT'S GOING ON THERE?

ROCHESTER: IT'S NO USE, BOSS, I'LL HAVE TO FIND IT MYSELF.

JACK: OKAY, GOODBYE.

ROCHESTER: GOODBYE.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: And now, and now, ladies and gentlemen, Dennis Day will sing a song written by Frank Loesser and dedicated to the memory of one of America's greatest war heroes... Rodger Young.

(RODGER YOUNG NUMBER)

JACK: (MUSIC BACKGROUND)

Rodger Young...Rodger Young was a private in the infantry who lost his life in the Solomons three years ago in order that an entire company of his comrades would be spared shell fire from the enemy...Rodger Young was just an ordinary guy before he enlisted, and in the Army he was just a private...but he was a hero and he died a hero's death.

(MORE)



JACK:  
(CONTD)

In death, songs have been written about him, ball parks and boulevards have been named in his honor. Alive, however, Rodger Young would be just another G.I. looking for a place to live, like most of his buddies...So it is only fitting and proper that one of the first of the many veterans' emergency housing projects to be completed is "Rodger Young Village" which will open on April 27th in Griffith Park, Los Angeles. Let us hope that naming this series of quonset huts "Rodger Young Village" will serve as a reminder that the boys are home now...and they must have the things in life that Rodger Young and his comrades fought and died for.

(DENNIS FINISHES SONG)

(APPLAUSE)

DON:

Jack will be back in a minute, but first here is my good friend, L.A. "Speed" Riggs.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

SIMS: Remember this all-important fact! -- in a cigarette  
it's the tobacco that counts and Lucky Strike means  
fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: Yes - independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers  
and warehousemen - present at the auctions, can see the  
makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy  
that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

DELMAR: Yes - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and fine tobacco  
means more, real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.  
So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so  
round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on  
the draw.

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's  
program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro,  
North Carolina (CHANT - AMERICAN) and Mr. F. E. Boone,  
of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - AMERICAN). This is  
Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SIMS: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So smoke that  
(Imp. Tag  
Experi-  
mental)  
smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so  
firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

JACK: We want to thank all the officers and men stationed here at March Field for inviting us down here today... We had a swell time... And say, Mary --

MARY: What, Jack?

JACK: You know who's going to be our guest star next week?... The M.G.M. star, Van Johnson.

MARY: (SQUEALS)

SOUND: (BODY THUD)

JACK: Gee, I hope we bring her to by next Sunday... Goodnight, folks.